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Sir P. Lely. px.

DAVID LESLIE,

FIRST LORD NEWARK.

OB 1682.

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DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

JOHN EVELYN, F.R.S.

TO WHICH IS SUBJOINED

The Private Correspondence

BETWEEN

KING CHARLES I. AND SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS,

AND BETWEEN

SIR EDWARD HYDE, AFTERWARDS EARL OF CLARENDON,

AND SIR RICHARD BROWNE.

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS. AT WOTTON

BY WILLIAM BRAY, ESQ., F.A.S.

A NEW EDITION, IN FOUR VOLUMES.

CORRECTED, REVISED, AND ENLARGED.

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CORRESPONDENCE  
OF  
JOHN EVELYN, F.R.S.



# CORRESPONDENCE<sup>1</sup>

OF

## JOHN EVELYN, F.R.S.

---

*Dr. Isaac Basire<sup>2</sup> to John Evelyn.*

*Rouen, October 2nd, 1642.*

SIR,

I had a good hope of an occasion to come over myself in person to give you thanks for your favourable communication of that twin of printed letters, which you were pleased to send me. They came opportunely, for I made present use of one of them to disabuse some of the many who mistake the king's person and his cause. What success it may further have I shall acquaint you at my coming over, God willing, within these few weeks. Meanwhile, my work here is with tongue and pen (with the advice of the king's public ministers here) to save the king and the church, which service is reward sufficient, considering the goodness, truth, and justice of the cause,

<sup>1</sup> The letters which were not included in the previous Editions of this *Correspondence*, are indicated in the Tables of Contents, by asterisks prefixed.

<sup>2</sup> Allusions to Basire will be found in the first vol. of the *Diary*, pp. 378 and 392, and see *post*, page 218. His loyalty was rewarded by preferment under Charles the Second, to whom he was wont to preach sermons of considerable unction, proving the perfection of the English Church, and that England was "the very land of Goshen." The letter before us confirms the statements in the *Diary* as to the early period of the Civil Wars at which Evelyn was engaged and active.

for which my heart deceives me greatly, if I durst not even die. To God Almighty I betake it, for support and speedy good success, and shall bear witness of your always ready co-operation towards it; and the servants of it, indeed, increase and multiply the number of the king's faithful ministers, in which number, Sir, we shall honour you as one of the chief, who is

Your most humble servant,  
ISAAC BASIRE.

P.S.—I do reserve a few observations upon the printed letter, for conference on, for my next.

*John Evelyn to Sir Richard Browne.*

[The succeeding twenty-four letters were written secretly by Evelyn to Sir Richard Browne, at this time ambassador from England to the Court of France, and whose daughter Evelyn had married in the previous summer. The signature principally adopted, "Aplanos," was the corruption of a Greek word, expressive of the constancy of his opinions; and the fictitious address was to "Mr. Peters." The letters throw considerable light on the party feelings and movements of the stirring time they describe. It was the period known in the history of the "Great Rebellion" as that of the Second Civil War, when the attitude of the Independents had alarmed the more timid of the Presbyterians in the city and elsewhere, and simultaneous tumults in Kent, Essex, and other counties, seconded by a rising in Wales, seemed to threaten a general recommencement of strife. The letters of Evelyn embrace this period, and that which immediately succeeded the death of the King, when the daring policy of Cromwell and the parliamentary leaders suggested more wary tactics to the partisans of the King's son. They are full of error and mis-statement, which it is not necessary to correct, and which on the writer's part implied no intention to mislead, except so far as the ardent expectations of his party heightened and coloured his views. A comparison of the authentic accounts with those of Aplanos, in the matter of the Surrey petitioners, as of other well-known incidents referred to, suggests simply to what extent the immediate excitement of those momentous days told upon the respective hopes and fears of all who were engaged in them. And it is most interesting to observe the change of tone in these communications after the tragedy in Whitehall. The letter dated the 26th of March (see p. 39) may be called in some sort the manifesto of that intelligent party of royalists among whom Evelyn became afterwards more distinguished, and whose watchwords, derived from the experience of Charles's melancholy reign, were "the Protestant profession," "the old way of a free parliament," and "the known laws of the land."]

*London, 6 December 1647.*

SIR,

Being about a day old in town, since my Sussex journey, where I have put mine estate in some better posture than it was, and am much obliged to my uncle William for his company, I have employed yesterday and a part of the present to inform myself of intelligence fit to furnish you withal; for which purpose I went yesterday as far as Chelsea, and dined with Sir John 31, who shewed me extraordinary courtesy, and more than twice conjured me to make trial of his friendship upon all occasions, as if somebody had expressly bespoken him; that evening I made a visit to my Lord of 36, and my character goes among all mine acquaintance for the civilest traveller that ever returned; for I was expected all ribbon, feather, and romanço, which has turned much to my account, though better spoken from another. I have been this day at St. James's to have moved Mr. 118 in the fresh prosecution of our business, and brought it to a personal treaty with his friend the Colonel; but he being gone to visit his uncle, who lies a dying, as others think, sick out of design, as usually he is once a month, to have leisure to tell and dispose of his vast treasure, I could not compass mine intention as I hope very shortly to do. From here I called upon 131, where, though I found your cousin Fanshawe and my Lord Arundel of Wardour (very good company), yet I brought back little news but what you will find enclosed in this pamphlet, being very ingeniously the full substance of what is positively true.

It is said that his Majesty is in straiter custody in the Isle of Wight than ever he was at Hampton Court, but this is not generally believed. The propositions are certainly to be sent him some time this present week, and many there are who are confident he will sign them. For my part, I think the personal treaty a mere juggle, and that his Majesty shall never be the nearer to London, if they have power to adjourn, where and when they please. The King's case is just like the disarmed man, who, whether he agree that his antagonist shall keep his weapon or not, is forced to let him have it. The Parliament have gotten the power, and

now they ask his Majesty by these propositions whether he assent they should keep it, when, as in truth, they are agreed upon it already, in despite of his teeth. From whence I conclude that if he sign them, he will be but *in statu quo nunc*; and if he refuse them, in far greater peril than ever he was yet, since he was sold to those tyrants. But, that which is news indeed, the agitators are for certain reconciled with the army, and, since the last council, held by them (as I take it) on Saturday last, as high and strong as ever they were; which is a mutation that makes us all at a maze what project is now a-working. You will shortly hear of Cromwell's vision, and how on Friday night last he being stricken blind for the space of four hours, during which he had a conference with God, persuading him to adjust with the holy agitators, he next day put it in execution. To-morrow we look for strange things; these monsters and some principal of the army being expected at the parliament, some say, absolutely to dissolve them, others, more discerning, to purge them again of about 70 moderate humours that hinder operations. *Quorsum hæc?* O Heavens! we are now more in the dark than ever, and I protest unto you things were never more unriddleable than at this instant of time, after so many fair and promising expectations. I have lately newly learned that the army are generally marching into Hampshire: what that signifies I give you leave to judge; as well as conjecture of their affections to the settling of his Majesty, by those letters of my Lord Digby, published on purpose to enfever the people against him, as one that practised a parley in Ireland to subdue them in England.

This, Sir, is all our news at present; and I cordially wish that, in case it be no better, it would suddenly be worse, that so we may know where to apply ourselves and interest, in which (I do not doubt) but I shall prove serviceable unto you effectually. In the mean time I must not forget to advise you of a secret which was imparted me by a real friend who wishes you well for my sake, my old cousin 34, 51, 7, 13, 20, 2, 14, a quick, honest, shrewd man, and one I dare confide in; and it was that he should be told by one who was very intimate with his Majesty, that 82 had an ill opinion of you, as if you had held intelligence with some



here, for which (seeing there was no conjuring him to discover me the persons) I rendered him many thanks: but conjecture, from the daily conversation of your brother Sir D. 41, and Mr. 32 with him, that it must be one of them; and of them rather the first, because, for the latter, I have ever heard him declare himself so much your friend: but this is a time that shall well warrant all suspicion; and as I hope it will nothing discourage you, as innocence and a good conscience is a perpetual feast, so I am confident you will not forget to make such use thereof as stands with your interest, and excuse me for this impartial boldness which I always assume in rendering you the best intelligence I can learn; for so is my duty, and I am resolved to discharge that so long as I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Yours,

APLANOS.

I counsel you to make God your friend and trust, nor fear what men can do. My next shall inform you how far my brother and I are proceeded; but the time now prevents me, and he in the country, to fetch up money.

Sir, I beseech you make what enquiry you can, to inform me how I may write to my co. Thom.; for I have important business with him, which I may do him service in, if I knew how to convey him advice.

Superscribed—"A Monsieur, MONSIEUR PETERS, Au Lion d'Argent vis-à-vis le Grand Moyse, rue de Foures Faubourges, St. Germain, Paris." And endorsed—"From my son EVELYN, 6 December, 1647."

*London, 21st April, 1648.*

SIR,

These two posts having failed me of intelligence from your parts, makes me a little pause, it being now a time amongst us of many expectations from you in order to the motion of His Highness the Prince of Wales. Since my last to you, which was April 13th, the good news from Scotland holds, though haply their pretensions prove more specious than the conclusion real; I make no recapitulation, because I know they are amongst your weekly extraordinaries. There is no fear of the compliance of the parlia-

ment, city, and army, with their demands, which are covenant and presbytery, if our brethren will be content to tolerate independency, out of hope to be masters of that, when they shall have obtained the other; but on the other side, if the army have the wit to see this, I have answered mine own objection as I wished, and do verily believe that if the Parliament join issue with the Scots in this sense, the independent part of the army with the discontents and loyal subjects both of city and country, will bring his Majesty in upon another score. But these are only my private suggestions, for which there is yet little presumption. Poyer,<sup>1</sup> whose forces are not above 3000 horse and foot, my last intelligence being erroneous, has in Wales very newly defeated a considerable party of horse lately sent against him; and if Inchiquin so far overpower him in those parts as to make a handsome head, and protect such as shall recruit, without doubt that may prove a great advantage to the affairs and expectations now on foot: but of this nothing can be said till he land, which is more talked of than believed. God bless Poyer till that time.

Letters are come this day from the north, altogether owning Sir Thomas Glenham and the rest as no incendiaries, and making good our former intelligence of their realities and preparation for the field, in pursuance of those resolutions you have heard; which gives small satisfaction to our states here. That there has been, and is, tampering with the King is certain; I both hear, and hope he will be wise.

Sir John Geare appeared yesterday before the Lords, where he, refusing to kneel, was fined 500*l*. His charge was only read; but in his going through the Hall he dispersed among the people a thousand printed papers, wherein he summoned all the free subjects of England to

<sup>1</sup> Poyer, a dissolute but brave Welshman, and a Colonel in the army of the party called Presbyterian royalists, took a prominent part in the Second Civil War, by holding out Pembroke Castle for several days against the siege of Cromwell. He surrendered on the 11th July, 1648, and on the 8th March, 1648-9, having been voted guilty of treason, was shot in Covent Garden. He, and two other Welsh Colonels, found guilty at the same time, had been allowed to draw lots to determine which single life should expiate the guilt of all; and the lot fell to Poyer.

stand stoutly to their ancient privileges, affirming them to have no power to try him as a delinquent, nor acknowledging them any other than a surreptitious and arbitrary authority; which was a thing so well and rationally penned, that the gallant spirit of the yet living Judge Jenkins is evidently seen to act, maugre all their malice and endeavours to the contrary. The very same course took resolute John Lilburne, who, in the same manner, scattering his papers about the Hall, was suddenly accompanied by divers gentlemen and strangers to the bar, where he obtained (against all opposition) an Habeas Corpus, and is now, with others of his crew, in the army, prosecuting our Great Cromwell as an unjust usurper and murderer of the free people of England.

Besides the business in Wales, other parts are in great suspicion; so that you see upon what threads the affairs of this kingdom depend, the issue whereof none can conjecture other than strange and dangerous on all sides; for I am verily persuaded that the Grandees<sup>1</sup> here will push it to the uttermost, and make a bloody catastrophe of it if the Scots be but resolute; for they are so affrighted with what they have done, that they can neither look back nor advance but with a strange despair or extraordinary hazard; and they would certainly run where their treasure is, had they not engaged so many men of fortune, whom they have fooled to believe themselves as desperate as they, which I fear will gain them a strong party, being already masters of the City by a mere plot of their own, in pursuance of others in hand. But God is above all, and I hope will convert all to the best. On Monday next is the general call, and then we shall be full of news: this being all at present.

Sir, I do herein inclose other letters, which I shall request you to convey. In the meantime, having (by much diligence) recovered the box, I delivered it the same day unto the lady, who returns you many great acknowledgements for the favour. My brother is in town; and I think I shall suddenly dispose of some monies in very good hands to my best advantage, being now quite off from purchasing, till the times be better, and the lands more supportable,

<sup>1</sup> By the Grandees, he means the men in power on the Parliament side.

which are now coming on us afresh. My uncle John came yesterday to see me, my nephew William failing of his promise, which was to have prevented the visit with my first addresses. He still holds his resolutions for France; which I do very much approve; and, when this term is done, I shall make bold to air myself at Deptford till these broils be over. I desire to hear news of the Prince, and likewise whether the Marquis of Ormond have taken his leave of France. It is reported here that the States retain his Highness, and will not let him move. You must rectify all, and so I conclude,

Yours, as I ever was, to honour and serve,  
APLANOS.

*London, 4th May, 1648.*

SIR,

Yours of the 6th and 9th of May received, challenges this account from me. And first I perceive you are fully satisfied in the particular of my L. Mon.,<sup>1</sup> whom I shall soon inform touching the diamonds, as likewise perform your other commands to the C. of Clare. My uncle resolves to visit you about fifteen days hence, with whom Mr. L., who, in the meantime, shall be advised how th' affair concerns him with Mr. L. G. I do remember also your advertisement touching the gold. As to the point of Mr. F., I do much incline to your opinion; so that, if you can procure the money, I am willing to relinquish all; yet I presume the favour which I did him (being wholly unknown to him) was worth a reply to my last letter. And now for news: first, I acknowledge the obligation of yours of the 6th and the 9th, and in exchange assure you that things are in an extraordinary fair overture here. Monday, late, came one Colonel Marshall with the Scots' demands, which were—for a personal treaty; a full vindication touching his disposal<sup>2</sup> without their privity; the pressing of the covenant, establishment of presbytery, and speedy disbanding of the army of schismatics and sectaries under the command of Thomas Lord Fairfax (for so are the terms); and a positive answer to be expedited within fifteen days,

<sup>1</sup> Lord Montague.

<sup>2</sup> The King's.

which is their uttermost limitation. Upon this, the opinion of the wise is divers; some apprehending that if our brethren see presbytery and the covenant put into speedy advancement, they will agree both together in desertion of the rest; for that the loyal party are beginning to appear so formidable, both amongst them and in every corner of England, as puts them in fear that when they are once engaged, it will not be in their power to make good their propositions, which are only made use of to drive along their own interest (for without doubt the Parliament are now in such a condition that the Scots cannot demand what they shall be denied); so these will be quiet and proceed no further. Thus some; others are of a quite contrary sense, because of that bitter mixture in their ink touching the army, which will, I believe, extremely gravel their resolutions. The surprise of Berwick and Carlisle in my judgment should signify that their intentions are more than nominal. But as yet there hath been no faith in the sons of men. Hope we do, and indeed there is good reason so to do, since that gallant and unanimous appearance of your Essex men, who (contrary to all expectations until the very nick) came in a body of about 15,000 men, whereof 2000 horse and foot rode quite through London; the rest stayed at Stratford-Langton, bearing their petitions before each hundred of the county; and were so well and so advantageously marshalled even unto the very Parliament doors, that nothing was, nor is like to be of greater consequence than this very day's appearances. And that you may know what an extraordinary cortège it was, there were thirty knights, 500 gentlemen, gallantly attended, and the rest all freeholders without exception, as it appeared upon debate of those who strove all that they could to suppress it. For this they were constrained (though highly against their stomachs) to give them thanks; and for the present, in the name of the Houses, they promised them that the first thing which they took in hand, should be the contents of their petition, containing a personal treaty, disbanding of the army, and other things of the like concernment, tending altogether to the wished-for settling these distractions. This petition—to-morrow it will be in print, so that yet particulars are not generally known—was presented by Sir

William Hicks; and if you had but heard the bells of every church ring as they passed the streets, with those strange and cordial acclamations of the people as they marched, I am sure it would have more cheered your heart than this imperfect relation can possibly imagine to do. But this cold answer which they received, hath, it seems, appeared to them so unsatisfactory, that they are resolute not to leave it until matters be in better posture; and in pursuance of their steps, our county of Surrey are in a very great forwardness to do the like. Divers other counties likewise resolved to follow them, which strange alterations (after all this security of theirs, and subornation of mock counterfeit petitions to take them for their votes of non-address) shows plainly that it is only the finger and power of God, who can unravel all this bottom of confusion, by beginning their destruction, where they began our miseries.

This day's work has struck such a damp in them<sup>1</sup> that they all concurred in the House this morning, that either they must accommodate with his Majesty, or resolve to despatch with monarchy, and run a most desperate course, which I tremble to consider. In the mean time Cromwell is not in such grace with his soldiers as to make that force he believed he should to accompany him into Wales, where (if Lahorne<sup>2</sup> be not treacherous) he may yet find a difficult employment. It was whispered that he is not to be found, upon which it is imagined that he is again tampering with the King, or else hatching some cockatrice' egg, which will suddenly break forth. I assure you this day's example is like to be such a shoeing-horn to the good expectations on foot, that no conjuncture could be more lucky; and I augur much satisfaction in the rest of my expresses to you hereafter. By the next we shall see more clearly, for it cannot be long now but we shall see what we have to trust to. God in his mercy put a conclusion to this tragedy, and so I end.

<sup>1</sup> The "Grandeess" of Parliament.

<sup>2</sup> Major-General Langhern is here meant. He resisted at Pembroke in company with Poyer, was sentenced to death, and escaped at the throw of the dice by which Poyer suffered.

[Postscript.]

Extraordinary haste, occasioned by visitants, first at the writing hereof, with the lateness, before I was well informed of the truth, makes me write thus confusedly.—If you approve it, my sister and brother Granville (who are truly persons not unworthy of friendship), hearing that I intend to spend the heats of this summer at Deptford, at my request will bear me company, which will be an ease to my expenses, (they being but frugal,) and no little satisfaction; else they go to a stranger's, and I shall be alone: but till we have your approbation, nothing is resolved.

*London, May 12th, 1648.*

SIR,

I come now (with a great deal of regret, God knows) to relate you the catastrophe of the Kentish design and engagement, they having, as it were, universally abandoned themselves to no better conditions than the mercies of the men of Westminster. For indemnity is no more granted them, than if they had still persisted in their loyalty; so that many of them being imprisoned (as Sir Payton Brockman, &c.), the rest are become slaves, and the whole county at their devotion. Behold the fruits of your wise consultations in France; from whence it was stedfastly hoped and confidently believed some person of conduct and quality would have been sent unto them, with such a commission as might have determined all disputes of precedency in a conjuncture of so much advantage and opportunity, the like whereof we henceforth altogether despair of. When I reflect upon the strange miscarriage of that poor county (not for want of hands, but heads), I cannot but accuse you abroad, as well as lay the blame upon our proceedings at home. When Maydeston<sup>1</sup> might have been relieved during the fatal conflict there, by one thousand men, which waited on my Lord Norwich and others, not a commander would stir for want of orders, or (to say truly) obedience to some person that had a more proper delegation than any there pretended. The people were numerous; the country was full of arms and provi-

<sup>1</sup> Maidstone.

sions; the sea, the river, and the ships were their guard; the adjacent shires were their confederates; the enemy was weak, far off, and full of apprehensions; in fine, there was nothing wanting, but temper, discretion, and valour, in some individual and particular men, to have (ere this) freed us from the most detestable and sordid oppression that ever befel a nation. But God was not yet pleased to think us fit for deliverance, and we must attend his leisure.

Sir, I have held you too long on a sad theme, but really my passion is guilty, and I must beg you pardon.

All our talk now is of my Lord of Norwich, his march and accessions in Essex, which, with some hopeful planets in the north, and a few faithful ships, is the small glimpse and little light which now guide us from falling on the rocks of despair. And now I have spoken of my Lord of Norwich (I beseech you be nothing discouraged), he is strong and in a very good posture; there being come to his assistance my Lord Capell, with numbers of gallant men out of this town, and Sir Charles Lucas, by whose counsel and valour we do promise ourselves a great deal better success, both from the example of their neighbours and the handsome constitution of their followers. Their number is about 5000 horse and foot well armed, and stout men. In this engagement none were compelled, or, indeed, invited, but only such of the country as were absolutely resolved to dispense with all private interests and run the uttermost hazards; so that such as would accept of indemnity were not restrained, nor such as declared for them refused; in the mean time many of the trained bands accompany them, fearing to return upon submission (so much are their very mercies obnoxious), and the whole army march towards Cambridgeshire, where it is reported they will this night encounter an adjunct of 500 horse more. Nor are they at all afraid of those who follow them seeing the General (who is this day come out of Kent with 1500 foot and 500 horse, having left 2000 men to take the two forts which still refuse him), as the cream of their whole forces in these parts are conceived to be fully equivalent to him in number and resolution. If they can attain the north without great impeachment, it is nothing doubted but the game may yet



be balanced to the purpose; for which purpose we heartily pray here to God. We pray to God that he may establish the resolutions of those who command the navy, for the *Rich*<sup>1</sup> is sent empty away from Portsmouth (whatever they brag), and we are made to believe here six or seven more are come in to them. Many of our ships are under sail for Holland, where we hope they may receive a gallant Admiral: yet it was practised by our grandees here to have tempted them both with money and promises, for which end, besides the stratagem of *manning a ship*<sup>2</sup> with women (not Sirens) to entice them (the sailors' wives), Sir H. Vane and Mr. Green were despatched with golden hooks and stranger instruments to have prevailed with them.

This is the news at sea; and indeed, if it hold fair weather there, the Storm cannot last long at land, as the citizens and merchants very well foresee, who are now forming a more peremptory petition for an effectual compliance with his Majesty; that trade may live again, which is now giving the last gasp. For if these wooden walls hold out, the merchant must keep in, and the retail men (who are numerous and depend on them) will be compelled to farther some strange and sudden alteration, which God send us. On Saturday next seven night there will of course be a Common-Hall for the election of a new mayor and sheriffs. What that may produce, none can tell; if the threatening army be far enough, perhaps something of consequence.

In the north, Pomfract Castle is relieved and reinforced with 400 men; God grant the governor prove honest. Langdale still augments: but whether advanced, retreated, or happily engaged with Lambert, nothing can be collected of truth. The Scots are at a stand, and many affirm they will not come in, the Duke of Hamilton having laid down his commission (as they report); but if Calender<sup>3</sup> resume it (who is more for the King, less for

<sup>1</sup> A pun upon *Rich* Earl of Warwick.

<sup>2</sup> Evelyn elsewhere remarks, "This was a new sea-term."

<sup>3</sup> The Earl of Calender, who fought for the Parliament in England, had now taken up the King's cause in Scotland. His disputes with the Duke of Hamilton at and after the Rout of Preston are matters of history. The report that the Duke had "laid down his commission" was premature.

the crown, than the other), it is hoped the change is not for the worst. In North Wales, the good party received an unlucky defeat; in the South, Cromwell is fortunately repulsed; which particular expect in my next. Ireland does nothing but remonstrate. So has Essex done this morning extremely well. Sussex had a general answer to their petition, and all things are as much out of frame as ever: *Orate pro nobis*. If his Highness were on the coast of any voisin country, it would add great influence in our proceedings. It is said Prince Rupert is designed for this place, but believe it altogether unseasonable: happy for us Norwich had stayed.

Yours,

APLANOS.

*From the oid hand and place, 15th May, 1648.*

SIR,

This succeeds my last of the seventh current, which I wish heartily there were just cause to retract; our Welsh news running still as high as ever (whatsoe'er may be the report with you), so that you may be assured all expectations from those parts are absolutely frustrated; this victory being so unseasonable, so unfortunate, in so hopeful a conjuncture. But it has fallen out (as I was ever fearful it would), the Royal party engaging themselves in all places so preposterously, that it is now conceived it will be no difficulty for the army to weed them out. And who can tell but that our brethren (who always apprehended that party might overpower them in conclusion, and turn head against Covenant) do willingly contribute to their ruin, by their slow advance and manifest cunctation. However, not to discourage you altogether, we hear there is yet a remnant of them left in the castles, who will be able to give them some trouble; and it is reported that Langhorne,<sup>1</sup> and such troops as escaped, are advanced and gotten to Langdale, who appears numerous and far engaged in the kingdom. And if the Scots (as all our confident party do verily believe) be as good as their outside, there will be yet another difficulty for the game. It is rumoured that their Parliament being adjourned till the 31st of July (as I take it), they will out of hand be marching; and that

<sup>1</sup> See p. 12, note.

letters now com: to the House with us are no way satisfactory. Others, again, offer to lay wagers that they come not in at all.

It hath been moved that the forces of the army might still abide in London, even by Skippon himself, notwithstanding that they had a late grant for the return of their ancient militia, which is not well taken (as I conceive) by the citizens. Essex does still persist in putting their whole county into a defensive posture against all taxes, quarterings, sequestrations, and the like oppressions. Surrey comes up unanimously with their petition; Kent are vigorously in hand with theirs; which are the best signs that I can possibly discern of a timely change. And without doubt (if the army were but conveniently diverted), both this city and the adjacents to it would be so associate, as we might have a blessed conclusion of these distractions, without Scot or devil. And now I spake of Kent, you are to know that those who were to be tried by the Commissioners of Oyer and Terminer were all acquitted by the several juries, and an *ignoramus* brought in; several jurors, a strange charge, and all the rigour that malice could invent, having been tempered together to despatch them, which so much incensed the country, that when the verdict was finished, all of them cried out aloud, "God, King Charles, and Judge Tresham!" who, it seems, did, in his instructions to those of the county jury, declare his opinion with less vehemence and rigour than did Wilde. Which event of theirs hath so much vexed the thirsty ones of the Parliament, that it was moved this day martial law might pass upon them; but it was not assented unto. So that you may see what the common law is like to come unto, if our constitution cannot preserve it.

One observable I must not omit, which was, the judges being to pass by in a coach, there were three halters delivered, like a present, from a country fellow, with addresses; one to the judge, another for the under-sheriff, and a third for Mr. Major. Tresham confessed to the Speaker but this morning (as an ear-witness assured me) that the affections of that county were totally lost; and that if there had not been a guard of two troops of horse and a regiment of foot, nothing could have rescued them from the violence of the people.

Just as I am come to this period, my brother surprises me that he now spake with two or three gentlemen, who had it from the mouth of the Gloucester carrier (but now arrived), that Horton, in this action of Wales, has been since totally routed, and the other still in posture; which sudden change of scene does so amaze me, that I know not what to add, until a farther inquiry, which time will now prevent me of. God grant it may hold to the next!

[The end of this letter has been torn off.]

*London, 18th May, 1648.*

SIR,

The news of this interval is so strange, and the scene of such a look, there is no ink black enough to express the horror and impiety of the act; but because I have not time to anatomize circumstances, I shall only present you with the naked relation.

Tuesday was the day of our Surrey men's petition, the contents whereof I make bold to enclose. It was much opposed in the county by Sir R. Onslow (one of the Knights of the Shire), and others of that party, as the complexion and nature thereof, aiming honestly at the true mark, will readily discover: notwithstanding, being bravely animated both by men of quality and honour, it was subscribed unto by many thousands, and brought up according to the usual manner by near upon 5000 knights, gentlemen, and freeholders of the best qualifications in our county, and presented by Sir Edward Boyer to the Lords, and one Mr. Price to the Commons. But so it happened that, after the Lords had returned them a civil answer, the Commons of purpose retarding theirs (as it is believed), whilst many of our county, naked and disarmed men, expected in the Palace-yard their reply (more than a third part of them being dismounted, and scattered by means of an extreme shower of rain, which then fell abundantly), there rushed in upon them two troops of horse and a full regiment of foot, invited privately from Whitehall, and, falling upon our poor countrymen (after they had slain some watermen and secured the stairs), most barbarously not only wounded

but utterly stript and murdered a great number of them,<sup>1</sup> by which means they not only failed of their expectations in petitioning, but lost many of their horses and lives too. Upon this the Parliament gave thanks to the Lieutenant who guided the action, after they had substituted false witnesses, who deposed that some disorderly person of the multitude cried out twice, "God bless King Charles!" which is crime enough here to put a man to death. Behold now, if this be not a satisfactory answer to our petition, and if the right of the subject be not highly asserted! This was the tragedy of Tuesday.

Wednesday, a committee was ordered to examine the particulars more accurately, wherein you may be sure our poor Surrey men shall have little favour, if you well observe the premises; and in order to that nothing is yet done which gives any honest man satisfaction, seeing that it hath hitherto extended no further than to the restoring of their horses taken, and the prohibition that for the future no petition shall be brought through the town by above five or six persons at the most, whereby you may easily conjecture for what reason our poor petitioners were so inhumanly butchered. Since this fatality, some talk of an inclination in Surrey to associate; but I fear their enemies are too potent. If Kent be not discouraged, there are great hopes of a sudden change; but that Essex does most magnanimously proceed, a very little time will fully acquaint you: meantime, thanksgiving has been given for the mock victory in South Wales; though it is feared the forces there are but in a bad condition, Cromwell pressing very hard upon them, so that, if more speedy succour do not arrive from Ireland, proceedings there will be in great disadvantage. That Langdale is strong there, nobody disputes. And it is affirmed, that the Scots will be suddenly upon English ground, though I (for my part) do much doubt it; their general being (as we hear) not yet approved, and their rendezvous of so long a date, that it is feared the animosities of those injured and oppressed people will be utterly and irrevocably suppressed.

This day the city of London obtained a complete order

<sup>1</sup> "About 20 slayne and wounded more than 100," is a note attached to this letter.

for the speedy re-instating them into the Tower and ancient militia; but, so long as Skippon is to continue their major, it is not to be expected that any good should come from them. And indeed it is more than suspected, that they will forthwith comply in all respects to their masters the army. For which end, they have granted them liberty to collect £30,000, as a small gratification for their several good services. So that you see what hopes we have of the happy days, which you believe in France are breaking upon us; now in more obscurity, thralldom, error, and confusion than ever we were since these wars began.

They talk of treating with his Majesty, but defer it; to-morrow, some say, they go about it; but, if I do not sleep till they intend it, I shall never lay mine eyes together, unless proceedings have a strange turn, and an unexpected catastrophe.

This is all our news in brief. I pray God give us patience and hope, which is the only refuge of miserable men.

But he that endureth to the end, shall be saved.

*London, Whitsunday, 1648.*

SIR,

Upon hope you have received my last, which gave you notice of our Surrey success, I continue this present; wherein you will find no more satisfaction touching that miscarriage and strange entertainment, than almost the utter defection of the county. Persons have been examined by the committee deputed; but with such partiality on the soldiers' behalf, as that the county are drawing up a remonstrance to disabuse the world. All that may be is attempted to reconcile them. My Lord of Northumberland and sundry others sent down to assuage them. My brother absolutely refused to go. Sir R. Onslow has utterly lost himself; and I am confident, that though the heat for the present be allayed, yet that county will be always ready for an opportunity to declare themselves. Meantime Kent are still resolute to pursue their petition (which, it is apprehended, will not be brought up by men that are so unprovided as that of Surrey was); however they<sup>1</sup> labour all they can to suppress these meetings and

<sup>1</sup> The Parliament men.

intentions, by having caused a declaration to be read in every church throughout that county, to deter men from setting their hands, or acting therein, under the name of a pretended petition, tending to a seditious consequence.

It is this day reported that the city of Rochester is all in an uproar upon a bruit that soldiers were coming amongst them from the parliament, they resolving to oppose them; but there is no such thing, for I suppose our masters have not such a strength near them, as they dare adventure amongst them. But that which is most observable from thence, is the news of Saturday, giving intelligence from Mr. Mayor of Sandwich, of Prince Charles his landing, or another Perkin Warbeck as like him. Some believe it, your friend laughs at it; and so soon as he<sup>1</sup> has a new suit and a clean shirt (of both which the poor Prince was extremely disfurnished), Mr. Mayor has promised to send him up, having first, as Pilate did our Saviour, conjured him to tell him whether he were that Charles Prince of Wales, eldest son and heir apparent to Charles, by the Grace of God of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, King, with the rest of his titles, as in good earnest it is affirmed.

Some now begin to scandalize the proceedings in Essex, as if their hearts began to fail them; and matters not altogether so high as it is reported; but this comes from a person,<sup>2</sup> who I am confident wishes it so. They speak of an offer of the Cambridgeshire men to join with those of Essex; but how true I know not. Hertfordshire and Middlesex, some think, will petition, with a great part of Sussex; which things are but in embryo as yet. Ireton has played the d—l in Hampshire, plundering and imprisoning all such as he suspects to be loyal; amongst others having secured Sir W. Legg and Mr. Ashburnham,<sup>3</sup> who (as it is reported) were betrayed unto him. From Wales we have received nothing, since Cromwell's cruelty at Chepstow; but the holding out still of the castle there, which, upon the late storming, slew a world of the assailants. The rest

<sup>1</sup> The alleged Prince.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Harbottle Grimston (*in margin*).

<sup>3</sup> These were sent to Windsor Castle, where I think they lack many friends." (Evelyn's note.)

of the castles resist as yet, if some internal discord do not injure them, it being talked here as if the commanders were all at defeud one amongst the other.

Letters this day from the North confess, that Sir M. Langdale is grown to a very considerable army, well appointed and disciplined. His head-quarters are at Kendal; and, if he do advance with any convenient speed into Yorkshire, they acknowledge him irresistible because of the defection of that county: and our letters from Scotland affirm that, notwithstanding all the complaisances here, and their victory in Wales (which the letter says has nothing disanimating the counties in those parts), they are unanimously resolved to march forwards very suddenly. Upon which, his caution was that unless 5000 horse and dragoons were expedited, all would be lost in those quarters. And assure yourself, their armies at present are so exercised with apprehensions at home, that they have not such numbers to spare abroad; not daring as yet to remove the garrison from Whitehall; and, with very ill wills, that of the Tower marches out to-morrow. In the mean time, Skippon doth much complain, that he does not find the trained bands under his command in such due obedience, since his late re-instatement, as he expected they would have been. \* \* \* \* \*

[The remainder of this letter has been cut off.]

*London, 1st June, 1648.*

SIR,

I have these two days continued in town, to enable myself for the intelligence of this day; every motion proving now of such consequence, as if the whole State depended upon every man's reports. That the scene is in Kent, I need not re-advise you; but that the entire machine of our hopes is altogether knit upon the success there, I can assure you.

On Tuesday last, Sir Thomas drew out upon Blackheath (having marched through Surrey, where, by the way, many soldiers deserting him, neither he nor any of his durst adventure to lie in beds or in towns, but kept the field all the night, for fear of the incensed countrymen), to the number of 8000 sober and well-appointed men. He is since 5663



men, as the list was given in to the committee at Derby House ; which advice I got very strangely. The next day he advanced as far as Dartford, and so that night quartered even to Gravesend (where at present the head-quarters are), having swept the places through which he hath marched of all their horse, which the Kentishmen spared, that they might not disoblige the countrymen, and, [seizing] other moveables, plundered the town. As for acts of hostility committed, there hath as yet been little, beside the conjunction of some scouts and forlorn hopes, wherein it is reported the people have had much the better ; and one tells me that Colonel Backstirr (the same that commanded the Surrey assassins) came yesterday into London, mortally wounded.

Touching the reports of this day, they seem to be very much in favour of the Army, as that Rochester was entered by stratagem, or Canterbury (for none of the relators agree either in the place or modus), the Cavaliers defeated, and the whole people were in disorder. But it comes through such hands and from such persons, that I do assure you it is no part of my creed ; for the whole body, being within the river of Medway, it is believed, were in a better posture than to be dispered with a single party, though never so resolute. Besides, two watermen, which were employed by some of our correspondents, arriving just now from Gravesend, assure us that such as were sent to discover, towards Rochester, came back with a sad relation of their strength and numerosity. Others say there was a strong party sent through Sussex to relieve Dover ; by that means taking a gallant force of gentlemen, who had esteemed them the King's friends ; whilst another is ready to depose there is no such matter, but that, on the contrary, as some troops were marching through Sussex, the inhabitants of the county fell foul upon them, and so frustrated that design. For mine own part, I believe neither the one nor the other, but absolutely gather from the variety of the best, and unconfident relation of the worst, that they have never yet engaged to any purpose.

As for the Kentish army, I hear it is divided into three brigades, their commander-in-chief being Hales. They have one council, to redress the complaints of the county ;

and another, to transact all martial affairs. That which is most considerable with us, will be their remaining in this posture till matters are arrived to more maturity in Essex and the City; the one wanting time for their absolute declaration, and the other a little more warmth in their new nests of militia; for I do assure you the snakes do now begin to hiss, and may speak aloud ere it be many days longer.

Major Brown (no later than yesterday morning) said in full House, that the Army were no less traitors than the men of Kent themselves, calling them a pack of shufflers and varlets; and added that himself would be one of the thirty who would meet any forty of them in the field, to determine the truth of his assertion; telling them, moreover, that he which, at that present, commanded the Parliament Guard below, would not refuse to assert his expression, as secure as they thought themselves; which (being called up) he readily declared at the bar. For this demeanour it was this day expected the Major should have been questioned by the House; but nothing was done, save the reception of a petition, which came from the moderate party in the city, wherein they express their desires of a personal treaty in London, the releasement of the imprisoned Aldermen, and that they would join with them in an association with the Kentishmen, Essex, Middlesex, Hertfordshire, Surrey, and Sussex. This demand being a breakfast more hard than they could digest at that time, they referred them to a committee, which was presently selected, that should endeavour to give them competent satisfaction; but what this is I cannot yet learn, nor do I believe it is yet determined. Perhaps they will offer them to be contented with the settlement of the militia throughout the whole kingdom which they pretend to be now in hand with; with other such stuff or design to procrastinate the time till they see what will become of their main stock, which is now that of Kent; who, they hope, will be forced to an engagement, and so to a confusion, that they may bid a second good night both to King and people. But I hope God will in his mercy prevent it.

In the mean while, the City are extremely discontented, and I have protracted my this day's writing as long as I

durst, that I might have given you some intelligence what has been done in Common Council; but they are not yet risen. Besides, we have great talk of a Common Hall, which it is believed may happen to do strange feats with Skippon and the Parliament; all which, together with the whole fate of these fair blossoms, absolutely depend upon the Kentishmen's behaviour and non-engagement, which you are desired to pray for, without ceasing.

The news of the revolt of almost the whole navy stands yet good. Warwick is gone down; but it is thought he will not be admitted, unless he change his spots, and avow their protestations. Cromwell, it is feared, may be near with some horse; but many do not believe it. The gentlemen in the North increase, but have a great force against them. The Scots look like Janus with two faces, and pretend such distractions among themselves that they are generally taken for knaves amongst us. Yet some affirm they will come in. From Ireland no succour comes yet to Wales. It is wished you would send us some sober, wise, stout, man into Kent. Surrey have this reply to their Commissioners,—that no more soldiers shall be quartered amongst them; that the authors and executors of those murders shall be prosecuted according to law (there having been seven more found strangled and butchered, lying unburied in a cellar at Whitehall, since the soldiers left it; there appearing by the names subscribed more than 100 that have miscarried, or at least not yet returned home): all which shall be put in execution when the Kentishmen have played out their game. Believe it not before; for they are resolved to adventure the whole State upon this design, continually expecting when the good tidings will be brought them of their bloody and desperate designs upon that poor people, which God divert!

APLANOS.

*London, June 5, 1648.*

SIR,

Not to lose time (though I may haply escape some more fresh intelligence, by sealing up my letter before the Houses are risen) I am destined to relate to you the sad news of our Kentish misfortunes. On Thursday, the army began to engage with the Kentish at Gravesend, where

there was little opposition ; on Friday, on attempting Rochester Bridge, they were repulsed with some loss from the town, so that finding no passage in those parts, they advanced as far as Maidstone, where by the treachery of a gunner, who was to fire the ordnance on the bridge, which he converted against the people in the town, they rushed into the streets, and after a very hot dispute (by the help of the disaffected therein) they mastered the town, killing about one hundred, and taking some prisoners ; but all this was not done without a considerable loss on their part, which it is believed, sextupled the number of the countrymen. However, the fame thereof came so seasonably to the City, that it hath for the present quite dashed all our proceedings for an accommodation, and, as their own relations will have it, they endeavour to make us believe that they have killed 200, taken 1200 men, 5000 arms, and finally so dispersed the rebels, as they call them, that there are not two men left in a body through the whole county. In the mean time, those who calculate the march of Fairfax can by no means probably consent to the truth hereof ; for he, being suddenly commanded back by the Houses who apprehended themselves in some danger from the tumultuary inclined people, could not possibly have time enough to penetrate unto the more eastern parts of Kent, where we do yet believe there is a sufficient power to preserve themselves in a body and take the castle of Dover, which some say is beleagured. Besides, there is another force at Canterbury, not as yet dissipated, as appears by Sir Thomas's own letter of this day from Rochester, where he is, having sent a party of 600 horse through the city into Essex, to pursue those who, upon the taking of Maidstone, quitted Rochester as untenable. Of these, who are about 5000 horse and foot, the Earl of Norwich is general, a very unfit man, as his character is with the City ; which makes them much suspected. They ferried over on Saturday night about Greenwich, and upon their arrival, having made good the bridge at Bow, beat back with some loss to the enemy such of the horse as were sent round about, and foot likewise, who issued out of the Tower Hamlets against them : this is their posture at present. I am told the Essex men, (who are joined in great numbers with them) have now sent up Charles Rich with their sub-

mission to the Houses, upon their indemnity and further satisfaction to their petition, which, whether it be true or false, I leave to a small times determination, since others affirm it is only the act of some of the gentry of that county, not of the commoners. And this is the best relation I can learn.

Now for the City. No Common Hall could be procured; for it being referred to a committee of their own, and all accesses being shut up from disturbing them, it was there ordered in the negative; so that you may hereby plainly perceive from where all our mischiefs proceed, even from a self-interested party in the City, commanded both by Parliament and Army. From the North, none contradict the this day's report of the taking of Pomfract Castle by a party of Langdale's forces; which news, with the bruit of Cromwell's defeat in North Wales, does not a little recover our drooping cavaliers. The ships (it is said) are more and more firm, though some wise men believe they will be wrought upon with money and other corrupt practices. Some report Norfolk and Suffolk to be newly risen. Sir Charles Lucas, we hear, is gone this morning into Essex, and that your cousin, S. T., with divers others, follow him this evening.

From Ireland there comes no news at all; but it is reported this morning (from a Blue Bonnet), that our brethren will undoubtedly come in some time this month, as he assures us; all factions being there appeased that may obstruct them.

It is now a-voting whether the Earl of Norwich shall be a traitor or not. What they conclude, expect by my next.

As touching applications to his Majesty, be confident none will be, unless by a very high and an almost miraculous hand they be compelled at last unto it; for, in order to a personal treaty, nothing is resolved on by the Houses, save the preparing those bills for the re-calling his proclamation, the security of their militia and presbytery for three and ten years; which is sent down unto the Scots, with a golden hook, and, if swallowed by them, it is likely his Majesty (accepting of their benevolence) shall, upon his liveness himself, obtain leave to approach to Hampton Court, there to be almost a Duke of Venice.

For all this, Sir—"Fides que coronat ad aras"—let us have good hearts.

APLANOS.

I would foot this letter with what I have since learned; but how true, I leave to time. It is now hot come to town that the dispute hath been so hot in a long fight yesterday and to-day with the remaining part in Kent, that, as some affirm, Sir Thomas is wholly routed; and certain it is, the men of Essex have beaten (being new in fight) those horse, their opposers, even unto Whitechapel. God improve this!

*London, 15th June, 1648.*

SIR,

Lest I should endanger the departure of the post (which hath hitherto made my despatches so confused and precipitately written), I shall continue my intelligence to you before the Houses are risen, and from henceforth prepare my letters in convenient time for their delivery; adding what shall intervene as postscripts, till the fixed moment of sending them away cause me to seal them up. Since my first of June, I expect you have received mine of the 5th, 8th, 12th; all which I have punctually and without interruption sent you. And now for the news. The scene is Essex, more topically Colchester; the persons, Lord Norwich, Lord Capell, and Sir Charles Lucas, who (with us) passeth for the actor in chief; and I pray God it conclude not in a play (a tragedy I mean); for the army of the faction made such haste after them, that (as some say), diffident of his horse, he betook himself to the town; yet it seems not so opportunely but that he was constrained to shut the gates upon some of his own men, about 300, who were most of them taken. Whereupon they set fire to the suburbs, and (as they say) were storming of the town, in hopes of success.

This, Sir, is the story of the faction; but others report (and methinks, upon the unconfident manner of late and sickly relations of theirs, with as much face of truth) that in this conflict was a sore and bloody fight, till the darkness of the night caused them to withdraw into the town;

the suburbs whereof being thereupon set on fire, with the conspiracy of the wind, which was full in the army's teeth, rendered them of the town such a light and opportunity to fight by, that, upon a second bold issue, they recovered not only their losses, but gave a great overthrow to the enemy, causing them to make towards their ordnance, which lay three or four miles off; in this chase killing and taking divers eminent ones of the soldiery, which are not yet come to light. And this, I must confess, I am somewhat inclined to believe, knowing for certain that the general sent to Skippon for a re-inforce of 3000 horse (no less) this morning very early. And now I mentioned Skippon, you must know that the faction here have presented him with many horse, which are privately listed, and are ready upon all such occasions. By which practice of theirs (if the City be no wiser) this town will insensibly fall under a considerable bondage again; for all their militia, and the junto at Westminster, make all possible diligence to put the adjacent counties in their posture of defence; impeding all such meetings, by their proclamations and otherwise, as they apprehend may tend to petitioning, nowever freely they have voted in right of the subject; yet with all this ado, scarce hindering the sollevation<sup>1</sup> of Hampshire, some parts of Sussex, Cambridgeshire, and Norfolk; the two last of them being of late (if not yet in considerable numbers) ready to join with the Essexians. And, without doubt, could Sir Charles be able to make good his march forwards, his forces would be incredibly augmented by that time he attained Sir Marmaduke, whom he believes to be the most serious and likeliest party of Loyalists in this poor kingdom. It is here confirmed that he is retreated to join with the Scots, who some affirm to be more cordial in the design than myself am inclined to flatter you with at present.

As for South Wales, Cromwell has absolutely received a notable repulse from Pembroke, with the loss of at the least 300 men that miscarried in the storm.

From Ireland we hear nothing of consequence as yet;

<sup>1</sup> Kindling of hostility; from the French, *soulever*. So, in a marginal note to this letter (next page) the French word "*redarguer*" is used for our English "blame."

but the news of the faithful seamen and navy (consisting now of about fifteen stout ships) doth strangely encourage us, especially hoping that the approach of his Highness will add both resolution and constancy in them. And that this is a consideration of moment, I need only repeat you this passage of Sir H., which he let fall lately in the House, that the defection of the fleet (however they seemed to slight it) was of more consequence than the loss of five armies.<sup>1</sup> Farewell!

APLANOS.

The business of Colchester looks now very suspicious, but nothing certain; only that the Scots are numerously entered, is uncontradictedly reported this evening; and this, with the ships, promises very much.

The three castles hold still out in Kent.

Mr. Spencer desires to know how his son doth, from whom he hath not heard long since. I shall recapitulate your letters, and the next week inform you how my particular affair stands with my brother.

London, 19th October, 1648.

SIR,

There is nothing from hence worthy your observation, besides what I have enclosed, to avoid the medium of writing. It is (as is imagined) the general sense and inclination of the forces (now sufficiently at leisure) to think on mischief, chastise the City, and cudgel the Parliament, for daring to treat with a King who standeth so ill in their *bonnes graces*.

The Speaker pulled forth a letter this morning (which he shewed to a friend of your servant's), intimating that for those whom he is desired may be given up (with his assent) as an holocaust, to be abandoned as ever incapable of making their composition either for lives or fortunes, he had given his ultimate answer, being resolved never to sacrifice those who had been his friends, though with the hazard of this overture. And as touching the abolition of Bishops (which two things are the only dif-

<sup>1</sup> "Spoken to redargue their coldness in reducing them."



ficulties), he replied that he had received no satisfaction (as to point of sacrilege and reason) from those arguments presented him by the divines, and therefore desired the Commissioners (whom he took to be intelligent and ingenious men) that they would propose something which were less verbal and more substantial; the issue whereof you will soon understand. I pray it may not be with the dissolution of the treaty.

The last concessions (since those I formerly advertised you of) are the taking away all honours conferred by patent under his Great Seal since 1642. For himself, his Majesty hath as yet proposed nothing, save his coming to London, and the settlement of a constant revenue to the Crown.

Judge Bramston is likely *fungi officio*, as heretofore having acted nothing since the supersedeas which was sent him from Oxford; so that Wilde is not likely to supplant him. There is shortly a general rendezvous of the army at Newmarket. Every man speaks his mind of the treaty. For my part, I leave all to the soldiers; and, if they do not deceive us, peace may happily ensue.

I am since told that the army have put off their meeting, and that the treaty is like to be effectual; but this is Exchange news.

*From the Villa, 23rd October, 1648.*

SIR,

Your last of the 24th of October I received; and being now upon my journey into Sussex (where I intend effectually to settle my business), I conceived it would be seasonable for me to advertise you thereof, so that you might not imagine by my silence that there was any interruption in the Ordinary, by whom I have seldom failed to render you the best intelligence I can learn.

Since my last, I received an express from a correspondent of mine in the Isle of Wight, which gives me great hopes that the treaty may yet produce something like a settlement, which we continually expect in these parts. But what was more than I expected, an enclose from Mr. Warcupp (whom Mr. Speaker hath sent thither, to give him an account of proceedings there, and whose letters to

him he continually reads in the House), containing many great expressions and tender of service, if in anything there he could be useful to me; adding withal, that if I desired a safe convey thither, he would readily procure it. To which (after I had returned him many acknowledgments for being so mindful of me at that distance, and after so long a discontinuance of acquaintance), I replied, that for my own particular, I had nothing to do there, as being no person that could pretend anything to state affairs (such as were now transacted); but for my relation's sake (whom he very well knew), I should neither spare charge nor pains, knew I but how in the least proportion to promote his designs, which I told him were so just and honourable, that if I had any friend in the world (as I knew none more able and real than himself) unto whom I would recommend the interest of a deserving person, it should be that of —, <sup>1</sup> who had been in nothing more unfortunate than in being (what he was resolved still to continue) an honest and a candid man, amidst all this storm of temptations and exigencies. And for him, if it lay properly in his way to do any right (either in confirmation of his present employment or election into some new), by which one of such excellent parts might not be lost to the commonwealth; as the good, which he should be the instrument of, would be a sufficient satisfaction to himself, so the favour he shewed thereby done unto us both could never be forgotten. And something to this effect, I conceived (as I told him) might be in his power to do (whether the treaty succeeded or not), for which he should not find us to be only verbal in our last expressions.

This was all writ, which, if it shall appear to you no unpardonable presumption in me, I shall be exceeding glad.

Now I am going into the coach, and cannot stay to make other conclusion than that of, sir, Yours, &c.

A. PLANOR.

My service to all.

I am sorry for my uncle's indisposition.

<sup>1</sup> Sic in MS.

*London, 18th December, 1648.*

SIR,

Behold the third post, which brings me nothing from France; the last from these parts (bearing date December 12th) furnishing me with apprehensions, that you may come to know what distractions signify, in a short time, as well as we in this place by so long and woeful experience.<sup>1</sup>

Since my last, the soldiers have marched into the city, and seized on the public treasures; they have been pretty quiet as to much action, only they extremely insinuate themselves into the town, where they pretend to be at free-quarters until their arrears be fully paid. In the mean time they have garrisoned Blackfriars (which likewise they have fortified with artillery); Paul's Church, which, with London House, they have made stables for their horses, making plentiful fires with the seats; also Barnard's Castle, with divers other considerable places in the body and rivage of the city. By this means they are ready to govern the election of public officers, which will of course fall out to be on St. Thomas's day next ensuing. The members are still in hold; so that there seldom meet so many in the House together, as will make up a Parliament, until they have sent for them to their houses. Divers others, though not in restraint, yet are not permitted to enter; so that now none come above fifty: and sometimes for the commission of the seal they are called from off the chancery. Thus they are troubled both to meet and to adjourn. However, they made a shift to unvote the vote of redresses to the King, and the proceedings thereupon, as wholly unjustifiable; in order to which, that the receiving likewise of the ten members into the House (when a charge of so transcendent a nature lay against them) was unparliamentary and of dangerous consequence. Major-General Browne was fetched out of London by a troop of horse, and carried to Whitehall, from whence he was sent prisoner to St. James's, where he is now accompanied with Clotworthy, Massey and Waller, all whom I hear were made

<sup>1</sup> The allusion, it need hardly be remarked, is to the insurrections of the Fronde.

close prisoners the last night, at which time it is said divers troops of horse and companies of foot went towards Windsor, where it is thought his Majesty was suddenly to come, and be proceeded upon in the uttermost extremity.

All the discourse is now upon that new model called *The Agreement of the People*, unto which every man will be summoned to subscribe; and this being first to be debated by a general council of the army, made me this day have the curiosity to adventure amongst them. Wherefore, putting myself in a suitable equipage, I got into the council-chamber, where, Ireton presiding, a large scroll containing this new device was examined, and each paragraph or title there (after a very short debate) put to the question,—but with that disorder and irreverence, and palpable cozenage, as is impossible for you ever to believe, unless you were an eye-witness of their transactions. Neither to any one thing did the officers (of whom this council was composed) agree; scarcely abstaining from using uncivil terms at what time they differed in judgment; so young, raw, and ill-spoken men (Ireton himself, in whom the world is so much mistaken, not excepted,) I never imagined could have met in council together; nor is it possible for me to believe this rope of sand can long subsist, for the present puffed up (as they are) with success, interest, corruption, and an ignorant company of people whom they have called out of all the counties in this kingdom, to execute this chimera when it is formed, if in the mean time the good God do not disturb them.

This *Agreement*, by which they will cheat us all under the name of the people's agreement, containeth, to my best remembrance, these heads in the preamble: That the King and his party having lost and forfeited their trust in the people, and been fairly vanquished, the people are now in a state of absolute freedom. That now, therefore, they have unanimously agreed to put an end to this present parliament by April next, and in June to elect new representatives, who shall be chosen without writ. This shall sit but six months, and then be dissolved for two years, in which interim, a council of state shall sit (which council, I perceive, shall have the grand arbitrary power in it), for the government of the Common Wealth (for so they named it

upon all occasions). That none who make their compositions, shall be ever hereafter molested for any thing said or done during these last engagements; that all public receivers be brought to an account; that laws may be abridged, and all of them rendered in the English tongue; that all religions may be tolerated which shall not be apparently prejudicial to the State; and finally, that delinquents be brought to a speedy trial;—such forces to be still maintained in several parts of the kingdom, as shall be necessary for the safety thereof, till these things are effected, and all appearances of contradiction utterly suppressed and subdued. This, sir, is the test we must all undergo, that will enjoy any thing here; where, for the present, all things are at the devotion of an army, and where there is certainly no more face of religion than heretofore in Sodom and Gomorrah, which God destroyed with fire from heaven.

Warwick is come in, contrary to his own interest and safety, as many think. The King is now made pupil to Sir Thomas Fairfax, the General, who is to take care of him. Hamilton is come to Windsor. No drum to be struck up, nor militia to be exercised in city or county, but by immediate command from his Excellency: all is now in their hands, and we are an utterly lost nation, without the mercy of God. I am right sorry to understand the loss of so many of my letters, as I perceive have miscarried, because some of them contained matters of particular consequence to your servant: but haply in this some of them may be come to your hands. Ireland is now the only string to our bow. Little hope of any rising in this kingdom, whatever reports you hear: yet am I most confident there is nothing which these men do that can continue. In the meantime, I wish you could advise me how I may prevent an absolute ruin as to some part of my fortune, which I would most willingly dispose of in some more peaceable and sober corner of the earth. Neither in these resolutions shall I want either encouragement or company, even of my best friends in England; who have thoughts of leaving this place in a very short time, if these proceedings continue. Sir, I am altogether confused, and sad for the misery that is come upon us.

Since finishing hereof, I received yours of the 19th. I

pray God to give mine uncle a safe return; that shadow of my dear self which he brings shall be most agreeable, which, had you not mentioned, I should now have importuned you in,—that which I bear about me being not altogether so like the subject as I have often wished.

I am hanging a chamber in your villa, where I am going to set up my rest after Christmas, till you otherwise dispose of me, having now in a manner disposed of mine affairs.

London, 22nd March, 1648-9.

SIR,

I enclose the news henceforwards, that (being un-mixed) it may be the more communicative.

Since my last, here is nothing done by the New States<sup>1</sup> of great concernment, besides the Act for *abolishing* the Kingly office in these dominions, with a *dissolution* also of the House of Peers, and disabling any of the last King's posterity to claim any title to the Crown. Successive to this (being the production of this day) there is published a declaration, showing the causes of the late proceedings in alteration of the former government; which, being now the corollary and *επιφορά* of what they have to say, proves to be, in the judgment of most indifferent people, a piece full of recrimination on their own proceedings, very slenderly managed, worse penned, and in nothing seconding to the large expectations. The forces in Lancashire under Colonel Ashton, formerly ordered to be disbanded, are reported to be very refractory (the Earl of Derby's son being chief, and the number near 4000, unto whom, we are told, the country come in apace, they professing for the covenant); and that they fortify Clitheroe Castle, to oppose the coming of Major-General Lambert, who (perhaps) may rise from Pomfract to force them to an obedience. If this prove true, it is unwelcome here, where some bold fellows (of whom one Captain Bray is chief) have presented to the House a charge against his Excellency, for which Bray is sent prisoner to

<sup>1</sup> The reader will observe that between the dates of the present and preceding letter the execution of Charles the First had taken place.

Windsor, as traitor to the people. For my part I concur with some, who conceive it merely the design of another eminent member of the army,<sup>1</sup> whose ambition, having no limits, is resolved to neglect no tentative (how many soever fail, and of which some Royalists are apt to make too plausible constructions) that may unsaddle the General, and fairly hold *him* the stirrup: and then we shall be ridden to the purpose, sir.

The trials of Powell, Poyer, and Langhern, are not yet concluded as to final sentence, though some now say they are condemned. Sir J. Stowell is to be dispatched at the King's Bench; Judge Jenkins, the next western circuit (being a person too eminent to be heard plead in this place); poor Brother Bushel will hardly escape. The Marquis of Winchester and Bishop Wren are to remain in everlasting prisons, who, with those banished (already signified to you), and such as have assisted in the Irish affairs, have not leave to compound. The rest have thus: All within eighty miles of London, filing their petitions at Goldsmiths' Hall by the 1st of April; all more distant, within six weeks, and if beyond the seas, by the 1st of June; after which time, to forfeit their estates; and then we may expect the act of grace, which is now much discoursed of. And to the end their impartiality may be notorious, they have confined *and examined* the Lady Carlisle, upon whom there is now a strong guard. Some are not ashamed to say, that they mean to put her to death; others, that her honourable brother shall secure them that she shall no more play the stateswoman.

Papists that have been in arms, have permission to sell half their estates, and depart the kingdom; the other moiety is to be left for the public service. Some talk as if Sir John Winter had day to be gone; but it is mysterious, to such as have understood how he hath been received here.

The Scots have now owned the late act of their commissioners, in a letter full of artifice, whereby (taking notice of the breach of public faith, law of nations, and the common freedom of ambassadors), they endeavour rather to aggravate the unkindness, than to discover any positive menacing, which yet they forget not to imply; craving

<sup>1</sup> Cromwell.

the time of three months warning (according to mutual engagement), before a war (if no other satisfaction in the interim) be recommenced.

The Prince Elector (with some ceremony) is gone for Holland, from whence Mr. Strickland writes word that Monsieur Pau, the Ambassador (returned, not long since, out of England), hath made a very favourable relation of his noble usage here: and that the States will not interpose in the difference between the Prince and Parliament, with matter to the same effect.

Lieutenant-Gen. Cromwell, with some other gifted champions of the army, exercised yesterday at Whitehall, to inquire of the Lord (according to the language now in use) whether he were the person destined for the Irish employment (whither, I dare assure you, he hath no mind at all to go, but haply may be caught); and for the good success of this, there is to be a day of public humiliation.

Our great navy here advanceth not with that speed as is desired, the seamen being very much unsatisfied to admit of landsmen to force them. For all this, here are many vessels in preparation—some gone forth already, and others upon expectation of a more favourable wind to bring them into the sea. Some fire-ships, I conjecture, may accompany them; by something I have both heard and seen. Here is talk as if their Vice-Admiral (disputing with a States man-of-war for the courtesy of the seas due to the King) had received much hurt and loss; others say, Prince Rupert met with her; but neither of them are confirmed.

It is likewise reported that David Lesley and his antagonists in Scotland are likely to accord, and that the party in Holderness for his Majesty proves to be true; but no such thing as was given out, that any Danes or Swedes were landed. Some write out of Holland, that Montrose and his old enemies are likely to unite: if that could be effected, and that but one interest were prosecuted, it would much conduce to the wishes of many; but we think here that a Scotch enmity is implacable. There are whisperings as if Jones and Ormond were accorded; which, methinks, seemeth likewise to correspond with your expression, viz. "*Upon the arrival of the good news here out of Ire-*



land," &c. If that be so, believe what a great person among the States let fall to a friend of ours the other day: "*We have e'en cast our selves upon Providence, and know not which way to turn our selves.*"

The Countess of Peterborough is secured, and the Lord of Carlisle since sent to the Tower.

Please to advise to what persons you communicate the author of this intelligence, for he desires to be concealed.

London, 26 March, 1649.

SIR,

My last bears date the 22nd current, since which it is here reported that Pomfret Castle is delivered; all, except six only, to have mercy; three of whom, making a desperate sally, escaped; the other three are taken. This, for the present, is all the certainty we have; and I fear it is too true. Neither do we hear of any thing more from the Lancashire men, who (although still very troublesome to the faction here) yet it seems did not think of relieving those distressed men.

I was told this morning (of one that pretends good intelligence) that there were two ships of corn gotten into Dublin; but Jones's brother (newly come over) reporteth that the city cannot hold out above a week longer. For my part, I give faith to neither; only this, I think it were time the Lord-Lieutenant despatched that work; for here are preparations of great strength intended, Cromwell himself resolving to go in person.

Prince Rupert hath taken at sea near upon twenty sail of very considerable ships, richly freight with wines and other commodities from divers ports in Spain, two whereof are exceeding rich in plate, and one bearing thirty pieces of ordnance; which news, being but few hours old, hath given a wonderful alarm to this city, and will doubtless much impede their maritime preparations.

J. Lilburne hath published a second part of *England's New Chains*, in pursuance of the Levelling petition of

September 11th, wherein he doth to the life discover the late perfidious sophistications of our grandees, and, in the name of an host of his party, doth solemnly protest against their dissimulation in bringing up the army into the city, the extra-judicial proceeding with the King, the discomposing the Houses, their election, establishing High Courts, and Council of State, and present aweing of the Parliament—almost against all their late transactions. What this will come to, time will evidence.

We hear of commissioners coming out of Scotland hither, which we take to be an ill sign, unless matters be carried on prudently with that kingdom; in order to which, and some other particulars, I am much solicited (by persons of great faith to his Majesty's cause, and of equal abilities and intelligence of present affairs) to recommend unto your best opportunity with the King's Council, these few particulars following, viz.:

1st. That his Majesty be desired, if possible, to close with the Scots as to condescensions of ratifying what church government they please, in their own kingdom; and for this of England, that he will absolutely refer it to a synod of divines, and a new free parliament, to be chosen after his restitution.

2nd. That he would suddenly publish a favourable declaration to the city of London, as likewise to the Presbyterian party in general, and all others that have not had any hand in the late destruction of his father; for, by this means, he will preserve them both from that feared coalescence with the army, unto which only their despair of the King's mercy and protection, it is doubted, may incline them—the sole endeavour of the Grandees now being, after this breaking of their spirits, to persuade them that their iniquities are unpardonable. And in this piece his Majesty cannot be too indulgent and kind in his expressions: some great leaders of the Presbyterians being, to my knowledge, well inclining, since the late proceedings, could they but have assurance from abroad; especially such as were distinguished here by the name of politic Presbyters, and of which the number fully equals the conscientious.

3rd. That he would likewise declare to the mariners upon what terms they shall be received upon their coming

in; fully explaining the cause of that rigour which is reported here to have been exercised towards some taken lately about Jersey, which (though I conceive a falsehood only raised here) hath of late much discouraged some of the inferior, yet most useful, condition.

4th. Lastly, that in all these he would close with the Protestant profession, and do nothing as to the point of punishing offenders and Government, but what shall be approved of by the old way of a free parliament, and the known laws of the land.

These particulars, I was soberly conjured to recommend unto you; desiring that they may be seriously communicated to some of his Majesty's council, as expedients most proper for the present temper of the kingdom, and especially of this city, which in the meanest of her condition is capable to do hurt or good to the King's affairs. The Scots play the knaves, it is feared.

You are likewise requested to carry this advice with all caution as to the party communicating it unto you, who herein ventures both his life and fortune upon the least miscarriage or discovery. Burn therefore this paper; after you have made your abstract.

My cypher being not here, I was compelled to be thus plain. Let me know of the receipt hereof.

Superscribed—"CONCEALMENT."

*London, 29 March, 1649.*

SIR,

Supposing that Paris is now free of the investiture, a certain accommodation being here in every man's mouth, I presume to adventure this letter by the ordinary address.

I should be glad to hear of the resolutions, touching the last affairs, importing my particular. After which, I shall more seriously think of obeying your commands, in order to my coming over. But, before this can be effected, I must see the fruits of this uncontradicted accord, by the usual frequency of your letters; which have hitherto been so great strangers, that I have cause extremely to doubt of the reality of our common reports; every man corresponding

at Paris daily receiving their intelligence,—a favour which I do not often obtain, though I extremely desire it.

There is little at present to be added to my former intelligence but the rendition of Pomfract Castle, which was as my former advised you. Neither were mine apprehensions of the Scots frivolous, since they have taken off the head of Huntly for being a cavalier; banished and proscribed the Marquis of Montrose, Lanerick, Seaforth, Lauderdale, &c.; and taken away the hereditary shrieftships from the nobility, and all donations for the laity. So that their invitation of the King was in all probability but a device to have betrayed him into the hands of sinners. The subjugation of those of the north of Scotland is not yet well understood. The stubborn men of Lancashire afford us matter of various discourse; but nothing so much as the unexpected surprisal and intowering<sup>1</sup> of John Lilburne, proclaiming him traitor; which suffering of his, it is supposed, will but stimulate his faction, if not render them desperate.

That which I mentioned of the late sea-prize is altogether confirmed, and hath wrought very great apprehensions in this town, for remedy whereof I see yet no sudden appearance. As for Ireland, make use of this, if you can conveniently.

It is determined, by supreme council here, that Jones shall sooner set fire on the city than yield it; which resolution, doubtless, if the inhabitants understood it, would much alter the matter.

If you love me let me hear from you, and what from me you have of late received; for it is to satisfy your most humble,

APLANOS.

I would now have written to Veliora, who tells me she expects me, but being at a tavern with my brother and some others, I could not have time.

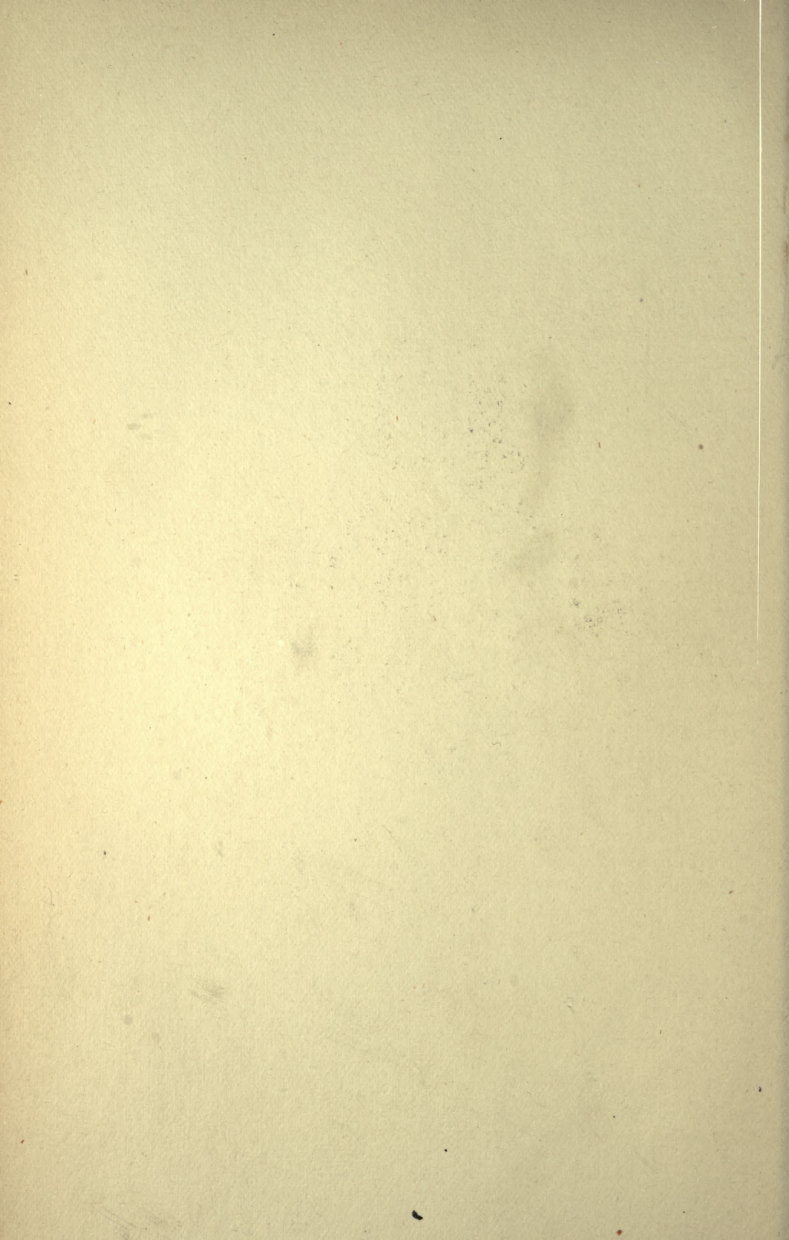
<sup>1</sup> Throwing into the Tower.

42



GEORGE GORDON,  
MARQUIS OF HUNTLEY.

OB. 1649.



London, April 2nd, 1649.

SIR,

By this time mine of the 26th and 29th are come safe to hand. So much favour I promise myself from that late, yet welcome accomodation, which it is reported here hath now been made in France. I hope likewise (with some of my late ones) you have received your bills of exchange, together with what I proposed unto you about your manor at W., as it was the last resolution and debate at the departure of my uncle, since which I have received nothing from you, which I extremely wonder at, seeing to all other corresponding in France letters come weekly without any stop or interruption.

I am come this day from D. (whither I was gone two days for fresh air), and now think not to stir from this city till I have so exactly adjusted mine affairs, disposed of some valuable goods, and made myself fit for any motion, or long absence (if so necessity require). All which I presume may be seasonably finished by the conclusion of this ensuing term. After which (if my presence at Paris may import you, without farther engaging myself, in case of your absence from thence), I shall put myself in a posture to be suddenly with you: and, certainly, nothing could satisfy me more than to see you in some hopeful employment, whilst it any way lay in my power to be useful unto you, which I conceive I should no way better be, and safer, than if, having settled your family, you were pleased to add me to the number of your *domestiques*. Neither shall my absence from this distracted kingdom any way prejudice your intelligence from home, having already laid and prepared such friends here, as shall abundantly, yet not superfluously, supply all mine imperfections of that kind.

The news take as followeth:

Pomfret, with the circumstances delivered in my last, is rendered, and is forthwith to be demolished. It is thought the Lancashire business will disband, and come to nothing; whereupon also Clitheroe Castle is to be likewise dismantled. The affairs of Scotland, as my last spake them; though some, not your servant, think it is but in show. An order is drawing up to attaint my Lord of Ormond a

traitor and rebel. Upon his new declaration, John Lilburne is in the tower, proclaimed traitor; for which his party are very angry, and some say, threaten great matters. Prince Rupert's thriving at sea, according to my last, is confirmed; and some report for certain, that the Constant Warwick frigate, with three or four more good ships, are since gone unto him. The design here for Ireland goes on but slowly, yet something will be suddenly done. The Lord Mayor, for not obeying the army's command, in personally proclaiming the act of having no more kingly government, is sent to the tower for a month, fined £2000, and disabled from bearing any office.

This is news of concernment and of great consequence. Maxfield is arrested for a debt of £60,000, formerly lent to the King, and now owing to merchants; for which a petition is given in, that some crown-lands may be sold to satisfy the debt. The K. going for Ireland is not liked by such as say they wish him well here, desiring that he would sit secure in some third place, rather than engage his person.

Superscribed—"A Monsieur, MONSIEUR KIBBLE, Marchant Anglois, demeurant avec Monsieur Laurance Greene, à la Ville de Venize aux Faubourgs St. Germain, à Paris."

*London, 5th April, 1649.*

SIR,

This parcel of a week (since my last to you) hath afforded so little news, that there is almost nothing to write, but that still I receive no letters from Paris. I am confident that your old address is still good, and therefore desire you to continue it. Mine, of April the 2nd, informed you of the proceedings and censure of the Lord Mayor, in whose room there is since one Andrews chosen, a man not so refractory. Their divisions in Scotland, whereby D. Lesley is environed with some danger, still continue. All who declare for the King, and it is here feared that the Hamiltonians may strike in, if not suppressed, are persecuted to the death.

[The remainder of this sentence being unintelligible from the numerous ciphers, is omitted.]

The ambassadors of France and Spain are preparing to



be gone. It was last week bruited that 135 is under some cloud in Paris. Be assured he hath laboured all he could to foment matters there, as I could show you by a letter, printed not long since; and you would do a piece of service to inform the Council of France, that there are yet amongst them divers agents who are to endeavour another irruption, if possible; for nothing is so formidable here as a conjunction betwixt Spain and you.

My uncle is not yet returned, and it concerns me to know whether mine of March 26th came to hand.

I have herein enclosed you a cursory proof of the youth's writing, which truly he performs with a wonderful facility and strange sweetness of hand; nor can you be so fitted in every respect. He is young, humble, congruously literate, very apprehensive and ingenuous, and may be of great use to you (when you can spare him) in schooling your son. He is my brother-in-law's jewel, and from whom, but to you only, I am confident he would not have parted. His person is not very gracious, the small-pox having quite put out one of his eyes; but he is of good shape; and I know you do not expect a horse, which whoever buys for show, may lose his race. Truly, I am of opinion you will be very proud of him, and may make him your secretary with a great deal of reason; however, if you do not like him, I am now resolved never to part with him, so long as he is willing to be with me; and above all, he is admirably temperate.

The Anabaptists' desire of engrossing the whole kingdom into their hands, promising to provide for the army, set the poor on work, and repay public faith—for being of that prodigious nature, I forbear to speak further of.<sup>1</sup>

*London, 16th April, 1649.*

SIR,

The small intelligence come to us, since my last, would have quitted you this trouble, but to make recapitulation of the enclosed, which you are desired to peruse and address.

<sup>1</sup> Some of the "Socialist" schemes propounded at this time by the Anabaptists (or Fifth Monarchy men) and Levellers were almost identical with French and German theories of Socialism in our own day.

It were still highly to be wished that those D.,<sup>1</sup> which I have so long pressed (from certain knowledge of the good effects they may produce) were by this time put in a way of publication; and, if I could convey you from what sober persons I am solicited, of much expedience to hinder a conjunction, assure a diffident party, and buoy up the spirits of the people, I make no question some speedy course would be taken about it.

It is here reported that the regiment now ready to embark for Chester, refuse to go. In the meantime, here come many complaints of P. R. and P. M.,<sup>2</sup> how they treat the seamen and persons of higher quality in Ireland; which, if true, will prove exceedingly disadvantageous to the greatest of our hopes. For if that business of the fleet be not carefully managed, and *some generally beloved person put into that trust*, never look for good, as it now remains. So much I perceive by all discoveries. — and the others of that strain (though there were no more in it than the universal disaffection to them), are of infinite scandal on this side; and I am confident do extremely wrong the Cause. And one would think (as it is commonly said) the K.<sup>3</sup> had now no need; for the humour of two or three endanger the absolute losing of as many hundred thousands. All which, suggested not from me, you are to receive as the *Vox Populi*.

P. El. P.<sup>4</sup> hath obtained much favour here amongst the Grantees, who take orders still to continue his stipend, for which it is believed he is to pay them some considerable service: it would be well looked into: you know what relations of his are at sea.

If the old Earl of Norwich marry my Lady Kingsmill, and get both his person and estate freed, you will believe something that I long since intimated. It is not yet known whether the condemned Welshmen shall be executed or banished. They find still very great difficulties in the sea-affairs, and I do not hear of any great fleet, besides those already at sea with Popham and five more, now ready to put out from Portsmouth. The Common Council require double

<sup>1</sup> Allusion is evidently made to the demands of the moderate Royalists, contained in the letter, *ante*, p. 29.

<sup>2</sup> Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice.

<sup>3</sup> The King.

<sup>4</sup> Prince Elector Palatine.

security with Deans and Chapter lands upon loan of this last advancement; and I hear that the new Lord Mayor begins to make some scruple of publishing their unkingly proclamation without the politic assistance of this city in body representative, which they refuse.

Be assured that the news of this last week hath made our Grandees look nothing so confidently as heretofore, whatever be the reason.

It is verily believed that if there had not been some falling-out by late discourtesies done to 159 from 183, he had ere this been master of 152.

And this is all I know at present.

P.S. The levelling party are now so high that I may shortly write you word of the return of those soldiers marched out of this city, and destined for Ireland, to do as great a violence to this stately council as lately they did to the Parliament, for such is their resolution against Cromwell and his followers. They are likewise changing all their commanders. Philipp and Montgomery, the first of that name, took his place this day in the Commons' House.

We have no ill news from Holland; if true, the States talk of building gallies, and making slaves.

Superscribed—"A Monsieur, MONSIEUR ROBERT KIBBLE, Demeurant avec Mons. Greene, Merchand Anglois, a l'Hostel de Venize, aux Faubourgs St. Germain, à Paris."

*No date. About the middle of April, 1649.*

SIR,

Yours of the 10th received. I much joy to understand what of mine have come to hand, especially that so much here expected and desired, in order to a free and gracious D. both to city, presbyterian, and mariners; and that before their fears and want of confidence (being altogether their pretence) necessitate them to a compliance with the army—now (I say), whilst matters are warm and exasperated, as hath of late been in this city, since (after degraduating the Lord Mayor) they have voted five more of the principal aldermen<sup>1</sup> out of the city government, thereby

<sup>1</sup> In margin:—"Goore, Adams, Langham, Bunce, and Reynardson, men able to furnish with great sums, some of them having most part of their estates beyond sea, and moderately inclined."

to make it absolutely their own, resolved to elect such men in their places as shall force this ass to receive all such burthens as their unmercifulnesses please to lay upon it, and from which these aldermen had hitherto exceedingly obstructed them.

Contrary to all expectations, a fleet is at last patched up, consisting of thirty stout, yet mixed, vessels, which are now under sail, ready to visit the Irish coasts; besides, they are preparing as many more to bring up the rear, so soon as they can be fitted. If these be not broken, good men here will much despair; but, if reduced, believe it the hook is in their nostrils.

There is no more of the last week's confident reports that Dublin should be surrendered; but this is certain, that three commissioners are despatched from hence to treat anew with the Catholics, in hope that by outbidding the Lord Lieutenant the bargain may be repented, and a party gained. But, as for land forces to be in a great forwardness to be sent into that kingdom, as yet I discover not; nor are they much to be feared, if the divisions in Scotland grow so high as already to have engaged Lesley and the Huntleans. But this, though formally related, is but pamphlet news; and to which I adhibit no more faith than to assure myself that the distractions there may prove capable of a great diversion here, where there are the regiments designed to march northwards (as it is conjectured) to assist Argyle in case it grow to a business, and he be overpowered.

They are proceeding with the Lord Carlisle and the rest of the Welsh prisoners; but what will be the issue is not known: only it is said that they pretend to have discovered matters of great proof against Brown for having received 20,000*l.* towards this last summer's engagement, for which he is ordered to be speedily sent for from Windsor Castle, his prison.

There is nothing here so much abhorred as a peace 'twixt your two crowns of France and Spain, for which all applications are used to the Hollanders that they would interrupt it, upon reason of state, well knowing that their joint interest can no longer well subsist but in troubled fountains.

If the king ever think to thrive here he must provide

him a good body of horse, of which the army here are generally so well provided, that a more complete and numerous is not easily to be seen. If this could be compassed upon safe stand and repose, all other advantages would soon fall in of themselves.

If Hide and some others (*ejusdem luti*) be of your council it will generally disgust, and be resented here; their persons being obnoxious to all sides and inclinations.

It was reported here that you were 107, but it is not since confirmed. We much desire to know how you shape your course, and what both your private and public resolutions are.

You are yet to receive and account for mine of the 29th March, likewise April 2nd and 5th, besides this.

*London, 23rd April, 1649.*

SIR,

I shall write very abruptly to you, as also to my lady, for which I desire you to forbear my reasons, till the next return. I omitted also the last Thursday upon the same account. Since my last; little news, but great expectations from Dublin, which some (not your servant) affirm to be delivered. Here are great preparations on this side: 12,000 drawn out by lot, the greatest part whereof, it is said, are unanimous. Shipping, likewise, is endeavoured, M. G. Cromwell showing a readiness, though some will not believe all these appearances.

In the mean time, while the new King declares nothing of his intentions<sup>2</sup> to this nation but what is printed out of Holland, &c., we are easily persuaded, (even the most moderate as well as rigid Presbyterian, and divers of other stuff) that he prepares only for an absolute conquest, without warning, condition, or moderation. Against which I find most men inclined to oppose, by a juncture with the new Commonwealth. *Verbum sat*—.

John Lillburne is much threatened, and returneth as high. This day legions of women went down to clamour the House for his enlargement, but had not welcome. Poyer

<sup>1</sup> Of the same vile stamp.

<sup>2</sup> Another allusion to the demands, *ante*, p. 40, 41.

is by lot appointed to die, as this day, if his petition prevail not. From Scotland we have nothing certain; but from sea divers reports of losses, but none from reporters of credit. They have now set forth a fair fleet at last; but no tidings of successes as yet. Those that are to succeed them are well stored with chains and grappling-hooks, with which stratagem great things are promised to be done.

The Queen's goods, hangings, &c., are brought from Wimbledon, to adorn the Lord-General's lodgings; and the rest kept at Somerset House. The news of late hath not much pleased, and so you must pardon these rags of intelligence from,

Sir, yours, so long as I last.

Some say the regiments which lay at Chester miscarried; others, that they are not yet gone; others, that they are landed.

Superscribed—"A Monsieur, MONSIEUR KIBBLE, Demeurant avec Mons. Lawrence Greene, Merchand Anglois, à la Ville de Venice, aux Faubourgs St. Germain, à Paris."

London, May 10, 1649.

SIR,

I this day received your congratulatory distich, with other your affectionate expressions of the 15th current, for which please to accept this acknowledgment and second confirmation of my perfect recovery.

Our business of W. is not yet ripe for a conclusion; the title proving so unsatisfactory to counsel, in defect of a former recovery. But, upon what you are pleased lately to assure me under your hands, I shall make no doubt of proceeding; neither should I have pressed so far, but to satisfy my friends here, &c. And now I must beg your pardon for omitting the last post, having, ever since mine enlargement, been obliged to return many of my friend's visits, and so *incerti laris* till this day, which is the first I have enjoyed without interruption.

Every day is now big with news; since this levelling distemper hath so epidemically spread itself among the soldiers, that the General himself and Lieutenant-General are

both of them, with what forces they were capable to draw forth, marched towards Oxford and Salisbury, with absolute intentions (if they cannot otherwise accommodate) to put it to the hazard of a day; which, whatever others affirm, they are like enough to carry, surprising them thus in the infancy of their bold declaration, which hath been seconded by the continual petitions of both sexes for several days past. In the mean time, to prevent the escape of John Lillburne, the Tower of London was yesterday seized upon by four troops of horse, sent in by the Lieutenant-General, who have possessed themselves thereof, and outed the Governor; so that John is now faster in Limbo than ever. What will be the result of these strange confusions and distempers, you may imagine; it being not easy for me to determine, further than that it is probable to impede the preparations for Ireland, from whence we receive nothing which is certain.

Neither is our intelligence such, out of Scotland, as speaks anything positively of an agreement with their King; only Middleton's party, with the Gordons, are acknowledged to be very strong, and not a little formidable, inso-much as it is conceived here, that if the King do not accord with the Kirk, Sir John will be forced to invite a parliamentary assistance from their brethren here. From Holland it is credibly reported that Dr. Dorislaus (lately despatched from here upon affairs of State, or as others affirm, to prepare something previous to an intended embassy) was assassinated by some Scotchmen, who surprised him at supper, at the Hague. Believe it, this is a very unwelcome news to the Grand Council.

I was informed, from a singular hand this day, that Prince Rupert had taken, in these summer's fortunes at sea, of money and staple prizes, to the value of two hundred thousand pounds, with which he is fortifying himself at Kinsale without rendering any further account.

There are divers spies pensioned here, from the king's Court; which should be looked into. You would little conceive John Birkenhead should be one. Nor dare I affirm it; but, as it is my manner to write all that I hear, you must pick and leave what is for your turn. I have no particular passion to any man, and therefore please to correct me when

I transgress. You shall best know how to value mine intelligence, as you shall see it answered by the success of things ; though that be now no perfect rule to judge by.

Sir, I am too bold, but it is to let you understand how absolutely I am

Your unfeigned servant.

My uncle J. and his wife being in town, I have been to visit them this afternoon.

*London, 14th May, 1649.*

SIR,

Since mine of May 10th, here is arrived so small intelligence from the army, on whose actions depend all our expectations, that I know not what to write, where to fix. The General is still pursuing the reduction of the levellers, which he is resolved to do, either by money, promises, or blows. And it is certain that Col. Reynolds, attempting to reduce a party of them near Banbury, had his lieutenant slain ; so that there is blood drawn, though, it is said, he afterwards dispersed them. What the rest (in a great body) have done, or will do, is not mine to determine ; but the most sober men believe it will conclude, at least, in a present and superficial accommodation ; others, and they not few, that they will never be appeased till this Council be abolished, the Parliament determined, and all their demands absolutely granted.

In the mean time, to stay your stomachs at Paris, it is now communicated to me as a very great secret, even from persons of very great moderation and singular interest, that this defection of theirs hath something more in it than as yet appeareth, and that they have privately debated these brief particulars, viz. :

1. If slaves, then to him that hath right ; to a king rather than fellow-subjects.
2. If free, as free as heaven and earth can make us ; for in a month's revolution great mutations may be made, and great ones called to account.
3. To incline to monarchy strictly regulated.
4. A speedy rendezvous, and declaration according to papers dispersed by faithful hands into all parts of the kingdom.



5. A dilemma put upon the Parliament either to try or not to try John Lillburne; if not, then sure to revenge the injury; if, then just ground of discontent.

6. Quære,—How to supply with Officers? Reply,—Any soldiers created by them were as able as any now in commission; for did not we make them all at Triploe Heath?

7. Quære,—How to prevent future ruin, in respect some of us are for an universal toleration; others, for English freedom only? Reply,—This to be debated next meeting.

And doth not this carry a serious face with it? How facile a thing it is to deceive the credulous Cavalier! In his hope he hugs himself, sits still, and expects. But I am not apt to be caught with chaff, neither would I have you believe *omne hoc micans aurum esse*.

If my next do not inform you of an accord, believe it that there is suspicion that they will have their scope of reigning, which is all they contest for; and I verily think an accommodation can be but temporary. For any other loyal inclinations in them, I can in no way deduce it.

The L.-Gen. Cromwell is returned to London, to make all sure here, where he hath caused treble watches to be kept for this night past. The corpse of Dorislaus, now brought hither, is to be interred with pompous solemnity. Here is yet no more out of Ireland nor the North; and now to ourselves.

In the business of W., we have perfectly made a conclusion, so soon as the deed is sealed, &c., by you and my mother, with which the fine shall (if possible) be conveyed to you next post-day; for, till that be past, neither estate nor mortgage is valid in law longer than you live; nor were your heirs any way responsible to mine uncle, if you had failed, in default of a recovery, as now (as not till now) he very well knows. In the interim, I shall secure to mine uncle the payment of the remainder, so soon as either of you shall determine of the sum, which I desire you should do speedily, that I may provide the monies. And here again I do freely reiterate my promise of settling the land upon my dear wife, as the least part of what I have already given her in my will. This being perfected, I shall adjust the time of my coming over, being exceedingly desirous to

confer with you about many things. And so, I beseech God to bless us with a happy meeting.

Sir, your most obedient servant,

EVELYN.

I have made all possible means to procure those orders you spake of. S. D. C. protests that he left all his papers, &c., at Oxon; and others whom I employ can yet give me no account, most of those things being in the custody of our Grandees. Notwithstanding, I will still do mine endeavour till I receive your supersedeas.

To-morrow I intend to visit, where are my uncle Jo. and his lady, for a day or two.

*London, 7th June, 1649.*

SIR,

I yesterday received yours of the 12th current, with the duplicates enclosed; all which shall be duly thought on. My aunt P. is fallen here sick of the measles; so that now our western journey is absolutely put off, and my southern approaches very near. I have been this day visiting all our noble friends in this town, to give them notice that they make ready their commands against next week; what time I intend to take leave of them, and the week following to put my foot into the stirrup. In the meantime (to-morrow) my uncle and I shall set an hour apart to determine what is farther to be done in the business of W., in case my brother's money should not come in, he depending altogether upon a creditor, who promised to pay him in £2000; so that, however matters fall out, we will so order it, that both you and your servant be well satisfied, and of which I shall haste to render you a more full account.

For news, I never knew anything more uncertain than the reports which come to us of something done lately at Kinsale. But, because you may desire it, I will let you know both what we wish, and what we fear. The cavaliers' news goes current, that a squadron of the States' ships<sup>1</sup> having as they thought gained the governor of the castle by a present, &c., entered the haven, and there,

<sup>1</sup> Ships of the Parliament.

putting themselves in posture to have destroyed the P fleet,<sup>1</sup> and to have reduced the town, their friends in the castle let fly at them with such courage and success, that with the help of the ships in port, and store of shot from the town, they took and sunk divers of their ships, and half ruined them for this summer. But how consistent this is with the last night's Order, that the present blocking up of Kinsale, and thereby the probable reduction of Prince Rupert's fleet, be added as an ingredient to this day of thanksgiving in all the pulpits, I leave you to judge. Their Admiral Popham is for certain come to this town, which some interpret a confirmation of their being worsted; others say, it is to solicit for six months provisions more, resolving to tire them out with over-watching (so you know did Warwick the last summer), which I take to be as likely.

But, whilst I am telling you what we hear from sea, I must not forget to let you know how matters go on shore, this solemn day of triumph in the city.

First, the Grandees, my Lord-General upon one of the late king's horses, went modestly through the streets to Christ Church, where, first entered the president in a black velvet gown, richly faced with gold, and his train borne up by two. Next him, the Speaker, and Commissioners of the Great Seal. After him the General; then the House of Commons. Cromwell at the tail of three Lords,<sup>2</sup> which was all that were there. In this order they took their places, and were fitted with a double sermon. Going from church towards Grocers' Hall, where they dined, the Lord Mayor delivered up his sword and mace to the Speaker, with this compliment, that as he had been a faithful servant to the King, so would he now be no less to the States; and with that it was re-delivered him according to the custom. Being entered the Hall, the bason and ewer of gold were presented to the General, and a fair cupboard of silver to the L. Gen. After this they sate at table, in the same order in which they entered the church, where they had as luxurious an entertainment as you can imagine.

Thus, being now warm, and settled in the new govern.

<sup>1</sup> Prince Rupert's.

<sup>2</sup> Salisbury, Pembroke, and Lisle (*in margin*).

ment, they are upon reforming most of the courts of justice, and resolve to confirm themselves by all means imaginable.

I hear for certain that the Isle of Scilly is in very ill-condition for want of corn, and that those Irish lately put on shore there (since the sickness of the governor) are exceedingly insolent.

Here are speedy preparations for Ireland; and no doubt but Col. Jones will be able to march into the field with a very little addition.

This is all the news which I have thus confusedly made up; the streets being at present so full of noise and tumult, occasioned by three or four wild gents<sup>1</sup> in drink, that I scarce know what I am doing, nor how it will end.

Here are five Straits' merchant-ships, the custom amounting to above £50,000, just come into the river.

*Alexander Ross<sup>2</sup> to John Evelyn.*

*London, May 20, 1650.*

NOBLE MR. EVELYN,

I have received a rich jewel from you, which I more value than Alexander did Darius his cabinet or Homer's Iliads. You have doubly obliged me to you, first in remembering me who have merited nothing from you, then in bestowing on me such a present, whose verses I esteem as peerless; in the one you show your goodness, in the other your judgment. Sir, I have nothing to return you but verbal thanks, only I shall entreat you to accept this mite for your rich present, instead of a better gift. I would have sent you this epitome bound, but Mr. Bedell told me that you would bind it to your own mind; then, Sir, your Virgil shall bear your name in the frontispiece as benefactor; and it shall always be my remembrance of your worth and goodness, and withal of my thankful acknowledgments, who shall, till death, remain, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

ALEXANDER ROSS.

<sup>1</sup> *Sic in Original.*

<sup>2</sup> See *Diary*, vol. i. p. 260.

*Alexander Ross to John Evelyn.**London, July 21, 1650.*

WORTHY SIR,

I received yesternight your letter and translation, the beginning whereof I have yesternight and this morning perused; but sometime will be requisite to peruse it all with judgment. I have taken the boldness to mark some of its pages, as I desire to confer with you about it. I am sorry to be called from it, but this morning I am bound to Hertfordshire upon urgent business; on my return I will solace myself with the melody of your muse, which I will bring to you myself, and pay the debt of a visit I owe you. With my humble service, I rest your very humble servant to command,

ALEXANDER ROSS.

*John Evelyn to Lady Garret.**Paris, 9th Octob., 1651.*

It had not been now that the grateful resentments of your Ladyship's favour remained so long for a fair gale on this side, if the least opportunity had presented itself before the return of this noble gentleman; and however Fortune (who esteemed it too great a favour for me) has otherwise disposed of the present which you sent me, I think myself to have received it as effectually in your Ladyship's design and purpose, as if it were now glistening upon my finger. I am only sorry, that because I missed that, I did not receive your commands; and that an obligation of so much value seems to have been thrown away, whilst I remain in another country useless to you. I will not say, that the way to find what is lost, is to fling another after it; but if any services of your Ladyship perished with that jewel, there can be no danger in reinforcing your commands, and repairing the greater loss, seeing there is nothing in the world which with more passion I pretend to, than to continue, Madam,

Your Ladyship's, &amp;c.

*Learn Cosin*<sup>1</sup> to *John Evelyn*.

Paris, 18 December, 1651.

DEAR MR. EVELYN,

I have been told that, upon the news of my conversion to the *Catholic Faith*, and of my retirement thereupon, it hath been given out amongst divers, that I have been inveigled by the priests of our nation, allured by fair promises to desert my former religion, and now by them detained in such restraint, as not to be permitted to converse with or to repair unto my friends. Hence some have proceeded to exclaim, "What a barbarous and unconscionable thing it is to separate a son from his father, and to encourage him in this act of disobedience against him." Weak refuges these, alas, to defend themselves! much weaker arguments to reduce me from where I am. I beseech you, therefore, to know (and also to let others know), that I cannot but esteem this report as a foul aspersion cast upon myself; and I make bold upon this occasion to beg this favour of you, confiding to your candid and uninterested ingenuity that I have found in you, that you will afford it me; seeing it is only to assist me to manifest the truth without prejudice to any.

Surely I have neither so much debility and weakness in my capacity; so little understanding, constancy, and resolution; so much of the child, nor so little of the man; as to be fooled into any other religion by fair words, or be kept in it by threats. What I have done I assure you is wholly voluntary—not violently forced, nor foolishly persuaded, not drawn, except I may be said to be sweetly drawn (which I willingly confess) by the powerful hand of Almighty God, whose infinite goodness hath been pleased to

<sup>1</sup> This is the letter referred to by Evelyn in the *Diary*, vol. i. p. 285. The writer had become a Roman Catholic, "debauched by the priests," says Evelyn, but, in truth, prepared for conversion or perversion by the teaching of his father, the Dean, whose indignation at the result is very much what Dr. Pusey may be supposed to have felt at Mr. Newman's departure for Rome. Dean Cosin, afterwards Bishop of Durham, was one of the most popish of Anglican divines, as even Evelyn's occasional notices of him may prove (see *Diary*, vol. i. pp. 278, 282), and as his published writings more plainly testify.

strengthen my heart (after some years of reluctancy) to embrace His truth ; and hath also given me a firm and solid resolution (as I hope) never to deviate from His right ways. Believe me, Sir, these desires of mine were not first conceived nor discovered in France (I mean very privately to, or by, some friends of mine, Catholics, in secret discourse, which was sometimes my own desire to content myself) ; I have had them in some degree a longer time, though I deferred the execution of them until now, not so much to satisfy a discontented world that I did not with temerity resolve, as out of a private and eager apprehension that I might (if any where) meet here in Paris with dear satisfaction.

When I had sought here for this quiet to my troubled mind, with all the diligence I could possibly use (without discovering myself to any, which, I must confess, I durst not do on one side, and on the other side as yet I would not), and neither in this way could I find any repose,— what had I to do but to extricate myself from the labyrinth of those ambiguities which had caused me to doubt. Which I did privately, too ; by hearing the public disputations of the reverend fathers of many several religious houses and orders, and other scholars ; by reading some manuscripts dictated by the learned doctors of the Sorbonne, by frequenting their lectures, in which truth was so clear and solid, so evident, so perspicuous and evincing, that in my opinion no man was able to resist it :

————— *potius fugientia ripas  
Flumina devincat, rapidis aut ignibus obstet.*

Where is there yet any barbarism in our priests ? Is it for keeping constant to their integrity of conscience ? Or that I have turned, not to those priests only, but to the Father of those priests (whose ministers they are), my Saviour Christ. Or is it for rejoicing at the conversion of a sinner, which is the joy of the blessed angels in Heaven ? Though, Sir, their wisdom and piety, their love of God in Christ (for which they daily bear the cross of most opprobrious contumelies with great joy, patience, and long-suffering), doth carry them so transcendently to their pious obligations (whom I have had the happiness to converse withal), I cannot choose but vindicate their goodness and integrity.

their innocence and piety, from those slanderous indignities and heinous false aspersions (especially in this case), which without just indignation I cannot see so maliciously cast upon them.

But I am separated (they say) from my dear father, and remain in actual disobedience to his commands. If I be separated, that separation proceeds not from the instigation of any priest living: they have done no more than with joy received me into the Church of God, of which office they are not ashamed, or, if they were, I should join myself to their present detractions, and make their quarrel just. If I obey not his commands, it is because I cannot hear them, and that is caused by my absence. Sir, it is not so new a thing for children to absent themselves for some time out of their parents' sight, when they have done anything, though never so justly, which may seem to displease them. My design was to have discovered the business unto him in the best manner; and I believe I had done so, had not my resolutions been unexpectedly discovered, and I too suddenly surprised.

Believe me, Sir, my absence proceedeth rather from the duty I confess to owe unto my dear father, than any disrespect: and if I esteemed it otherwise, I would rather have suffered much more than I could have expected, than to have withdrawn myself from him.

Had I not been assured that *Catholic Doctrine* did not enjoin the payment of children's obedience and duty to their parents, I assure you it would have been a point that should have given me great distaste: and surely the Grace of God cannot diminish our pious and natural affections, since it is the complement and perfection of all virtues. But herein I hope to give due satisfaction to the world, when at last Time, which is *edax rerum*, shall first digest all fears and discords, and then rectify their understanding. In the mean while, I desire to give men this satisfaction, that I am free; and to forgive them their own freedom in talking so dissolutely of my restraint.

Why should people so much concern themselves as to slander so ignominiously (I will not say barbarously) innocent men on my behalf, if my desires of privacy be (as they



are, for aught they know) out of a serious devotion to get into the Church as much as I can, apprehending the danger I was in, in being so long out of it?

This freedom, Sir, I have taken with you, as well to quell these vulgar outcries, as to have a right understanding amongst us. If, after the trouble of reading these tedious lines, you will not take the trouble to communicate this for others' satisfaction and my vindication, I hope yet I shall not quite lose my labour; but you will please to believe me yourself, in whose good opinion as an ingenious and sober friend, I shall rest as content as in that of the multitude.

I cannot be so confident as to think that any will receive a salutation from a disobedient; I shall, therefore, remit it a while; and when this dark cloud is more dispersed and blown over, that my candid innocence and integrity in this matter may appear, I shall take the boldness to present my service where it is due, though not with so much freedom and presumption, yet with the same honesty and heartiness in which I now say I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful and affectionate servant,

JOHN COSIN.

Addressed "To his much honoured friend Mr. Evelyn, at Sir Richard Browne's, Resident for His Majesty the King of England in Paris," and endorsed by Evelyn:—"Brought to me late at night by an unknown person, and answered by me, dated 1st January, by occasion of the dispersing copies of it in Her Majesty's Chamber."

*Dean Cosin to John Evelyn.*

*Paris, April 3, 1652.*

SIR,

If it had not been our preparation here the last week for Easter, I should have prevented your letter with my thanks for your kind visit that you gave my daughter, whereof she had given me notice the week before. Your

advice and assistance in disposing of her books will, I hope, make her journey more pleasant to her than otherwise it would have been. If those half dozen that your brother hath scored, be not such as will dismember any class, and hinder the sale of the rest which belong unto it, she shall not do amiss to part with them : but for them that you have a mind to yourself (and I would for her sake, and for your own, too, you had a mind to them all, especially to the Fathers, and to the History, both ecclesiastical and secular, whereof upon every occasion you will find great use), I dare promise that she shall give you your own convenient times of payment for such monies as you agree upon, and that her demands for the agreement will be very reasonable. Truly if you would be pleased to furnish yourself with those classes which were chosen and designed by you know whom, for Mr. St. (who intends not to make the use of a good library that you are both desirous and able to do), rather than they should be distracted elsewhere, it will be best for her to take your payments proportionably for several years, as you can best spare the money ; for I would you might have as much ease in your payments as I know you will have pleasure in the books.

I am sorry you find such confusion in Religion, and such intemperance in life, where you are ; but as neither of them is pleasing to you (whom I have ever noted to be virtuous, orderly, and conscientious in all your ways), so it pleases me highly when you can number so many names that make more esteem of their knees and their souls together, than to bow them down to Baal.

I never entertained any suggestions against my daughter, who, I am confident, hath more of God in her than ever to be carried away with such Devil's temptations as have seduced and undone her brother, against whom I can hardly hold here from expressing a very great indignation. The excellent letter you addressed to him, I presented to his Majesty's view (and I presented your excuse withal for not coming to him before you went), for whom the copy of it was prepared ; and every way it was highly pleasing to him as he read it. But when I told him it was my intention to publish it, though he wished it done, yet he thought it were better for a while to spare it (*rebus sic stantibus*), for fear of

displeasing his mother the Queen,<sup>1</sup> who had been pleased to interest herself in the matter.

I meet often with the good company of those persons that you left behind you : but in good truth I am very sorry that I must lose the benefit and pleasure of your good society, which was always most acceptable to

Your assured and most humble servant,  
J. COSIN.

*John Evelyn to Edward Thurland.*

(Afterwards Sir Edward Thurland, and Baron of the Exchequer.)

London, 25th April, 1652.

SIR,

*Nemo habet tam certam manum ut non sæpe fallatur ;* and yet I hope my memory shall serve me for the subscribing this epistle, which is more than yours (dear lawyer) could, it seems, do, when you sent me your summons for my Court at Warley, with all those sigillary formalities of a perfect instrument. But this is a trifling *σφάλμα* ; and I easily supplied it, by taking the boldness to write a new warrant in the most ill-favoured character I could, that it might be the more like to your fair hand ; it was despatched, only the day altered to be the next before the Term, since otherwise I could not have appeared ; and for which presumption, if you think fit to amerce me, I desire it may be by the delegation of Mr. Jo. Barton *pro Vicario* ; since, whilst I thus indulge my noble tenant, I may not neglect to reduce my vassals, *cum ita suggerent chartæ sicut optimè noveris*, &c. it being the advice of a great philosopher, and part of my Litany, *Libera te primum metu mortis (illa enim nobis primum jugum imponit), deinde paupertatis*. The first I endeavour to secure by physic, the latter by your learned counsel, the effects whereof I much more desire to resent by the favour which (I am assured) you may do your servant in promoting his singular inclinations for Albury,<sup>2</sup> in case

<sup>1</sup> The reader will connect this curious delicacy about the Queen and the popish convert with Evelyn's "dispensing copies" of his answer to the latter "in her Majesty's chamber."

<sup>2</sup> Albury, in Surrey, a seat of Mr. Howard. Thurland was one of the trustees appointed for the sale of it. The allusion in the letter is to

(as I am confident it will) that seat be exposed to sale. I know you are potent, and may do much herein; and I shall eternally acknowledge to have derived from you all the favour and success, which I augur to myself from your friendship and assistance: it being now in your power to fix a wanderer, oblige all my relations, and, by one integral cause, render me yours for ever. I suppose the place will invite many candidates, but my money is good, and it will be the sole and greatest obligation that it shall ever be in your power to do for, dear lawyer,

Your, &c.

*Thomas Barlow<sup>1</sup> to John Evelyn.*

*Queen's College, Oxford, 17th March, 1654.*

SIR,

I have received by the hands of my ingenuous friends, Mr. Pett and Mr. Needham, those choice pieces which you were pleased so generously and charitably to give to Bodley's library, and so increase our store, though with a diminution of your own. Having no possibility to requite this your kindness and magnificence to the public (*Beneficia tua indignè æstimat, qui de reddendo cogitat*), I have sent this little paper messenger to acknowledge our obligation, and bring our heartiest thanks. I am glad I have got your name into our register amongst those noble and public souls, which have been our best benefactors, and I hope it will be no dishonour to you, when posterity shall there read your name and charity. I know you have goodness enough to pardon this rude, and I fear, impertinent scribble. God Almighty bless you, and all those more generous and charitable souls, who dare love learning, and be good in bad times; this is, and shall be, the prayer of

Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

THOMAS BARLOW.

the office of Steward of Courts, which, as appears from the second of the entries in the *Diary* above referred to, Thurland at this time held for Evelyn. He was also the author of a book on Prayer, to which allusion is hereafter made.

<sup>1</sup> Doctor Barlow is frequently mentioned in the *Diary*. At the date of this letter he was Librarian of the Bodleian, &c. He was afterwards Warden of Queen's and ultimately Bishop of Lincoln.

*John Evelyn to Jeremy Taylor.**Sayes-Court, 9th February, 1654-5.*

The calamity which lately arrived you, came to me so late, and with so much incertitude during my long absence from these parts, that 'till my return, and earnest inquisition, I could not be cured of my very great impatience to be satisfied concerning your condition. But so it pleased God, that when I had prepared that sad news, to deplore your restraint,<sup>1</sup> I was assured of your release, and delivered of much sorrow. It were imprudent, and a character of much ignorance, to inquire into the cause of any good man's suffering in these sad times; yet if I had learned it out, 'twas not of my curiosity, but the discourse of some with whom I have had some habitudes since my coming home. I had read your Preface long since to your *Golden Grove*; remember, and infinitely justify, all that you have there asserted. 'Tis true valour to dare to be undone, and the consequent of Truth hath ever been in danger of his teeth, and it is a blessing if men escape so in these days, when not the safeties only, but the souls of men are betrayed: whilst such as you, and such excellent assistances as they afford us, are rendered criminal, and suffer. But you, Sir, who have furnished the world with so rare precepts, against the efforts of all secular disasters whatsoever, could never be destitute of those consolations, which you have so charitably and so piously prescribed unto others. Yea, rather, this has turned to our immense advantage, nor less to your glory, whilst men behold you living your own insti-

<sup>1</sup> The cause of this imprisonment has been doubted, but it was evidently, as Evelyn implies in this letter, in consequence of Taylor's attack on the Puritan preachers in the preface to his collection of prayers called the *Golden Grove*. The latter was the name of Lord Carbery's seat; which at about this time was invested by a troop of Cromwell's horse, and the Earl obliged to take refuge at a farm-house in the hills. A little later, it will be seen, Taylor again suffered brief imprisonment in Chepstow Castle (during his well-known controversy with Bishop Warner), having been suspected as an instigator of the insurrection at Salisbury. Nor was it many months after this second release that he was thrown into the Tower for some days, for the alleged violation of an Act of Parliament.

tutions, and preaching to us as effectually in your chains as in the chair, in the prison as in the pulpit; for methinks, Sir, I hear you pronounce it, as indeed you act it—

Aude aliquid brevibus gyaris et carcere dignum  
Si vis esse aliquis —

that your example might shame such as betray any truth for fear of men, whose mission and commission is from God. You, Sir, know in the general, and I must justify in particular with infinite cognition, the benefit I have received from the truths you have delivered. I have perused that excellent *Unum Necessarium* of yours to my very great satisfaction and direction; and do not doubt but it shall in time gain upon all those exceptions, which I know you are not ignorant appear against it. 'Tis a great deal of courage, and a great deal of peril, but to attempt the assault of an error so inveterate.

Αἱ δὲ κεινὰί κρίσεις τὸν ἀπέρατον ὁδόν. False opinion knows no bottom; and reason and prescription meet in so few instances; but certainly you greatly vindicate the divine goodness, which the ignorance of men and popular mistakes have so long charged with injustice. But, Sir, you must expect with patience the event, and the fruits you contend for: as it shall be my daily devotions for your success, who remain,

Rev<sup>d</sup> Sir, &c.

*John Evelyn to Jeremy Taylor.*

*London: 18 Mar: 1655.*

REV. SIR,

It was another extraordinary charity which you did me, when you lately relieved my apprehensions of

<sup>1</sup> That this letter is wrongly dated is manifest, from the fact that the letter immediately following (with the date of January) is the answer to it. The allusion to the "general persecution," and Evelyn's lamentation over "the last farewell of God's service in this city or anywhere else in public," obviously refers to Cromwell's measures against Episcopacy, taken during the present year. In one entry of the *Diary* (vol. i. p. 323, the 15th April), we see that the small church of St. Gregory's by Paul's (afterwards destroyed in the Great Fire), was now the only one where the ruling powers connived at the reading of the Liturgy. In another (vol. i. p. 327, the 27th Nov.), the Protector's edict against the episcopal party is spoken of.

your danger, by that which I just now received : and though the general persecution re-inforce, yet it is your particular which most concerns me, in this sad catalysis and declension of piety to which we are reduced. But, Sir, what is now to be done that the stars of our once bright hemisphere are everywhere falling from their orbs ? I remember where you have said it was the harbinger of the great day : and a very sober and learned person, my worthy friend, the great Oughtred,<sup>1</sup> did the other day seriously persuade me *parare in occursum*, and will needs have the following years productive of wonderful and universal changes. What to say of that I know not ; but certain it is, we are brought to a sad condition. I speak concerning secular yet religious persons ; whose glory it will only be to lie buried in your ruins, a monument too illustrious for such as I am.

For my part, I have learned from your excellent assistances, to humble myself, and to adore the inscrutable paths of the Most High. God and his truth are still the same, though the foundations of the world be shaken. Julianus Redivivus can shut the schools indeed and the temples ; but he cannot hinder our private intercourses and devotions, where the breast is the chapel, and our heart is the altar. Obedience founded in the understanding will be the only cure and retreat. God will accept what remains, and supply what is necessary. He is not obliged to externals ; the purest ages passed under the cruellest persecutions ; it is sometimes necessary ; and this, and the fulfilling of prophecy, are all instruments of great advantage (even whilst they press, and are incumbent) to those who can make a sanctified use of them. But, as the thoughts of many hearts will be discovered, and multitudes scandalized ; so are there divers well-disposed persons who will not know how to guide themselves, unless some such good men as you discover the secret, and instruct them how they may secure their greatest interest, and steer their course in this dark and uncomfortable weather. Some such discourse would be highly seasonable, now that the daily sacrifice is ceasing, that all the exercise of your functions is made criminal and

<sup>1</sup> William Oughtred, Rector of Albury, author of the "Clavis Mathematica," and other works, and the best geometrician of his time.

that the light of Israel is quenched. Where shall we now receive the viaticum with safety? How shall we be baptized? For to this pass it is come, Sir. The comfort is, the Captivity had no temple, no altar, no king. But did they not observe the passover, nor circumcise? Had they no priests and prophets amongst them? Many are weak in the faith, and know not how to answer, nor whither to fly: and if upon the apotheosis of that excellent person, under a malicious representation of his martyrdom, engraven in copper, and sent me by a friend from Brussels, the jesuit could so bitterly sarcasm upon the emblem—

Projicis inventum caput, Anglia (Angla?) Ecclesia! cæsum  
Si caput est, salvum corpus an esse potest?—

how think you will they now insult, ravage, and break in upon the flock; for the shepherds are smitten, and the sheep must of necessity be scattered, unless the great Shepherd of Souls oppose, or some of his delegates reduce and direct us. Dear Sir, we are now preparing to take our last farewell (as they threaten) of God's service in this City, or any where else in public. I must confess it is a sad consideration; but it is what God sees best, and to what we must submit. The comfort is, *Deus providebit*. Sir, I have not yet been so happy as to see those papers which Mr. Royston<sup>1</sup> tells me are printing, but I greatly rejoice that you have so happily fortified that battery; and I doubt not but you will maintain the siege: for you must not be discouraged for the passions of a few. Reason is reason to me wherever I find it, much more where it conduces to a design so salutary and necessary. At least, I wonder that those who are not convinced by your arguments, can possibly resist your charity and your modesty; but as you have greatly subdued my education in that particular, and controversy, so am I confident time will render you many more proselytes. And if all do not come so freely in with

<sup>1</sup> Richard Royston was bookseller to three kings, and lived at the Angel in Ivy-lane. He held a patent for printing all the works of King Charles I., and became Master of the Stationers' Company in 1673 and 1674. He died in 1686, in the 86th year of his age, and was buried in the south aisle of Christ Church, Newgate-street.



their suffrages at first, you must with your accustomed patience attend the event.

Sir, I beseech God to conduct all your labours, those of religion to others, and of love and affection to me, who remain,

Sir, your, &c.

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.*

*St. Paul's Convers : [25 Jan.] (1655-6).*

DEAR SIR,

I perceive by your symptoms, how the spirits of pious men are affected in this sad catalysis : it is an evil time, and we ought not to hold our peace : but now the question is, who shall speak ? Yet I am highly persuaded, that, to good men and wise, a persecution is nothing but changing the circumstances of religion, and the manner of the forms and appendages of divine worship. Public or private is all one : the first hath the advantage of society, the second of love. There is a warmth and light in that, there is heat and zeal in this : and if every person that can, will but consider concerning the essentials of religion, and retain them severely, and immure them as well as he can with the same or equivalent ceremonies, I know no difference in the thing, but that he shall have the exercise, and consequently the reward, of other graces, for which, if he lives and dies in prosperous days, he shall never be crowned. But the evils are, that some will be tempted to quit their present religion, and some to take a worse, and some to take none at all. It is true and a sad story ; but *oportet esse hæreses*, for so they that are faithful shall be known : and I am sure that He who hath promised to bring good out of evil, and that all things shall co-operate to the good of them that fear God, will verify it concerning persecution. But concerning a discourse upon the present state of things in relation to souls and our present duty, I agree with you, that it is very fit it were done,<sup>1</sup> but yet, by somebody who is in London and sees the personal necessities and circumstances of pious people :

<sup>1</sup> It is somewhat curious that Taylor should have forgotten the fact of his having already, five years before the date of this letter, done what he is here so anxious to see again attempted. See the Preface (or Epistle Dedicatory to Lord Carbery) in the *Holy Living*.

I was so far persuaded to do it myself, that I had amassed together divers of my papers useful to the work : but my Cases of Conscience call upon me so earnestly, that I found myself not able to bear the cries of a clamorous conference. Sir, I thank you for imparting to me that vile distich of the dear departed saint.<sup>1</sup> I value it as I do the picture of deformity or a devil : the act may be good, and the gift fair, though the thing be intolerable : but I remember, that when the Jesuits, sneering and deriding our calamity, showed this sarcasm to my Lord Lucas, Berkenhead<sup>2</sup> being present, replied as tartly, "It is true, our Church wants a head now ; but if you have charity as you pretend, you can lend us one, for your Church has had two and three at a time." Sir, I know not when I shall be able to come to London : for our being stripped of the little relics of our fortune remaining after the shipwreck, I have not cordage nor sails sufficient to bear me thither. But I hope to be able to commit to the press my first books of Conscience by Easter term ; and then, if I be able to get up, I shall be glad to wait upon you : of whose good I am not more solicitous than I am joyful that you so carefully provide for it in your best interest.<sup>3</sup> I shall only give you the same prayer and blessing that St. John gave to Gaius : "Beloved, I wish that you may be in health and prosper : and your soul prospers : " for so by the rules of the best rhetoric the greatest affair is put into a parenthesis, and the biggest business into a postscript. Sir, I thank you for the kind expressions at the latter end of your letter ; you have never troubled me neither can I pretend to any other return from you but that of your love and prayers. In all things else I do but my duty, and I hope God and you will accept it ; and that by means of His own procurement, He will, some

<sup>1</sup> "I shed a tear when I am told that a brave king was misunderstood, then slandered, then imprisoned, then put to death, by evil men." —Jeremy Taylor's *Treatise on Friendship*.

<sup>2</sup> John Birkenhead, royalist writer of the "Mercurius Aulicus."

<sup>3</sup> From whatever quarter he obtained the means of his journey, it is certain, nowever, that Dr. Taylor visited London ; for on the 12th of April, 1656, as appears by the *Diary*, he dined with Evelyn at Sayes Court, in company with Mr. Berkeley, Mr. Robert Boyle, and Dr. Wilkins, and was occupied with them in the discussion and examination of philosophical and mechanical subjects.

way or other (but how, I know not yet) make provisions for me. Sir, I am in all heartiness of affection,

Your most affectionate friend and  
Minister in the Lord Jesus,

JER. TAYLOR.

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.*

*April 16, 1656.*

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

I hope my servant brought my apology with him, and that I already am pardoned, or excused in your thoughts, that I did not return an answer yesterday to your friendly letter. Sir, I did believe myself so very much bound to you for your so kind, so friendly reception of me in your Tusculanum, that I had some little wonder upon me when I saw you making excuses that it was no better. Sir, I came to see you and your lady, and am highly pleased that I did so, and found all your circumstances to be an heap and union of blessings. But I have not either so great a fancy and opinion of the prettiness of your abode, or so low an opinion of your prudence and piety, as to think you can be any ways transported with them. I know the pleasure of them is gone off from their height before one month's possession; and that strangers and seldom-seers feel the beauty of them more than you who dwell with them. I am pleased indeed at the order and the cleanness of all your outward things; and look upon you not only as a person, by way of thankfulness to God for His mercies and goodness to you, specially obliged to a greater measure of piety, but also as one who, being freed in great degrees from secular cares and impediments, can without excuse and allay wholly intend what you so passionately desire, the service of God. But, now I am considering yours, and enumerating my own pleasures, I cannot but add that, though I could not choose but be delighted by seeing all about you, yet my delices were really in seeing you severe and unconcerned in these things, and now in finding your affections wholly a stranger to them, and to communicate with them no portion of your passion but such as is necessary to him that uses them or receives their ministries.

Sir, I long truly to converse with you ; for I do not doubt but in those liberties we shall both go bettered from each other. For your Lucretius,<sup>1</sup> I perceive you have suffered the importunity of your too kind friends to prevail with you. I will not say to you that your Lucretius is as far distant from the severity of a Christian, as the fair Ethiopian was from the duty of Bp. Heliodorus ; for indeed it is nothing but what may become the labours of a Christian gentleman, those things only abated which our evil age needs not ; for which also I hope you either have by notes, or will by preface, prepare a sufficient antidote ; but since you are engaged in it, do not neglect to adorn it, and take what care of it, it can require or need ; for that neglect will be a reproof of your own act, and look as if you did it with an unsatisfied mind, and then you may make that to be wholly a sin, from which only by prudence and charity you could before be advised to abstain. But, Sir, if you will give me leave, I will impose such a penance upon you for your publication of Lucretius as shall neither displease God nor you ; and, since you are busy in that which may minister directly to learning, and indirectly to error or the confidences of men, who of themselves are apt enough to hide their vices in irreligion, I know you will be willing, and will suffer yourself to be entreated, to employ the same pen in the glorifications of God, and the ministries of Eucharist and prayer. Sir, if you have M<sup>r</sup> Silhon "De l'Immortalité de l'Âme," I desire you to lend it me for a week, and believe that I am, in great heartiness and dearness of affection,

Dear Sir, your obliged and most affectionate  
friend and servant,

J. TAYLOR.

*John Evelyn to Jeremy Taylor.*

*Sayes-Court, 27th April, 1656.*

Nothing but an affair very great and of consequence could stay me thus long from rendering you a

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn translated, or at least published, only one (the first) book of Lucretius, which was printed in octavo, at London, 1656 ; with an engraved frontispiece, designed by his accomplished Wife, and engraved by Hollar.

personal acknowledgment for your late kind visit, and I trouble you with this because I fear I shall not be able to perform *that* 'till the latter end of the week; but I shall, after this business is over (which concerns an account with a kinsman of mine), importune you with frequent visits, and, I hope, prevail with you that I may have the honour to see you again at my poor villa, when my respects are less diverted, and that I may treat you without ceremony or constraint. For it were fitting you did see how I live when I am by myself, who cannot but pronounce me guilty of many vanities, deprehending me (as you did) at a time when I was to gratify so many curious persons, to whom I had been greatly obliged, and for whom I have much value. I suppose you think me very happy in these outward things; really, I take so little satisfaction in them, that the censure of singularity would no way affright me from embracing an hermitage, if I found that they did in the least distract my thoughts from better things; or that I did not take more pleasure and incomparable felicity in that intercourse which it pleases God to permit me, in vouchsafing so unworthy a person to prostrate himself before Him, and contemplate His goodness. These are indeed gay things, and men esteem me happy. *Ego autem, peccatorum sordibus inquinatus, diebus ac noctibus opperor cum timore reddere novissimum quadrantem*: Whilst that account is in suspense, who can truly enjoy any thing in this life *sine verme*? *Omnia enim tuta timeo*. My condition is too well; and I do as often wonder at it, as suspect and fear it: and yet I think I am not to do any rash or indiscreet action, to make the world take notice of my singularity; though I do with all my heart wish for more solitude, who was ever most averse from being near a great city, designed against it, and yet *it* was my fortune to pitch here, more out of necessity, and for the benefit of others, than choice, or the least inclination of my own. But, Sir, I will trouble you no farther with these trifles, though as to my confessor I speak them. There are yet more behind. My Essay upon Lucretius, which I told you was engaged, is now printing, and (as I understand) near finished: my animadversions upon it will I hope provide against all the ill consequences, and totally acquit me either of glory or impiety. The captive woman

was in the old law to have been head-shaven, and her excrescences pared off, before she was brought as a bride to the bed of her lord. I hope I have so done with this author, as far as I have penetrated; and for the rest I shall proceed with caution, and take your counsel. But, Sir, I detain you too long, though with promises to render you a better account hereafter, both of my time and my studies, when I shall have begged of you to impose some task upon me, that may be useful to the great design of virtue and a holy life, who am,

Sir, your, &c.

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.*

July 19th, 1656.

DEAR SIR,

I perceive the greatness of your affections by your diligence to inquire after and to make use of any opportunity which is offered whereby you may oblige me. Truly, Sir, I do continue in my desires to settle about London,<sup>1</sup> and am only hindered by my *Res augusta domi*; but hope in God's goodness that He will create to me such advantage as may make it possible: and, when I am there, I shall expect the daily issues of Divine Providence to make all things else well; because I am much persuaded that, by my abode in your vicinage of London, I may receive advantages of society and books to enable me better to serve God and the interest of souls. I have no other design but it; and I hope God will second it with his blessing. Sir, I desire you to present my thanks and service to Mr. Thurland: his society were argument enough to make me desire a dwelling thereabouts, but his other kindnesses will also make it possible. I would not be troublesome: serviceable I would fain be, useful, and desirable; and I will endeavour it if I come. Sir, I shall, besides what I have already said to you, at present make no other return to Mr. Thurland, till a little thing of mine be public, which is now in Royston's hands, of Original Sin:<sup>2</sup> the evils of which doctrine I have

<sup>1</sup> Jeremy Taylor was now living at a small village in Wales.

<sup>2</sup> The "Doctrine and Practice of Repentance" was the title given to his admirable Essay when published.

now laid especially at the Presbyterian door, and discoursed it accordingly, in a missive to the Countess Dowager of Devonshire. When that is abroad, I mean to present one to Mr. Thurland; and send a letter with it. I thank you for your Lucretius. I wished it with me sooner: for, in my letter to the Countess of Devonshire, I quote some things out of Lucretius, which for her sake I was forced to English in very bad verse, because I had not your version by me to make use of it. Royston hath not yet sent it me down, but I have sent for it: and though it be no kindness to you to read it for its own sake, and for the worthiness of the work; because it deserves more; yet, when I tell you that I shall, besides the worth of the thing, value it for the worthy author's sake, I intend to represent to you, not only the esteem I have of your worthiness, but the love also I do and ever shall bear to your person. Dear Sir, I am in some little disorder by reason of the death of a little child of mine, a boy that lately made us very glad: but now he rejoices in his little orb, while we think, and sigh, and long to be as safe as he is. Sir, when your Lucretius comes into my hands, I shall be able to give you a better account of it. In the meantime I pray for blessings to you and your dear and excellent lady: and am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and endeared  
friend and servant,

JER. TAYLOR.

*Dr. Thomas Triplet to John Evelyn.*

*London, 7th August, 1656.*

SIR,

I might doubt a little whether my letter came to your hands, but I had not the least jealousy of your friendly care in case you received it. I thank you I have now an account of it, having spoken yesterday myself with the major, and was civilly received by him. I am heartily sorry that neither you nor your brother Richard were at our Rendezvous at Bexhill, that my Lord might have seen such a pair-royal of brothers as I believe is not again to be found

in the nation for loving one another and loving one another's friends, which I am sure I am concerned in, and most gratefully acknowledge to all, and to you particularly, as

Sir, Your humble bounden,  
T. TRIPLET.

*Dr. John Wilkins<sup>1</sup> to John Evelyn.*

*Wadham College, Oxford, 16th August, 1656.*

HONOURED SIR,

I am very sensible that I have reason to be ashamed that I have no sooner returned my acknowledgment for the favour of your book, in which I have not observed any such erratas as you complain of, nor can I think you have any reason to suspect the imputation of such mistakes to yourself.<sup>2</sup> I am very sure all that know you must be zealous to vindicate you. For that unusual way of the combs in the hive, it may sometimes so happen, and hath done so with me, though according to the usual course they are built edgewise from the place of their entrance. A window in the side hath this inconvenience in it, that in hot weather when the bees are apt to be busy and angry, a man cannot so safely make use of it. There are several means prescribed by Mr. Rutler in his book of Bees to force such as lay out to rise or keep within, to which I shall refer you; and have no more at present but the presentation of my most hearty thanks for all your noble favours, and my most humble service to your lady.

I am, Sir,

Your true Honour and humble servant,  
JOHN WILKINS.

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.*

9<sup>ber</sup> 15, 1656.

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

In the midst of all the discouragements which I meet withal in an ignorant and obstinate age, it is a great

<sup>1</sup> See *Diary*, vol. i. pp. 305, 306.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Triplet, the writer of the preceding letter, had undertaken in Evelyn's absence to correct the proof-sheets of the translated book of Lucretius, and seems to have performed the task very negligently.—See *Diary*, vol. i. p. 330.



comfort to me, and I receive new degrees of confidence when I find that yourself, and such other ingenious and learned persons as yourself, are not only patient of truth, and love it better than prejudice and prepossession, but are so ingenuous as to dare to own it in despite of the contradictory voices of error and unjust partiality. I have lately received from a learned person beyond sea, certain extracts of the Eastern and Southern Antiquities, which very much confirm my opinion and doctrine: for the learned man was pleased to express great pleasure in the reasonableness of it, and my discourses concerning it. Sir, I could not but smile at my own weaknesses, and very much love the great candour and sweetness of your nature, that you were pleased to endure my English poetry; but I could not be removed from my certain knowledge of my own greatest weaknesses in it. But if I could have had your Lucretius when I had occasion to use those extractions out of it, I should never have asked any man's pardon for my weak version of them: for I would have used none but yours; and then I had been beyond censure, and could not have needed a pardon. But, Sir, the last papers of mine have a fate like your Lucretius;—I mean so many erratas made by the printers, that, because I had not any confidence by the matter of my discourse and the well-handling it, as you had by the happy reddition of your Lucretius, I have reason to beg your pardon for the imperfection of the copy: but I hope the printer will make amends in my Rule of Conscience, which I find hitherto he does with more care. But, Sir, give me leave to ask, why you will suffer yourself to be discouraged in the finishing Lucretius: they who can receive hurt by the fourth book, understand the Latin of it; and I hope they who will be delighted with your English, will also be secured by your learned and pious annotations which I am sure you will give us along with your rich version. Sir, I humbly desire my services and great regards to be presented by you to worthy Mr. Thurland: and that you will not fail to remember me when you are upon your knees. I am very desirous to receive the *Dies iræ, Dies illa*, of your translation; and if you have not yet found it, upon notice of it from you I will transmit a copy of it. Sir, I pray God continue your health and his blessings to you

and your dear lady and pretty babies: for which I am daily obliged to pray, and to use all opportunities by which I can signify that I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and endeared servant,

JER. TAYLOR.

[Evelyn, with reference to his friend's advice as to the finishing of Lucretius, has written on this letter in pencil: "I would be none of y<sup>e</sup> *Ingeniosi malo publico*."] •

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.*

November 21, 1656.

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

Not long after my coming from my prison (Chepstow) I met with your kind and friendly letters, of which I was very glad, not only because they were a testimony of your kindness and affections to me, but that they gave me most welcome account of your health, and (which now-a-days is a great matter) of your liberty, and of that progression in piety in which I do really rejoice. But there could not be given to me a greater and more persuasive testimony of the reality of your piety and care than that you pass to greater degrees of caution and the love of God. It is the work of your life, and I perceive you betake yourself heartily to it. The God of heaven and earth prosper you and accept you!

I am well pleased that you have read over my last book; and give God thanks that I have reason to believe that it is accepted by God, and by some good men. As for the censure of unconsenting persons, I expected it, and hope that themselves will be their own reprovers; and truth will be assisted by God, and shall prevail, when all noises and prejudices shall be ashamed. My comfort is, that I have the honour to be the advocate for God's justice and goodness, and that the consequent of my doctrine is, that men may speak honour of God and meanly of themselves. But I have also, this last week, sent up some papers in which I make it appear that the doctrine which I now have published was taught by the fathers within the first 400 years; and have vindicated it both from novelty and singularity. I have also prepared some other papers concerning this ques-

tion, which I once had some thoughts to have published. But what I have already said, and now further explicated and justified, I hope may be sufficient to satisfy pious and prudent persons, who do not love to go *quà itur* but *quà eundum est*. Sir, you see what a good husband I am of my paper and ink, that I make so short returns to your most friendly letters. I pray be confident that if there be any defect here, I will make it up in my prayers for you and my great esteem of you, which shall ever be expressed in my readiness to serve you with all the earnestness and powers of,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate friend and servant,

JER. TAYLOR.

*John Evelyn to his brother G. Evelyn.<sup>1</sup>*

*Says-Court, 15 Decemb. 1656.*

DEAR BRO :

I am so deeply sensible of the affliction which presses you, that I cannot forbear to let you understand how great a share I have in the loss, and how reciprocal it is to us. For your part, I consider that your sex and your knowledge do better fortify you against the common calamities and vicissitudes of these sublunary things: so that precepts to you were but impertinencies: though I also find, that the physician himself has sometimes need of the physician; and that to condole and to counsel those who want nothing to support them but their own virtue, is to relieve them of a considerable part of their affliction: But the fear which I have that the tenderness of so indulgent a mother's affection (as is that of my dear lady) may insensibly transgress its bounds, to so huge a prejudice as we should all receive by it (if her immoderate grief should continue,)— makes me choose rather, being absent, to contribute what aids I can towards its remedy, than, being present, to renew her sorrows by such expressions of resentment as of course use to fall from friends, but can add little to the cure, because but compliment. Nor do I hereby ex-

<sup>1</sup> On the death of his son Richard. George was Evelyn's eldest brother.

tenuate her prudence, whose virtue is able to oppose the rudest assaults of fortune; but present my arguments as an instance of my care, not of my diffidence. I confess there is a cause of sadness: but all who are not Stoics know by experience, that in these lugubrious encounters our affections do sometimes outrun our reason. Nature herself has assigned places and instruments to the passions; and it were as well impiety as stupidity to be totally ἀσφόδρος and without natural affection: but we must remember withal that we grieve not as persons without hope; lest, while we sacrifice to our passions, we be found to offend against God, and by indulging an over-kind nature double the loss, or lose our recompense. Children are such blossoms as every trifling wind deflowers; and to be disordered at their fall, were to be fond of certain troubles, but the most uncertain comforts; whilst the store of the more mature which God has yet left you, invite both your resignation and your gratitude. So extraordinary prosperity as you have hitherto been encircled with, was indeed to be suspected; nor may he think to bear all his sails, whose vessel, like yours) has been driven by the highest gale of felicity. We give hostages to Fortune when we bring children into the world: and how unstable this is we know, and must therefore hazard the adventure. God has suffered this for your exercise: seek, then, as well your consolation in his rod, as in his staff. Are you offended that it has pleased Him to snatch your pretty babes from the infinite contingencies of so perverse an age, in which there is so little temptation to live? At least consider, that your pledges are but gone a little before you; and that a part of you has taken possession of the inheritance which you must one day enter if ever you will be happy. Brother, when I reflect on the loss as it concerns our family in general, I could recall my own, and mingle my tears with you (for I have also lost some very dear to me); but when I consider the necessity of submitting to the divine arrests, I am ready to dry them again and be silent. There is nothing of us perished; but deposited. And say not they might have come later to their destiny: *Magna est felicitas, citò esse felicera*: 'tis no small happiness to be happy quickly. That which may fortune to all, we ought not to accuse for a few

and it is but reason to support that patiently, which cannot be prevented possibly. But I have now done with the philosopher, and will dismiss you with the divine. "Brother, be not ignorant concerning them which are asleep, that you sorrow not even as others which have no hope; for if we believed that Jesus died and rose again, even so them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." They are the words of St. Paul, and I can add nothing to them. In the meantime, auxiliaries against this enemy cannot render it more formidable; and though all grief of this nature have a just rise, yet may it end in a dangerous fall: our dear Mother is a sad instance of it; and I conjure you to use all the art, and all the interest you are able, to compose yourself, and console your excellent lady, which (after I have presented my particular resentments) is what I would have hereby assisted you in, who am,

Dear Brother, &c.

Et consolamini alij alios istis sermonibus.

*Francis Barlow,*<sup>1</sup> ("on *Dedicating a Plate of Titian's Venus, Engraven,*") to *John Evelyn.*

*From the Black-boy over against St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street, this 22d of December, 1656.*

WORTHY SIR,

I have been bold to present you with a small piece of my endeavours. I hope your goodness will pardon my confidence in that I have presumed to dedicate it unto you, conceiving no one to be more worthy, or to whom I am

<sup>1</sup> He was a native of Lincolnshire, and placed under Sheppard, a portrait-painter; but his genius led him to the painting of animals, which he drew with great exactness, though his colouring was not equal to his designs. There are six books of animals engraven from his drawings, and a set of cuts for Æsop's Fables. He painted some ceilings of birds for noblemen and gentlemen in the country: and at Clandon, in Surrey, the seat of Lord Onslow, are five pieces from his pencil. He died in 1702. See Walpole's *Anecdotes*. For notices of him in the *Diary*, see Vol. i. p. 328, and Vol. ii. p. 166. As a specimen of Mr. Barlow's orthography, the concluding lines of his letter are here appended from the original MS. :—"As eaching is not my profeshion, I hope you will not expect much from me. Sr, if you shall be pleased to honner my weake (yet willing) endeavours with your exseptation."

more obliged for those civil favours I have received from you. It may seem strange that I own that, another's name is to; but my occasions not permitting me so much spare time to finish it, Mr. Gaywood my friend did, which [who] desires his name might be to it for his advantage in his practice, so I consented to it. The drawing after the original painting I did, and the drawing and outlines of this plate: I finished the heads of both the figures, and the hands and feet, and likewise the dog and the landscape. As etching is not my profession, I hope you will not expect much from me. Sir, if you shall be pleased to honour my weak (yet willing) endeavours with your acceptance, I shall ever rest obliged for this and former favours.

Your servant to command,  
FRANCIS BARLOW.

*John Evelyn to Francis Barlow.*

*Sayes-Court, 23 Decemb. 1656.*

SIR,

I had no opportunity by the hand which conveyed it, to return you my acknowledgments for the present you lately sent me, and the honour which you have conferred upon me, in no respect meriting either so great a testimony of your affection, or the glorious inscription, which might better have become some great and eminent Mæcenas to patronise, than a person so incompetent as you have made choice of. If I had been acquainted with your design, you should on my advice have nuncupated this handsome monument of your skill and dexterity to some great one, whose relation might have been more considerable, both as to the encouragement and the honour which you deserve. From me you can only expect a reinforcement of that value and good esteem which, before, your merits had justly acquired, and would have perpetuated: of another you had purchased a new friend; nor less obliged the old, because less exposed him to envy; since by this you ascribe so much to me, that those who know me better, will on the one side be ready to censure your judgment, and, on the other, you put me out of all capacity of making you

requita<sup>l</sup>. But since your affection has vanquished your reason so much to my advantage, though I wish the election were to make, yet I cannot but be very sensible of the signal honour, and the obligation which you have put upon me. I should now extol your courage in pursuing so noble an original, executed with so much judgment and art: but I forbear to provoke your modesty, and shall in the meantime that I can give you personal thanks, receive your present as an instance of your great civility, and a memorial of my no less obligation to you, who remain, Sir  
Your, &c.

*John Evelyn to Mr. Maddox.*

*Sayes-Court, 10 Jan. 1656-7.*

SIR,

I perceive by the success of my letter, and your most civil reply, that I was not mistaken when I thought so nobly of you, and spoke those little things neither in diffidence of your bounty or to instruct it, but to give you notice when it would arrive most seasonably, and because I found the modesty of the person might injure his fortune, as well as the greatness of your kindness.—You are pleased to inform me of your course, and I cannot but infinitely approve of your motions, because I find they are designed to places, in order to things of greater advantage than the vanity of the eye only, which to other travellers has usually been the temptation of making tours. For at Marseilles and Toulon you will inform yourself of the strength and furniture of the French on the Mediterranean Seas. You will see the galleys, the slaves, and in fine, a very map of the Levant; for should you travel as far as Constantinople itself, or to the bottom of the Straits, you would find but still the same thing and the maritime towns of Italy are no other. Nismes does so much abound with antiquities, that the difference 'twixt it and Rome is, that I think the latter has very few things more worth the visiting; and therefore it may as well present you with an idea of that great city, as if you were an ocular spectator of it; for it is a perfect epitome of it. Montpellier is the next in order, where I suppose you will

make some longer stay ; because there are scholars and students, and many rarities about it. There is one Peter Borell, a physician, who hath lately published "Centuries Historical and Medico-Physical." Montpellier was wont to be a place of rare opportunity for the learning the many excellent receipts to make perfumes, sweet powders, pomanders, antidotes, and divers such curiosities, which I know you will not omit ; for though they are indeed but trifles in comparison of more solid things, yet, if ever you should affect to live a retired life hereafter, you will take more pleasure in those recreations than you can now imagine. And really gentlemen despising those vulgar things, deprive themselves of many advantages to improve their time, and do service to the desiderants of philosophy ; which is the only part of learning best illustrated by experiments, and after the study of religion, certainly the most noble and virtuous. Every body hath book-learning, which verily is of much ostentation, but of small fruit unless this also be superadded to it. I therefore conjure you that you do not let pass whatever offers itself to you in this nature, from whomsoever they come. Commonly indeed persons of mean condition possess them, because their necessity renders them industrious : but if men of quality made it their delight also, arts could not but receive infinite advantages, because they have both means and leisure to improve and cultivate them ; and, as I said before, there is nothing by which a good man may more sweetly pass his time. Such a person I look upon as a breathing treasure, a blessing to his friends, and an incomparable ornament to his country. This is to you the true seed-time, and wherein the foundations of all noble things must be laid. Make it not the field of repentance : for what can be more glorious than to be ignorant of nothing but of vice, which indeed has no solid existence, and therefore is nothing ? Seek therefore after nature, and contemplate that great volume of the creatures whilst you have no other distractions : procure to see experiments, furnish yourself with receipts, models, and things which are rare. In fine, neglect nothing, that at your return, you may bring home other things than talk, feather, and ribbon, the ordinary traffic of vain and fantastic persons.—I must believe that when you are in those parts of France you will not pass Beau.



gensier<sup>1</sup> without a visit ; for, certainly, though the curiosities may be much dispersed since the time of the most noble Peire-skius, yet the very genius of that place cannot but infuse admirable thoughts into you. But I suppose you carry the Life of that illustrious and incomparable virtuoso always about you in your motions ; not only because it is so portable, but for that it is written in such excellent language by the pen of the great Gassendus, and will be a fit Itinerary with you. When you return to Paris again, it will be good to refresh your gymnastic exercises, to frequent the Court, the Bar, and the Schools sometimes ; but above all, procure acquaintances and settle a correspondence with learned men, by whom there are so many advantages to be made and experiments gotten. And I beseech you forget not to inform yourself as diligently as may be, in things that belong to gardening, for that will serve both yourself and your friends for an infinite diversion : and so will you have nothing to add to your accomplishments when you come home, but to look over the municipal laws of your own country, which your interest and your necessities will prompt you to : and then you may sweetly pass the rest of your days in reaping the harvest of all your pains, either by serving your country in some public employment (if the integrity of the times invite you), or by securing your own felicity, and indeed the greatest upon earth, in a private unenvied condition, with those advantages which you will bring it of piety and knowledge. Oh the delice and reward of thus employing our youth ! What a beauty and satisfaction to have spent one's youth innocently and virtuously ! What a calm and serenity to the mind ! What a glory to your country, to your friends, and contentment to your instructors : in sum, how great a recompence and advantage to all your concernments ! And all this, Sir, I foresee and augur of Mr. Maddox, of whom may this be the least portion of his panegyric ; whilst it serves me only to testify how great a part I take in all your prosperity, and how great an honour I shall ever esteem it to be accounted,

Sir, your, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Belgenser, or Beaugensier, a town near Toulon, the birthplace of the celebrated Nicholaus Claudius Fabricius, Lord of Peiresk, Senator of the Parliament at Aix.

*John Evelyn to the Lieutenant of the Tower.<sup>1</sup>**From Greenwich, 14 Jan. 1656-7.*

SIR,

I should begin with the greater apology for this address, did not the consideration of the nature of your great employment and my fears to importune them carry with them an excuse which I have hope to believe you will easily admit. But as it is an error to be troublesome to great persons upon trifling affairs, so were it no less a crime to be silent in an occasion wherein I may do an act of charity, and reconcile a person to your good opinion, who has deserved so well, and I think is so innocent. Sir, I speak in behalf of Dr. Taylor, of whom I understand you have conceived some displeasure for the mistake of his printer;<sup>2</sup> and the readiest way that I can think of to do him honour and bring him into esteem with you, is, to beg of you, that you will please to give him leave to wait upon you, that you may learn from his own mouth, as well as the world has done from his writings, how averse he is from any thing that he may be charged withal to his prejudice, and how great an adversary he has ever been in particular to the Popish religion, against which he has employed his pen so signally, and with such success. And when by this favour you shall have done justice to all interests, I am not without fair hopes, that I shall have mutually obliged you both, by doing my endeavour to serve my worthy and pious friend, and by bringing so innocent and deserving a person into your protection; who am,

Sir, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Endorsed; "This was written for another gentleman, an acquaintance with the *villain* who was now Lieut. of y<sup>e</sup> Tower, Baxter by name, for I never had the least knowledge of him."

<sup>2</sup> Jeremy Taylor had at this time been committed prisoner to the Tower, in consequence of Royston, his bookseller, having placed before his collection of Offices the picture of Christ praying, contrary to a new Act concerning "scandalous pictures;" Evelyn's object in this letter, which seems to have been addressed to the lieutenant of the Tower through some mutual friend, was to procure alleviation of an imprisonment apparently owing rather to some individual caprice, than to any graver cause.

*John Evelyn to Edward Thurland.**Sayer-Court, 20 Jan. 1656-7.*

SIR,

I have read your learned Diatriba concerning Prayer, and do exceedingly praise your method, nor less admire your learning and reason, which by so rare an artifice has made notions that are very difficult and abstracted in themselves, so apt and perspicuous; besides, your arguments are drawn from the most irresistible and convincing topics, and the design not only full of learning, but useful also to a good life, which is indeed the right application of it. Sir, I am so much taken with your piece, and think it so excellent a homily 'against that abounding ingredient now in the world, that I presume you shall not need my persuasions to induce you to make it public; being a thing which may so greatly contribute to the cure of that epidemical madness, and the vindication of God's glory: since what Trismegistus so long time said is most true in our age, 'Ἡ μεγάλη νόσος τῆς ψυχῆς ἡ ἀθεόσεως, and Silius Italicus has interpreted with a complaint:

"Heu! primæ scelerum causæ mortalibus ægris,  
Naturam nescire Deum!"—————

But because you have not only done me the honour to communicate so freely your thoughts to me; but have also laid your commands that I should return you my opinion of it; truly, I should both greatly injure the intrinsic value of the work, as well as my great esteem of the author, if I should say less than I have done: so that, if I am bold or impertinent in what follows, it will serve only to make you the more admire your own, when you shall find how little can be added to it. And you must only blame the liberty you have given me, if my silence would have become more acceptable.

First, then, your distribution is most methodical and logical; the minor produced to assert the thesis very closely and skilfully handled; but, because your conclusion comes in so long after, whether it may not a little *πλεοναξίειν*, considering that your argument is prayer? I would therefore at the end of some of those chapters (before you arrive at

the main assumption), upon enumeration of the former syllogisms, mention something of it (by way of enumeration) that so the thoughts of your reader might not stray from the subject, which is to enforce the necessity of prayer: or else alter the title, and make it comprehensive of both the the parts, as of God, and of prayer, or something equivalent. I do greatly approve the reasons you have given for that long digression, to convince those who doubted, Democritus, Leucippus, Diogenes, Epicurus, and the late Pseudo-politics, with those who faintly assented, as Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, Plato, the Stoics, Politicians, and Legislators: but I suppose that, since Sextus Empiricus was but a diligent collector of the placets and opinions of other philosophers, you shall do more honour to your book by omitting the so frequent citing of him: it will sufficiently gratify the reader to see his scruples satisfied, and their errors convinced, without so particular an account whether you deduced the opinions from the fountain or from the stream. And therefore you shall better cite Diogenes Laertius or Cicero than Campanella, for that passage concerning the qualities of atoms; and it is more proper to allege Basil de legendis Ethnicorum scriptis, Augustin de Doctrinâ Christianâ, or Socrates Scholasticus, to prove the lawfulness and benefit of asserting your opinions by examples out of heathen poets, &c., than Sir W. Raleigh's History of the World, who was but of yesterday. Neither would I mention Selden, where you might cite Lactantius, Clemens, Josephus, or Eusebius: because they are authors which every man will judge you might read. And rather Fonseca, or indeed Molin, than Pinellus, who brought that opinion from them.—And here, by the way, touching what you affirm concerning the fallen angels' intuitive knowledge, there be that will reply that Lucifer was never *in patriâ* but *in viâ* only; for so St. Augustine, in those excellent treatises de Corruptione et Gratiâ and De Dono Perseverantiæ; that the fallen angels never saw God as *Authorem gratiæ*, but as *cultorem naturæ*, enigmatically and not intuitively, being then in probation only, as was man, and had the same use of their will: God only at that moment confirming Michael and his fellows who refused to come into the rebellious party, what time as he condemned the dragon, and the rest of those lapsed spirits.

Touching the eternity of the world, I suppose you mean *de eternitate absolutà*: for it were else hard to say which was first, the sun, or the light which it projects; since they are not only inseparable but *simul tempore*. God created the world in his mind from eternity, say they: or, as others, *Deus fecit æternitatem, æternitas fecit mundum*. So Mercurius in Pimander.

In that passage where you prove the existence of a Deity from the wonderful structure of the microcosm, Lactantius his book *De opificio Dei* would extremely delight and furnish you: and so, in all that *Scala visibilium ad invisibilia*, Dr. Charleton's "Darkness of Atheism," c. iv. l. 5, p. 130, which I therefore mention to you, because one would not say much of that which has already been said in English. Would it not do also well to speak something of natural conscience?—I suppose where you speak of the pismire, and other insects, you mean they have not an intellectual memory; for a sensitive doubtless they have: and here you might appositely have said something concerning that *Animalis Religio*, of which Saint Ambrose speaks, distinguishing it from Aquinas' *Religio rationalis*.

Concerning the lenity of God, upon which you have most rationally dilated, the 10<sup>th</sup> chapt. of the I. book of Proclus would extremely delight you. Touching the knowledge of God, you must by all means consult that admirable little treatise of M. Felix his Octavius; and S<sup>t</sup> Aug. de *Concubitu Angelorum*, about our prayers to them: in which you have so imitated the divine S<sup>t</sup> Hierom, by your constant assertion of the Paradise deduced from Scripture, that more cannot be wished; yet something which S<sup>t</sup> Paul has said 2 chapt. *Epist. ad Coloss.* and in the 9<sup>th</sup> of *Ecclesiast.* may be applied.

They affirm that the devil may be an aërial body, and by that means enter into men's bodies without our perception: but I will not importune you further with these trifles: only I will mind you of one passage of Jamblicus, speaking of the natural sense of God in Man. *Ante omnem* (saith he) *usum rationis inest naturaliter insita Deorum notio: imò tactus quidem divinitatis melior quàm notitia*: and to that purpose Cicero de *Nat. Deor.*, Seneca de *Providentiâ*, the Golden Verses of Pythagoras, and more expressly La3-

tantius, l. 3. c. 9, where he proves *cultum Dei* to be naturally in man, making it a formal part of its definition, *Animal Rationale Religiosum*. To conclude, Augustine, Clemens, Lactantius, Cyril, Arnobius, Justin Martyr, of old,—of the neoterick, [modern] Aquinas, Plessis Mornay, D<sup>r</sup> Andrews, Grotius, D<sup>r</sup> Hammond, in a particular *opusculum*, I. L. Vives, Bradwardine de Causâ Dei, Valesius de Sacrâ Philosophiâ, Campanella, and our most ingenious Mr. Moore in his Antidote against Atheism, have all treated on this subject, but in so different a manner, and with so much confusion and prolixity, some few of them excepted, that it will greatly add to the worth and lustre of your piece, who have comprehended so much in so little and to so excellent purpose. I wish you had as perfectly made good your promise in what remains, as in what you have begun, I mean, touching the form, matter, posture, place, and other circumstances of prayer, in which you would do wonders upon second thoughts.—Sir, I have been bold to note places with my black-lead where your amanuensis has committed some spalmatas, and peradventure some expressions may be advantageously altered at your leisure. But there is nothing in all this by which you will more assert your own judgment, than in leaving out the eulogy which you are pleased to honour me withal, in citing me as an author of any value. By this, Sir, you see how bold I am, both to trouble you with my follies, and then to beg pardon for them; but, as I said at first, you must blame yourself, partly for enjoining me, and partly for allowing me no more time. But he that has the perusal of any of your discourses, cannot but emerge with the greatest advantages. It was the saying of the great Salmasius, and shall be mine, *Nihil moror libros, et combustos omnes velim, si doctiores tantum, non etiam meliores, qui dant illis operam, reddere idonei sunt*. But such, Sir, is your excellent book, and such is your conversation, from which I do always return both more learned and better, who am,

Sir, your, &c.

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.*<sup>1</sup>

22 Feb., 1656-7.

DEAR SIR,

I know you will either excuse, or acquit, or at least pardon me that I have so long seemingly neglected to make a return to your so kind and friendly letter: when I shall tell you that I have passed through a great cloud which hath wetted me deeper than the skin. It hath pleased God to send the small pox and fevers among my children: and I have, since I received your last, buried two sweet, hopeful boys; and I have now but one son left, whom I intend (if it please God) to bring up to London before Easter; and then I hope to wait upon you, and by your sweet conversation and other divertisements, if not to alleviate my sorrows, yet, at least, to entertain myself and keep me from too intense and actual thinkings of my troubles. Dear Sir, will you do so much for me, as to beg my pardon of Mr. Thurland, that I have yet made no return to him for his so friendly letter and expressions. Sir, you see there is too much matter to make excuse; my sorrow will, at least, render me an object of every good man's pity and commiseration. But for myself, I bless God I have observed and felt so much mercy in this angry dispensation of God, that I am almost transported, I am sure highly pleased, with thinking how infinitely sweet his mercies are when his judgments are so gracious. Sir, there are many particulars in your letter which I would fain have answered; but still my little sadnesses intervene, and will yet suffer me to write nothing else: but that I beg your prayers, and that you will still own me to be,

Dear and honoured Sir,

Your very affectionate friend and  
hearty servant,

JER. TAYLOR.

<sup>1</sup> Printed from a letter in the British Museum (No. 4274, add. MSS. 51), which, although it has no superscription, was evidently addressed to Evelyn. Heber has inserted it in his *Life of Bishop Taylor*. From the date of this letter, it would seem that Taylor's recent detention in the Tower had lasted but a very short time.

*John Evelyn to the Honourable Robert Boyle.*<sup>1</sup>

*Sayer-Court, 9 May, 1657.*

SIR,

I should infinitely blush at the slowness of this address, if a great indisposition of body, which obliged me to a course of physick, and since, an unexpected journey (from both which I am but lately delivered), had not immediately intervened, since you were pleased to command these trifles of me. I have omitted those of brass, &c., because they properly belong to etching and engraving: which treatise, together with five others (viz. Painting in Oil, in Miniature, Anealing in Glass, Enamelling, and Marble Paper) I was once minded to publish (as a specimen of what might be further done in the rest) for the benefit of the ingenious: but I have since been put off from that design, not knowing whether I should do well to gratify so barbarous an age (as I fear is approaching) with curiosities of that nature, delivered with so much integrity as I intended them; and lest by it I should also disoblige some, who made those professions their living; or, at least, debase much of their esteem by prostituting them to the vulgar. Rather, I conceived that a true and ingenious discovery of these and the like arts, would, to better purpose, be compiled for the use of that Mathematico-Chymico-Mechanical School designed by our noble friend Dr. Wilkinson, where they might (not without an oath of secrecy) be taught to those that either affected or desired any of them: and from thence, as from another Solomon's house, so much of them only made public, as should from time to time be judged convenient by the superintendent of that School, for the reputation of learning and benefit of the nation. And upon this score, there would be a most willing contribution of what ingenious persons know of this kind, and to which I should most freely dedicate what I have. In the meantime, Sir, I transmit you this varnish, and shall esteem myself extremely honoured, that you will farther command whatsoever else of this, or any other kind I possess, who am, Sir, your, &c.

I beseech you, Sir, to make my most humble service ac-

<sup>1</sup> See *Diary*, vol. i. p. 329.



ceptable to Dr. Wilkinson: and that you be pleased to communicate to me what success you have in the process of this receipt (myself not having had time to examine it), that in case of any difficulty, I may have recourse to the person from whom I received it.

*John Evelyn to Jeremy Taylor.*

*Sayes-Court, 9 May, 1657.*

SIR,

Amongst the rest that are tributaries to your worth, I make bold to present you with this small token: and though it bears no proportion either with my obligation or your merit, yet I hope you will accept it, as the product of what I have employed for this purpose; and which you shall yearly receive so long as God makes me able, and that it may be useful to you. What I can handsomely do for you by other friends, as occasions present themselves, may, I hope, in time supply that which I would myself do. In order to which, I have already made one of my Brothers sensible of this opportunity to do God and his country an acceptable service: I think I shall prevail as much on the other: the effects whereof will show themselves, and care shall be taken that you have an account of all this in due time, and as you shall yourself desire it. I will not add, that by bringing you acquainted with persons of so much virtue (though I speak it of my nearest relatives) I do at all reinforce the kindness: since by it I oblige you mutually (for so *beneficium dare socialist res est*), and because it is infinitely short of his respects who (with Philemon) owes you even himself, and which, if I have not sooner paid, I appeal to philosophy, and the sentences of that wise man who, as some affirm, held intercourse with the Apostle himself: *Qui festinat utique reddere, non habet animum grati hominis, sed debitoris: et qui nimis cito cupit solvere, invitus debet: qui invitus debet, ingratus est*: and, Sir, you have too far obliged me to be ever guilty of that crime who am,

Rev<sup>d</sup> Sir, &c.

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.*

15 May, 1657.

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

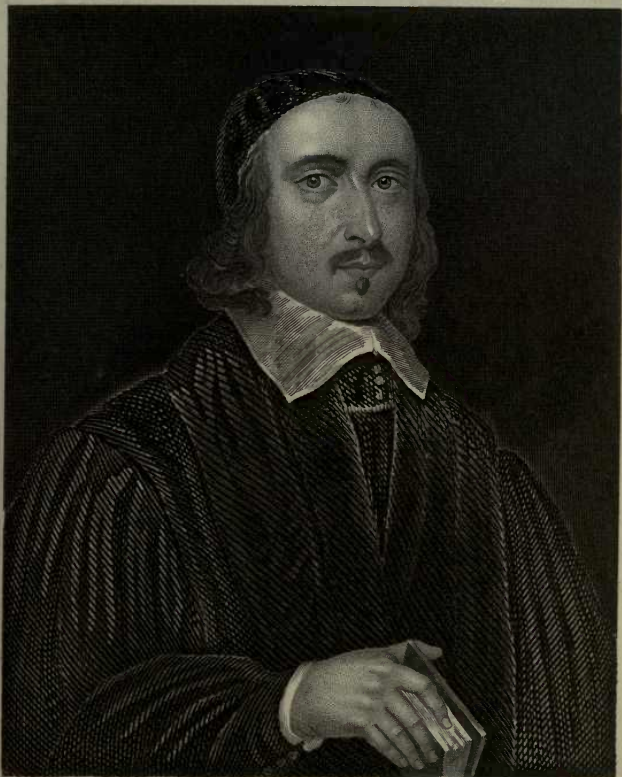
A stranger came two nights since from you with a letter, and a token: full of humanity and sweetness, that was; and this, of charity. I know it is more blessed to give than to receive: and yet, as I no ways repine at that Providence that forces me to receive, so neither can I envy that felicity of yours, not only that you can, but that you do give; and as I rejoice in that mercy which daily makes decrees in heaven for my support and comfort, so I do most thankfully adore the goodness of God to you, whom He consigns to greater glories by the ministeries of these graces. But, Sir, what am I, or what can I do, or what have I done that you can think I have or can oblige you? Sir, you are too kind to me, and oblige me not only beyond my merit, but beyond my modesty. I only can love you, and honour you, and pray for you; and in all this I can not say but that I am behind hand with you, for I have found so great effluxes of all your worthinesses and charities, that I am a debtor for your prayers, for the comfort of your letters, for the charity of your hand, and the affections of your heart. Sir, though you are beyond the reach of my returns, and my services are very short of touching you; yet if it were possible for me to receive any commands, the obeying of which might signify my great regards of you, I could with some more confidence converse with a person so obliging; but I am obliged and ashamed, and unable to say so much as I should do to represent myself to be,

Honoured and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and most obliged  
friend and servant,

JER. TAYLOR.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It may not be out of place to remark on this letter, and its predecessor, that Jeremy Taylor was at this time engaged in the composition of his beautiful *Essay on Friendship*. He refers to it as completed in a letter of three weeks' later date.



Lombart.

Hirsch.

Jeremy Taylor.



*Reverend Edward Snatt<sup>1</sup> to John Evelyn.**Lewes, 25 May, 1657.*

NOBLE SIR,

This is the third book that I have received from your Honour, the third book, I say, of your own making, which makes me stand amazed; I cannot tell whether more at the excellency of your work in writing, or at your condescension so low as to stoop to give it me in such a manner. Sir, others I see have praised you and it, but none have or can sufficiently set out your labour and pains. But what cannot such an artificer as yourself effect? Go on prosperously and finish that which none yet durst attempt, and none but you can perfect: though it be the first book, yet it cannot be absolutely the last, if Mr. Evelyn please. I did all this time forbear to write unto you, thinking every day to come unto you in person, and seeing still I was hindered, both by weakness in body and my serious employments: having this opportunity of so honoured a friend as Mr. Heath, I could not but break through all difficulties, and tell you, in spite of all the world, that in my judgment, or rather opinion, you are not inferior to the highest laurel. The five younger brethren will grieve if you clothe not them in as rich garments as their elder brother, and the elder will rejoice to see them as richly clothed as himself. Do you not think that your poor Mulcaster doth rejoice to think that he is like to have some in their kind as eminent as Winchester? You know Wenterton sent forth his first Book of Aphorisms as a spy, and then the next followed: yours, if I have any skill, are like to prove as good success as his. But I must desire you to pardon my errors, and to remember my best respects to your noble consort, whom (God willing) I purpose to see this summer, with yourself, at your house, and to visit, as by duty I am bound, your elder and noble brother Mr. George Evelyn, together with Mr. Richard Evelyn. In the meantime I humbly

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Snatt, of Southover, was Evelyn's schoolmaster, and the subject of the worthy pedagogue's present gratitude and rapture was the First Book of the translated Lucretius, which his distinguished pupil had sent him. See *Diary*, vol. i. p. 6.

desire to hear from you, and from my heart subscribe myself  
Your most humble servant,

EDWARD SNATT.

*John Evelyn to Jeremy Taylor.<sup>1</sup>*

*Sayes-Court, 9 June, 1657.*

SIR,

I heartily acknowledge the Divine mercies to me, both in this, and many other instances of his goodness to me; but for no earthly concernment more than for what He has conveyed me by your charity and ministration towards my eternal and better interest; and for which I wish that any new gradations of duty to God, or acknowledgments to you from me, may in the least proportion second my great obligations, and which you continue to reinforce by new and indelible favours and friendships, which I know myself to be so much the more unworthy of, as I am infinitely short of the least perfection that you ascribe to me. And because you best know how sad a truth this is, I have no reason to look on that part of your letter but as upon your own emanations, which like the beams of the sun upon dark and opaque bodies make them shine indeed faintly and by reflection. Every one knows from whence they are derived, and where their native fountain is: and since this is all the tribute which such dim lights repay, τὰ σὰ ἐκ τῶν ὧν σοὶ προσφεροῦμεν, I must never hope to oblige you, or repay the least of your kindness. But what I am able, that I will do, and that is to be ever mindful of them, and for ever to love you for them. Sir, I had forgotten to tell you, and indeed it did extremely trouble me, that you are to expect my coach to wait on you presently after dinner, that you are not to expose yourself to the casualty of the tides, in repairing to do so Christian an office for, Sir,

Your, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn's indorsement on this letter, "to come and christen my son George," shows the occasion on which it was written.

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.*

9 June, 1657.

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

Your messenger prevented mine but an hour. But I am much pleased at the repetition of the Divine favour to you in the like instances; that God hath given you another testimony of his love to your person, and care of your family; it is an engagement to you of new degrees of duty, which you cannot but superadd to the former, because the principle is genuine and prolific; and all the emanations of grace are unequivocal and alike. Sir, your kind letter hath so abundantly rewarded and crowned my innocent endeavours in my descriptions of Friendship, that I perceive there is a friendship beyond what I have fancied, and a real, material worthiness beyond the heights of the most perfect ideas: and I know now where to make my book perfect, and by an appendix to outdo the first essay: for when anything shall be observed to be wanting in my character, I can tell them where to see the substance, much more beautiful than the picture, and by sending the readers of my book to be spectators of your life and worthiness, they shall see what I would fain have taught them, by what you really are. Sir, I know it is usual amongst civil persons to say kind things when they have received kind expressions: but I now go upon another account: you have forced me to say, what I have long thought, and spoken to others, even so much as to your modesty may seem excessive, but that which to the merit of your person and friendship is very much too little. Sir, I shall by the grace of God wait upon you to-morrow, and do the office you require; and shall hope that your little one may receive blessings according to the heartiness of the prayers which I shall then and after make for him: that then also I shall wait upon your worthy Brothers, I see it is a design both of your kindness, and of the Divine Providence.

Sir, I am

Your most affectionate and most faithful friend  
and servant,

JER. TAYLOR.

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.*

Aug. 29, 1657.

SIR,

I am very glad that your goodnature hath overcome your modesty, and that you have suffered yourself to be persuaded to benefit the world rather than humour your own retiredness. I have many reasons to encourage you, and the only one objection, which is the leaven of your author,<sup>1</sup> *de providentiâ*, you have so well answered, that I am confident, in imitation of your great Master, you will bring good out of evil: and, like those wise physicians, who, giving *αλεξιφακα*, do not only expel the poison, but strengthen the stomach, I doubt not but you will take all opportunities, and give all advantages, to the reputation and great name of God; and will be glad and rejoice to employ your pen for Him who gave you fingers to write, and will to dictate.

But, Sir, that which you check at is the immortality of the soul: that is, its being in the interval before the day of judgment: which you conceive is not agreeable to the Apostle's creed, or current of Scriptures, assigning (as you suppose) the felicity of Christians to the resurrection. Before I speak to the thing I must note this, that the parts which you oppose to each other may both be true. For the soul may be immortal, and yet not beatified till the resurrection. For to be, and to be happy or miserable, are not immediate or necessary consequents to each other. For the soul may be alive, and yet not feel; as it may be alive and not understand; so our soul, when we are fast asleep, and so Nebuchadnezzar's soul, when he had his lycanthropy. And the Socinians, that say the soul sleeps, do not suppose that she is mortal; but for want of her instrument cannot do any acts of her life. The soul returns to God; and that, in no sense is death. And I think the death of the soul cannot be defined; and there is no death to spirits but annihilation. I am sure there is none that we know of or can understand. For, if ceasing from its operations be death, then it dies sooner than the body: for oftentimes it does not work any of its nobler operations. In our sleep we neither

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to Evelyn's translation of Lucretius.



feel nor understand. If you answer, and say it animates the body, and that is a sufficient indication of life: I reply, that if one act alone is sufficient to show the soul to be alive, then the soul cannot die; for in philosophy it is affirmed, that the soul desires to be re-united; and that which is dead desires not: besides, that the soul can understand without the body is so certain (if there be any certainty in mystic theology), and so evident in actions which are reflected upon themselves—as a desire to desire, a will to will, a remembering that I did remember—that, if one act be enough to prove the soul to be alive, the state of separation cannot be a state of death to the soul; because she then can desire to be re-united, and she can understand: for nothing can hinder from doing those actions which depend not upon the body, and in which the operations of the soul are not organical.

But to the thing. The felicity of Christians is not till the day of judgment, I do believe next to an article of my creed; and so far I consent with you: but then I cannot allow your consequent, that the soul is mortal. That the soul is a complete substance I am willing enough to allow in disputation: though, indeed, I believe the contrary; and I am sure no philosophy and no divinity can prove its being to be wholly relative and incomplete. But, suppose it: it will not follow that, therefore, it cannot live in separation. For the flame of a candle, which is your own similitude, will give light enough to this inquiry. The flame of a candle can consist or subsist, though the matter be extinct. I will not instance Licetus's lamps, whose flame had stood still 1500 years, viz. in Tully wife's vault. For, if it had spent any matter, the matter would have been exhausted long before that, and if it spends none, it is all one as if it had none; for what need is there of it, if there be no use for it, and what use, if no feeding the flame, and how can it feed but by spending itself? But the reason why the flame goes out when the matter is exhausted, is because that little particle of fire is soon overcome by the circumflant air and scattered, when it wants matter to keep it in unison and closeness; but then, as the flame continues not in the relation of a candle's flame when the matter is exhausted, yet fire can abide without matter to feed it; for itself is matter, it is a substance. And so is the soul: and as the element of fire,

and the celestial globes of fire, eat nothing, but live of themselves; so can the soul when it is divested of its relative; and so would the candle's flame, if it could get to the regions of fire, as the soul does to the region of spirits.

The places of Scripture you are pleased to urge, I shall reserve for our meeting or another letter; for they require particular pointing. But one thing only, because the answer is short, I shall reply to; why the Apostle, preaching Jesus and the resurrection, said nothing of the immortality of the soul? I answer, because the resurrection of the body included and supposed that. 2. And if it had not, yet what need he preach that to them, which in Athens was believed, by almost all their schools of learning? For besides that the immortality of the soul was believed by the Gymnosophists in India, by Trismegist in Egypt, by Job in Chaldea, by his friends in the East, it was also confessed by Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Thales of Miletus, and by Aristotle, as I am sure I can prove. I say nothing of Cicero, and all the Latins; and nothing of all the Christian schools of philosophy that ever were. But when you see it in Scripture, I know you will no way refuse it. To this purpose are those words of St. Paul, speaking of his rapture into heaven. He purposely and by design twice says, "whether in the body or out of the body I know not:" by which he plainly says, that it was no ways unlikely that his rapture was out of the body; and, therefore, it is very agreeable to the nature of the soul to operate in separation from the body.

Sir, for your other question, how it appears that God made all things out of nothing? I answer it is demonstratively certain; or else there is no God. For if there be a God, he is the one principle: but, if he did not make the first thing, then there is something besides him that was never made; and then there are two eternals. Now if God made the first thing, he made it of nothing. But, Sir, if I may have the honour to see your annotations before you publish them, I will give all the faithful and most friendly assistances that are in the power of,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate servant,

JER. TAYLOR.

*John Evelyn to Sir Richard Browne.**Sayes Court, 14 Feb. 1657-8.*

SIR,

By the reverse of this medal, you will perceive how much reason I had to be afraid of my felicity, and greatly it did import to me to do all that I could to prevent what I have apprehended, what I have deserved, and what now I feel. God has taken from us that dear child, your grandson, your godson, and with him all the joy and satisfaction that could be derived from the greatest hopes. A loss, so much the more to be deplored, as our contentments were extraordinary, and the indications of his future perfections as fair and legible as, yet, I ever saw, or read of in one so very young: you have, Sir, heard so much of this, that I may say it with the less crime and suspicion. And indeed his whole life was from the beginning so great a miracle, that it were hard to exceed in the description of it; and which I should here yet attempt, by summing up all the prodigies of it, and what a child at five years old (for he was little more) is capable of, had I not given you so many minute and particular accounts of it, by several expresses, when I then mentioned those things with the greatest joy, which now I write with as much sorrow and amazement. But so it is, that has pleased God to dispose of him, and that blossom (fruit, rather I may say) is fallen; a six days quotidian having deprived us of him; an accident that has made so great a breach in all my contentments, as I do never hope to see repaired: because we are not in this life to be fed with wonders: and that I know you will hardly be able to support the affliction and the loss, who bear so great a part in everything that concerns me. But thus we must be reduced when God sees good, and I submit; since I had, therefore, this blessing for a punishment, and that I might feel the effects of my great unworthiness. But I have begged of God that I might pay the fine here, and if to such belonged the kingdom of heaven, I have one depositum there. *Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit*: blessed be his name: since without that consideration it were impossible to support it: for the stroke is so severe, that I find

nothing in all philosophy capable to allay the impression of it, beyond that of cutting the channel and dividing with our friends, who really sigh on our behalf, and mingle with our greater sorrows in accents of piety and compassion, which is all that can yet any ways alleviate the sadness of,

Dear Sir, Your, &c.

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.*

Feb. 17, 1657-8.

DEAR SIR,

If dividing and sharing griefs were like the cutting of rivers, I dare say to you, you would find your stream much abated; for I account myself to have a great cause of sorrow not only in the diminution of the numbers of your joys and hopes, but in the loss of that pretty person, your strangely hopeful boy. I cannot tell all my own sorrows without adding to yours; and the causes of my real sadness in your loss are so just and so reasonable, that I can no otherwise comfort you but by telling you, that you have very great cause to mourn: So certain it is, that grief does propagate as fire does. You have enkindled my funeral torch, and by joining mine to yours, I do but increase the flame. *Hoc me malè urit*, is the best signification of my apprehensions of your sad story. But, Sir, I cannot choose but I must hold another and a brighter flame to you—it is already burning in your breast; and if I can but remove the dark side of the lanthorn, you have enough within you to warm yourself, and to shine to others. Remember, Sir, your two boys are two bright stars, and their innocence is secured, and you shall never hear evil of them again. Their state is safe, and heaven is given to them upon very easy terms; nothing but to be born and die. It will cost you more trouble to get where they are; and amongst other things one of the hardnesses will be, that you must overcome even this just and reasonable grief; and indeed, though the grief hath but too reasonable a cause, yet it is much more reasonable that you master it. For besides that they are no losers, but you are the person that complains, do but consider what you would have suffered for their interest: you [would] have suffered them to go from you, to be great Princes in a

strange country ; and if you can be content to suffer your own inconvenience for their interest, you commend your worthiest love, and the question of mourning is at an end. But you have said and done well, when you look upon it as a rod of God ; and he that so smites here, will spare hereafter ; and if you by patience and submission imprint the discipline upon your own flesh, you kill the cause, and make the effect very tolerable ; because it is in some sense chosen, and not therefore in no [any] sense unsufferable. Sir, if you do look to it, time will snatch your honour from you, and reproach you for not effecting that by Christian philosophy which time will do alone. And if you consider that of the bravest men in the world we find the seldomest stories of their children, and the Apostles had none, and thousands of the worthiest persons that sound most in story died childless ; you will find that it is a rare act of Providence so to impose upon worthy men a necessity of perpetuating their names by worthy actions and discourses, governments, and reasonings.

If the breach be never repaired, it is because God does not see it fit to be ; and if you will be of this mind it will be much the better. But, Sir, if you will pardon my zeal and passion for your comfort, I will readily confess that you have no need of any discourse from me to comfort you. Sir, now you have an opportunity of serving God by passive graces ; strive to be an example and a comfort to your lady, and by your wise counsel or comfort stand in the breaches of your own family, and make it appear that you are more to her than ten sons. Sir, by the assistance of Almighty God I purpose to wait on you some time next week, that I may be a witness of your Christian courage and bravery ; and that I may see, that God never displeases you, as long as the main stake is preserved, I mean your hopes and confidences of heaven. Sir, I shall pray for all that you can want, that is, some degrees of comfort and a present mind : and shall always do you honour, and fain also would do you service, if it were in the power, as it is in the affections and desires, of,

Dear Sir,  
Your most affectionate and obliged  
friend and servant,  
JER. TAYLOR.

*Thomas Barlow<sup>1</sup> to John Evelyn.*

25 March, 1658.

SIR,

Your kindness to the public and me, hath occasioned you the trouble of this letter. I understand by my friend Mr. Pett, that you have been pleased charitably to contribute some prints and a little book of drawings, (towards a design which he hath begun) for our library; this paper comes to kiss your hand and give you hearty thanks for your continued kindness to us; and withal to assure you that if there be any thing wherein I may serve you or any friend of yours here, be pleased to command, and as you may justly expect, so you shall be sure to find your commands willingly and cheerfully obeyed by, Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

THOMAS BARLOW.

P.S. We have no news here save a new Saxon Dictionary in the press, by Mr. Somner of Canterbury; and a new collection of many centuries of Arabic Proverbs, by Mr. Pocock.

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.*

May 12, 1658.

HONOURED SIR,

I return you many thanks for your care of my temporal affairs; I wish I may be able to give you as good account of my watchfulness for your service, as you have for your diligence to do me benefit. But concerning the thing itself, I am to give you this account. I like not the condition of being a lecturer under the dispose of another, nor to serve in my semicircle, where a Presbyterian and myself shall be like Castor and Pollux, the one up and the other down, which methinks is like worshipping the sun, and making him the deity, that we may be religious half the year, and every night serve another interest. Sir, the stipend is so inconsiderable, it will not pay the charge and trouble of removing myself and family. It is wholly arbitrary; for the triers may overthrow it; or the vicar

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Barlow was now Warden of Queen's College, Oxford.

may forbid it; or the subscribers may die, or grow weary, or poor, or be absent. I beseech you, Sir, pay my thanks to your friend, who had so much kindness for me as to intend my benefit. I think myself no less obliged to him and you, than if I had accepted it.<sup>1</sup>

Sir, I am well pleased with the pious meditations and the extracts of a religious spirit which I read in your excellent letter. I can say nothing at present but this, that I hope in a short progression you will be wholly immersed in the delices and joys of religion; and as I perceive your relish and gust of the things of the world goes off continually, so you will be invested with new capacities, and entertained with new appetites, for in religion every new degree of love is a new appetite, as in the schools we say, every single angel does make a species, and differs more than numerically angel of the same order.

Your question concerning interest hath in it no difficulty as you have prudently stated it. For in the case, you have only made yourself a merchant with them; only you take less, that you be secured, as you pay a fine to the Assurance Office. I am only to add this; you are neither directly nor collaterally to engage the debtor to pay more than is allowed by law. It is necessary that you employ your money some way for the advantage of your family. You may lawfully buy land, or traffic, or exchange it to your profit. You may do this by yourself or by another, and you may as well get something as he get more, and that as well by money as by land or goods, for one is as valuable in estimation of merchants, and of all the world, as anything can be; and methinks no man should deny money to be valuable, that remembers, every man parts with what he hath for money: and as lands are of a price, then (when) they are sold for ever, and when they are parted with for a year, so is money: since the employment of it is apt to minister to gain as lands are to rent. Money and lands are equally the matter of increase; to both of them industry must (be) applied, or else the profit will cease; now as a tenant of

<sup>1</sup> This letter refers to an offer made from Lord Conway to Taylor, through Evelyn, of an alternate lectureship in Lisburn (a small town in the county of Antrim), which, though here declined, he soon after, as will be seen, accepted. His next letter is dated from Ireland.

lands may plough for me, so a tenant of money may go to sea and traffic for me. . . .

*John Evelyn to Edward Thurland.*

*Sayes Court, 8 Nov: 1658.*

SIR,

I understand that my lord of Northumberland has some thoughts of sending his son, my Lord Percy, abroad to travel, and withal to allow him an appointment so noble and considerable, as does become his greatness, and the accomplishment of his education to the best improvement. My many years conversation abroad and relations there to persons of merit and quality, having afforded me several opportunities to consider of effects of this nature by the successes, when gentlemen of quality have been sent beyond the seas, resigned and concredited to the conduct of such as they call Governors, being for the greatest ingredient a pedantic sort of scholars, infinitely uninstructed for such an employment: my ambition to serve you by contributing to the designs of a person so illustrious, and worthy of the honour which I find you always bear towards his Lordship, hath created in me the confidence to request your advice and return upon these particulars. Whether my Lord persist still in his resolution? What equipage and *honorarium* my Lord does allow? and whether he has not yet pitched upon any man to accompany my young Lord? &c. Because I would, through your mediation, recommend to his Lordship a person of honour, address in Court, rare erudition, languages and credit: who, I think, would upon my representing of the proposition, be ready to serve my Lord in an affair of this importance. I shall add no more of the person, *quum habeat in se, quæ quum tibi nota fuerint συστατικώτερα πάσης ἐπιστολῆς esse judicaberis*: and because, in truth, all that I can say will be infinitely inferior to his merit; being a person of integrity, great experience and discretion; in a word, without reproach, and such as becomes my Lord to seek out, that he may render his son those honourable and decent advantages of the most refined conversations, things not to be encountered in a pension with a pedant—the education of most of our nobility abroad; which makes them return (I pronounce it with a blush) insolent and ig-



norant, debauched, and without the least tincture of those advantages to be hoped for through the prudent conduct of some brave man of parts, sober, active, and of universal address—in fine, such as the person I would recommend, and the greatest Prince in Europe might emulate upon the like occasion; and therefore such a one as I cannot presume would descend to my proposition for any person of our nation excepting my Lord of Northumberland alone whose education of his son, I hear, has been of another strain and alloy than that we have mentioned; and such as will give countenance and honour to a person of his merit, character, and abilities. It is not enough that persons of my Lord Percy's quality be taught to dance, and to ride, to speak languages and wear his clothes with a good grace (which are the very shells of travel), but, besides all these, that he know men, customs, courts, and disciplines, and whatsoever superior excellencies the places afford, befitting a person of birth and noble impressions. This is, Sir, the fruit of travel; thus our incomparable Sidney was bred; and this, *tanquam Minerva Phidie*, sets the crown upon his perfections when a gallant man shall return with religion and courage, knowledge and modesty, without pedantry, without affectation, material and serious, to the contentment of his relations, the glory of his family, the star and ornament of his age. This is truly to give a citizen to his country. Youth is the seed time in which the foundation of all noble things is to be laid; but it is made the field of repentance. For what can become more glorious than to be ignorant of nothing but of vice, which indeed has no solid existency, and therefore is nothing? And unless thus we cultivate our youth, and noblemen make wiser provisions for their educations abroad, above the vanity of talk, feather, and ribbon, the ordinary commerce and import of their wild per-errations, I despair of ever living to see a man truly noble indeed; they may be called "My Lord;" titles and sounds are inferior trifles; but when virtue and blood are coincidents, they both add lustre and mutual excellencies. This is what my Lord takes care to secure to his son, what I foresee and augur of my noble Lord Percy, and of whom (though to me no otherwise known than by fame) may this be the least portion of his panegyric, whilst it concerns me

only to testify, without design, my zeal for one whom I know you so highly value; *quanto enim mihi carior est amicitia tua, tanto antiquior mihi esse debet cura, illam omnibus officiis testandi*; which, Sir, is the product of this impertinency, and sole ambition of, Sir, your, &c.

*John Evelyn to his Cousin, Geo. Tuke, of Cressing  
Temple, in Essex.*

[Of this letter only a portion has been preserved, in which he speaks of his cousin's brother, Samuel Tuke,<sup>1</sup> having been made a proselyte to the Church of Rome.]

Jan. 1658-9.

For the rest, we must commit to Providence the success of times and mitigation of proselytical fervours, having for my own particular, a very great charity for all who sincerely adore the blessed Jesus, our common and dear Saviour, as being full of hope that God (however the present zeal of some, and the scandals taken by others at the instant afflictions of the Church of England may transport them) will at last compassionate our infirmities, clarify our judgments, and make abatement for our ignorances, superstructures, passions and errors of corrupt times and interests, of which the Romish persuasion can no way acquit herself, whatever the present prosperity and secular polity may pretend. But God will make all things manifest in his own time; only let us possess ourselves in patience and charity; and this will cover a multitude of imperfections.

<sup>1</sup> See Mrs. Evelyn's character of him in a letter to Lady Tuke on his death, dated Jan. 28, 1672. Sir Samuel Tuke, of Cressing Temple, in Essex, Bart., was a colonel in the royal service, during the civil war, and afterwards, being one of those that attempted to form a body in Essex for King Charles, narrowly escaped with his life. In 1664 he married Mary Sheldon, one of the Queen's dressers, kinswoman to Lord Arundel, and died at Somerset House, Jan. 26, 1673. His son followed the fortunes of King James, and was killed at the battle of the Boyne. George Tuke, afterwards Sir George, is frequently referred to in the *Diary*. Soon after the Restoration he wrote a comedy, (the *Adventures of Five Hours*, of which the plot was borrowed from Calderon) for the Duke's Theatre, "which took so universally that it was acted for some weeks every day, and 'twas believed it would be worth to the comedians 400*l.* or 500*l.*" "The plot was incomparable," says Evelyn, drily, "but the language stiff and formal."

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.**Lisnagarvy, April 9, 1659.*

HONOURED SIR,

I fear I am so unfortunate as that I forgot to leave with you a direction how you might, if you pleased to honour me with a letter, refresh my solitude with notice of your health and that of your relatives, that I may rejoice and give God thanks for the blessing and prosperity of my dearest and most honoured friends. I have kept close all the winter, that I might, without interruption, attend to the finishing of the employment I was engaged in: which now will have no longer delay than what it meets in the printer's hands.<sup>1</sup> But, Sir, I hope that by this time you have finished what you have so prosperously begun,—your own *Lucretius*. I desire to receive notice of it from yourself, and what other designs you are upon in order to the promoting or adorning learning: for I am confident you will be as useful and profitable as you can be, that, by the worthiest testimonies, it may by posterity be remembered that you did live. But, Sir, I pray say to me something concerning the state of learning; how is any art or science likely to improve? what good books are lately public? what learned men, abroad or at home, begin anew to fill the mouth of fame, in the places of the dead *Salmasius*, *Vossius*, *Mocelin*, *Sirmond Rigaltius*, *Des Cartes*, *Galileo*, *Peirisk*, *Petavius*, and the excellent persons of yesterday? I perceive here that there is a new sect rising in England, the *Perfectionists*; for three men that wrote an *Examen of the Confession of Faith of the Assembly*, whereof one was *Dr. Drayton*, and is now dead, did start some very odd things; but especially one, in pursuance of the doctrine of *Castellio*, that it is possible to give unto God perfect unsinning obedience, and to have perfection of degrees in this life. The doctrine was opposed by an obscure person, one *John Tendring*; but learnedly enough and wittily maintained by another of the triumvirate, *William Parker*, who indeed was the first of the three; but he takes his hint from a sermon of *Dr. Drayton*, which, since his death, *Parker* hath published,

<sup>1</sup> His *Treatise on Conscience* appears to be alluded to.

and endeavours to justify. I am informed by a worthy person, that there are many of them who pretend to great sanctity and great revelations and skill in all Scriptures, which they expound almost wholly to scriptural and mysterious purposes. I knew nothing, or but extremely little, of them when I was in England; but further off I hear most news. If you can inform yourself concerning them, I would fain be instructed concerning their design, and the circumstances of their life and doctrine. For they live strictly, and in many things speak rationally, and in some things very confidently. They excel the Socinians in the strictness of their doctrine; but, in my opinion, fall extremely short of them in their expositions of the practical Scripture. If you inquire after the men of Dr. Gelt's church, possibly you may learn much: and if I mistake not, the thing is worth inquiry. Their books are printed by Thomas Newcomb in London, but where is not set down. The Examen of the Assembly's Confession is highly worth perusing, both for the strangeness of some things in it, and the learning of many of them.

Sir, you see how I am glad to make an occasion to talk with you: though I can never want a just opportunity and title to write to you, as long as I have the memory of those many actions of loving kindness by which you have obliged,

Honoured Sir,  
Your most affectionate and endeared friend  
and humble servant,

JER. TAYLOR.

*John Evelyn to the Hon. Robert Boyle.*

*Sayes-Court, April 13, 1659.*

SIR,

Having the last year drawn a good quantity of the essence of roses, by the common way of fermentation, and remembering how soon it went away, amongst the ladies, after they had once scented it; the season of flowers now approaching, makes me call to mind, to have known it is sold by some chemists (and in particular by one Longsire at Chichester) mixed with a substance not unlike it; which retained the odour of it wonderful exactly; but in such a

proportion, that for seven or eight shillings a sister of mine was used to purchase more than any man living can extract out of three or four hundred weight of roses, by the vulgar or Glauber's preparation: by which means that precious essence may be made to serve for many ordinary uses, without much detriment. Sir, I am bold to request of you, that if you know what it is (for if you know it not, I despair of encountering it) you will be pleased to instruct me; and, in lieu thereof, to command me some service by which I may testify my great ambition to obey you, and how profoundly sensible I remain of my many obligations to you, which I should not have been thus long in expressing, had not I apprehended how importune letters are to studious persons, where the commerce is so jejune; and that I can return you nothing in exchange for civilities I have already received. Sir, I have reason to be confident that you are upon some very glorious design, and that you need no subsidiaries, and therein you are happy; make us so, likewise, with a confirmation of it; that such as cannot hope to contribute anything of value to the adornment of it, may yet be permitted to augur you all the success which your worthy and noble attempts do merit; in the mean time, that some domestic afflictions of mine have rendered me thus long useless, both to my friends and to myself; which I wish may be thought a just apology for,

Noble Sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

J. EVELYN.

Sir, I know the impostors multiply their essence of roses with *ol. lig. Rhodii*, others with that of *Ben*; but it can be neither; for the oil of rosewood will vanquish it exceedingly, neither is it so fluid; and the other grows rancid. Some have told me it was spermaceti, which I have not essayed.

Your commands will at any time find me, directed to the Hawk and Pheasant upon Ludgate Hill, at one Mr. Saunders's, a woollen-draper.

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.*

*Portmore, June 4, 1659*

HONOURED SIR,

I have reason to take a great pleasure that you are pleased so perfectly to retain me in your memory and affections as if I were still near you, a partner of your converse, or could possibly oblige you. But I shall attribute this so wholly to your goodness, your piety and candour, that I am sure nothing on my part can incite or continue the least part of those civilities and endearments by which you have often, and still continue to oblige me. Sir, I received your two little books, and am very much pleased with the Golden Book of St. Chrysostom, on which your epistle hath put a black enamel, and made a pretty monument for your dearest, strangest miracle of a boy; and when I read it, I could not choose but observe St. Paul's rule, *flebam cum flentibus*. I paid a tear at the hearse of that sweet child. Your other little Enchiridion is an emanation of an ingenuous spirit; and there are in it observations, the like of which are seldom made by young travellers; and though by the publication of these you have been civil and courteous to the commonwealth of learning, yet I hope you will proceed to oblige us in some greater instances of your own. I am much pleased with your way of translation; and if you would proceed in the same method, and give us in English some devout pieces of the Fathers, and your own annotations upon them, you would do profit and pleasure to the public. But, Sir, I cannot easily consent that you should lay aside your Lucretius, and having been requited yourself by your labour, I cannot perceive why you should not give us the same recreation, since it will be greater to us than it could be to you, to whom it was alloyed by your great labour: especially since you have given us so large an essay of your ability to do it; and the world having given you an essay of their acceptance of it.

Sir, that Pallavicini whom you mention is the author of the late history of the Council of Trent, in two volumes in folio, in Italian. I have seen it, but had not leisure to

peruse it so much as to give any judgment of the man by it. Besides this, he hath published two little manuals in 12mo, Assertionum Theologicarum: but these speak but very little of the man. His history, indeed, is a great undertaking, and his family (for he is of the Jesuit order) used to sell the book by crying up the man: but I think I saw enough of it to suspect the expectation is much bigger than the thing. It is no wonder that Baxter undervalues the gentry of England. You know what spirit he is of; but I suppose he hath met with his match, for Mr. Peirs hath attacked him, and they are joined in the lists. I have not seen Mr. Thorndike's book. You make me desirous of it, because you call it elaborate: but I like not the title nor the subject, and the man is indeed a very good and a learned man, but I have not seen much prosperity in his writings: but if he have so well chosen the questions, there is no peradventure but he hath tumbled into his heap many choice materials. I am much pleased that you promise to inquire into the way of the Perfectionists; but I think Lord Pembroke and Mrs. Joy, and the Lady Wildgoose, are none of that number. I assure you, some very learned and very sober persons have given up their names to it. Castellio is their great patriarch; and his dialogue *An per Spir. S. homo possit perfectè obedire legi Dei*, is their first essay. Parker hath written something lately of it, and in Dr. Gell's last book in folio, there is much of it. Indeed you say right that they take in Jacob Behmen, but that is upon another account, and they understand him as nurses do their children's imperfect language; something by use, and much by fancy. I hope, Sir, in your next to me (for I flatter myself to have the happiness of receiving a letter from you sometimes), you will account to me of some hopes concerning some settlement, or some peace to religion. I fear my peace in Ireland is likely to be short, for a Presbyterian and a madman have informed against me as a dangerous man to their religion; and for using the sign of the cross in baptism. The worst event of the information which I fear, is my return into England; which, although I am not desirous it should be upon these terms, yet if it be without much violence, I shall not be much troubled.

Sir, I do account myself extremely obliged to your kindness and charity, in your continued care of me, and bounty to me; it is so much the more, because I have almost from all men but yourself, suffered some diminution of their kindness, by reason of my absence; for, as the Spaniard says, "The dead and the absent have but few friends." But, Sir, I account myself infinitely obliged to you, much for your pension, but exceedingly much more for your affection, which you have so signally expressed. I pray, Sir, be pleased to present my humble service to your two honoured Brothers: I shall be ashamed to make any address, or pay my thanks in words to them, till my Rule of Conscience be public, and that is all the way I have to pay my debts; that and my prayers that God would. Sir, Mr. Martin, bookseller, at the Bell, in St. Paul's Churchyard, is my correspondent in London, and whatsoever he receives, he transmits it to me carefully; and so will Mr. Royston, though I do not often employ him now. Sir, I fear I have tired you with an impertinent letter, but I have felt your charity to be so great as to do much more than to pardon the excess of my affections. Sir, I hope that you and I remember one another when we are upon our knees. I do not think of coming to London till the latter end of summer, or the spring, if I can enjoy my quietness here; but then I do if God permit: but beg to be in this interval refreshed by a letter from you at your leisure, for, indeed, in it will be a great pleasure and endearment to,

Honoured Sir,

Your very obliged, most affectionate,  
and humble servant,

JER. TAYLOR.

*John Evelyn to the Hon. Robert Boyle.*

*Sayes-Court, Aug. 9, 1659.*

HONOURED SIR,

I am perfectly ashamed at the remissness of this recognition for your late favours from *Oxon*: where (though had you resided) it should have interrupted you before this time. It was by our common and good friend Mr. Hartlib, that I come now to know you are retired from thence, but



not from the muses, and the pursuit of your worthy designs, the result whereof we thirst after with all impatience; and how fortunate should I esteem myself, if it were in my power to contribute in the least to that, which I augur of so great and universal a benefit! But, so it is, that my late inactivity has made so small a progress, that, in the History of Trades, I am not advanced a step; finding (to my infinite grief) my great imperfections for the attempt, and the many subjections, which I cannot support, of conversing with mechanical capricious persons, and several other discouragements; so that, giving over a design of that magnitude, I am ready to acknowledge my fault, if from any expression of mine there was any room to hope for such a production, farther than by a short collection of some heads and materials, and a continual propensity of endeavouring in some particular, to encourage so noble a work, as far as I am able, a specimen whereof I have transmitted to Mr. Hartlib, concerning the ornaments of gardens, which I have requested him to communicate to you, as one from whom I hope to receive my best and most considerable furniture; which favour, I do again and again humbly supplicate; and especially, touching the first chapter of the third book, the eleventh and twelfth of the first; and indeed, on every particular of the whole. Sir, I thank you for your receipts: there is no danger I should prostitute them, having encountered in books what will sufficiently (I hope) gratify the curiosity of most, when in my third I speak of the laboratory. But I remit you what I have written to Mr. Hartlib, and begging pardon for this presumption, crave leave to remain,

Sir,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

J. EVELYN.

Sir, do you know whether Campanella has said any thing concerning altering the shape of fruits, &c., and how I may obtain the perusal of *Benedicti Curtii Hortorum Lib. 30. Lugd. 1560. fol. 2*

*John Evelyn to the Hon. Robert Boyle.*

*Sayes-Court, Sep. 3, 1659.*

NOBLE SIR,

Together with these testimonies of my cheerful obedience to your commands, and a faithful promise of transmitting the rest, if yet there remain any thing worthy your acceptance amongst my unpolished and scattered collections, I do here make bold to trouble you with a more minute discovery of the design, which I casually mentioned to you, concerning my great inclination to redeem the remainder of my time, considering, *quam parum mihi supersit ad metas*; so as may best improve it to the glory of God Almighty, and the benefit of others. And, since it has proved impossible for me to attain to it hitherto (though in this my private and mean station) by reason of that fond morigeration to the mistaken customs of the age, which not only rob men of their time, but extremely of their virtue and best advantages; I have established with myself, that it is not to be hoped for, without some resolutions of quitting these incumbrances, and instituting such a manner of life, for the future, as may best conduce to a design so much breathed after, and, I think, so advantageous. In order to this, I propound, that since we are not to hope for a mathematical college, much less, a Solomon's house, hardly a friend in this sad *Catalysis*, and *inter hos armorum strepitus*, a period so uncharitable and perverse; why might not some gentlemen, whose geniuses are greatly suitable, and who desire nothing more than to give a good example, preserve science, and cultivate themselves, join together in society, and resolve upon some orders and œconomy, to be mutually observed, such as shall best become the end of their union, if, I cannot say, without a kind of singularity, because the thing is new: yet such, at least, as shall be free from pedantry, and all affectation? The possibility, Sir, of this is so obvious, that I profess, were I not an aggregate person, and so obliged, as well by my own nature as the laws of decency, and their merits, to provide for my dependents, I would cheerfully devote my small fortune towards a design, by which I might hope to assemble some small number

together who would resign themselves to live profitably and sweetly together. But since I am unworthy so great a happiness, and that it is not now in my power, I propose that if any one worthy person, and *quis meliore luto*, so qualified as Mr. Boyle, will join in the design (for not with every one, rich and learned; there are very few disposed, and it is the greatest difficulty to find the man) we would not doubt, in a short time, by God's assistance, to be possessed of the most blessed life that virtuous persons could wish or aspire to in this miserable and uncertain pilgrimage, whether considered as to the present revolutions, or what may happen for the future in all human probability. Now, Sir, in what instances, and how far this is practicable, permit me to give you an account of, by the calculations which I have deduced for our little foundation.

I propose the purchasing of thirty or forty acres of land, in some healthy place, not above twenty-five miles from London; of which a good part should be tall wood, and the rest upland pastures or downs, sweetly irrigated. If there were not already an house which might be converted, &c., we would erect upon the most convenient site of this, near the wood, our building, viz. one handsome pavilion, containing a refectory, library, with drawing-room, and a closet; this the first story; for we suppose the kitchen, larders, cellars, and offices to be contrived in the half story under ground. In the second should be a fair lodging chamber, a pallet-room, gallery, and a closet; all which should be well and very nobly furnished, for any worthy person that might desire to stay any time, and for the reputation of the college. The half story above for servants, wardrobes, and like conveniences. To the entry fore front of this a court, and at the other back front a plot walled in of a competent square, for the common seraglio, disposed into a garden; or it might be only carpet, kept curiously, and to serve for bowls, walking, or other recreations, &c., if the company please. Opposite to the house, towards the wood, should be erected a pretty chapel; and at equal distances (even with the flanking walls of the square) six apartments or cells, for the members of the Society, and not contiguous to the pavilion, each whereof should contain a small bedchamber, an outward room, a closet, and a private garden, somewhat after the manner of

the Carthusians. There should likewise be one laboratory, with a repository for rarities and things of nature; aviary, dovehouse, physic garden, kitchen garden, and a plantation of orchard fruit, &c., all uniform buildings, but of single stories, or a little elevated. At convenient distance towards the olitory garden should be a stable for two or three horses, and a lodging for a servant or two. Lastly, a garden house, and conservatory for tender plants.

The estimate amounts thus. The pavilion 400*l.*, chapel 150*l.*, apartments, walls, and out-housing 600*l.*; the purchase of the fee for thirty acres, at 15*l.* per acre, eighteen years purchase, 400*l.*; the total 1550*l.*, 1600*l.* will be the utmost. Three of the cells or apartments, that is, one moiety, with the appurtenances, shall be at the disposal of one of the founders, and the other half at the other's.

If I and my wife take up two apartments (for we are to be decently asunder; however I stipulate, and her inclination will greatly suit with it, that shall be no impediment to the Society, but a considerable advantage to the economic part), a third shall be for some worthy person; and to facilitate the rest, I offer to furnish the whole pavilion completely, to the value of 500*l.* in goods and movables, if need be, for seven years, till there be a public stock, &c.

There shall be maintained at the public charge, only a chaplain, well qualified, an ancient woman to dress the meat, wash, and do all such offices, a man to buy provisions, keep the garden, horses, &c., a boy to assist him, and serve within.

At one meal a day, of two dishes only (unless some little extraordinary upon particular days or occasions, then never exceeding three) of plain and wholesome meat; a small refection at night: wine, beer, sugar, spice, bread, fish, fowl, candle, soap, oats, hay, fuel, &c., at 4*l.* per week, 200*l.* per annum; wages 15*l.*; keeping the gardens 20*l.*; the chaplain 20*l.* per annum. Laid up in the treasury yearly 145*l.*, to be employed for books, instruments, drugs, trials, &c. The total 400*l.* a year, comprehending the keeping of two horses for the chariot or the saddle, and two kine: so that 200*l.* per annum will be the utmost that the founders shall be at, to maintain the whole Society, consisting of nine persons (the servants included) though there should no others join capable

to alleviate the expense; but if any of those who desire to be of the Society be so qualified as to support their own particulars, and allow for their own proportion, it will yet much diminish the charge; and of such there cannot want some at all times, as the apartments are empty.

If either of the founders think it expedient to alter his condition, or that anything do *humanitus contingere*, he may resign to another, or sell to his colleague, and dispose of it as he pleases, yet so as it still continue the institution.

#### ORDERS.

At six in summer prayers in the chapel. To study till half an hour after eleven. Dinner in the refectory till one. Retire till four. Then called to conversation (if the weather invite) abroad, else in the refectory; this never omitted but in case of sickness. Prayers at seven. To bed at nine. In the winter the same, with some abatements for the hours, because the nights are tedious, and the evening's conversation more agreeable; this in the refectory. All play interdicted, *sans* bowls, chess, &c. Every one to cultivate his own garden. One month in spring a course in the elaboratory on vegetables, &c. In the winter a month on other experiments. Every man to have a key of the elaboratory, pavilion, library, repository, &c. Weekly fast. Communion once every fortnight, or month at least. No stranger easily admitted to visit any of the Society, but upon certain days weekly, and that only after dinner. Any of the Society may have his commons to his apartment, if he will not meet in the refectory, so it be not above twice a week. Every Thursday shall be a music meeting at conversation hours. Every person of the Society shall render some public account of his studies weekly if thought fit, and especially shall be recommended the promotion of experimental knowledge, as the principal end of the institution. There shall be a decent habit and uniform used in the college. One month in the year may be spent in London, or any of the Universities, or in a perambulation for the public benefit, &c., with what other orders shall be thought convenient, &c.

Thus, Sir, I have in haste (but to your loss not in a laconic style) presumed to communicate to you (and truly, in my life, never to any but yourself) that project which for some time has traversed my thoughts: and therefore far from being the effect either of an impertinent or trifling spirit, but the result of mature and frequent reasonings. And, Sir, is not this the same that many noble personages did at the confusion of the empire by the barbarous Goths, when Saint Hierome, Eustochius, and others, retired from the impertinences of the world to the sweet recesses and societies in the East, till it came to be burthened with the vows and superstitions, which can give no scandal to our design, that provides against all such snares?

Now to assure you, Sir, how pure and unmixed the design is from any other than the public interest propounded by me, and to redeem the time to the noblest purposes, I am thankfully to acknowledge that, as to the common forms of living in the world I have little reason to be displeas'd at my present condition, in which, I bless God, I want nothing conducing either to health or honest diversion, extremely beyond my merit; and therefore would I be somewhat choice and scrupulous in my colleague, because he is to be the most dear person to me in the world. But oh! how I should think it designed from heaven, *et tanquam numen diopterès*, did such a person as Mr. Boyle, who is alone a society of all that were desirable to a consummate felicity, esteem it a design worthy his embracing! Upon such an occasion how would I prostitute all my other concernments! how would I exult! and, as I am, continue upon infinite accumulations and regards,

Sir,

His most humble, and most obedient servant,

J. EVELYN.

If my health permits me the honour to pay my respects to you before you leave the Town, I will bring you a rude plot of the building, which will better fix the idea, and show what symmetry it holds with this description.

*John Evelyn to the Hon. Robert Boyle.*

*Sayes-Court, Sept. 29, 1659.*

SIR

I send you this enclosed, the product of your commands, but the least instance of my ambition to serve you : and when I shall add, that if an oblation of whatever else I possess can verify the expression of my greater esteem of your incomparable book, which is indited with a pen snatched from the wing of a seraphim, exalting your divine incentives to that height, that being sometimes ravished with your description of that transcendant state of angelical amours, I was almost reconciled to the passion of Cleombrotus, who threw himself into the water upon the reading of Plato, and (as despairing to enjoy it) ready to cry out with St. Paul, *cupio dissolvi*, and to be in the embraces of this seraphic love, which you have described to that perfection as if in the company of some celestial harbinger you had taken flight, and been ravished into the third heaven, where you have heard words unutterable, and from whence you bring us such affections and divine inclinations, as are only competent to angels and to yourself : for so powerful is your eloquence, so metaphysical your discourse, and sublime your subject. And though by all this, and your rare example, you civilly declaim against the mistakes we married persons usually make ; yet I cannot think it a paralogism or insidious reasoning, which you manage with so much ingenuity, and pursue with so great judgment. But certainly it was an extraordinary grace, that at so early years, and amidst the arduous of youth, you should be able to discern so maturely, and determine so happily : avoid the Syren, and escape the tempest : but thus, when the curiosity of Psyche had lighted the taper, and was resolved to see what so ardently embraced her, she discovered an impertinent child, the weakness and folly of the passion. You, Sir, found its imperfections betimes ; and that men then ceased to be wise when they began to be in love, unless, with you, they could turn nature into grace, and at once place their affections on the right object. But, Sir, though you seem tender of the consequence all this while, the conclusion will speak as well as your exam-

ple ; that though you have said nothing of marriage, which is the result of love, yet you suppose that it were hard to become a servant without folly ; and that there are ten thousand inquietudes espoused with a mistress. That the fruits of children are tears and weakness, whilst the productions of the spirit put their parents neither to charge nor trouble ; that all these heroes, of whom we read, esteemed most precious of the celibate. Alexander had no child, and Hercules left no heir ; Pallas was born of the brain of Jupiter ; and the Venus Urania of the Platonists made love only to the soul, which she united to the essence of God (according to their divinity), and had no lower commerce than what you so worthily celebrate in your book, and cultivate in your life. But though these were all true, and all that you have added since, I find the passion of Lindamore rather to be pitied than criminal, because Hermione's was not reciprocal ; though she were cruel, the sex is tender, and amiable, pious, and useful ; and will never want champions to defend their virtues and assert their dues, that is, our love and our service. For if it be virtuous, it is the nearest to the seraphical ; and whatever can be objected against it, proceeds from the vices of the person's defect, or extremes of the passion. But you instance in the jealousies, diseases, follies, and inconstancies of love : the sensual truly is obnoxious to all these ; but who have been the martyrs, where the design was not plainly brutish, indifferent to the education, or blinded with avarice ? And if you have example of their hatred and perfidy, I can produce a thousand of their affection and integrity. What think you, Sir, of Alcestis, that ran into the funeral pile of her husband ? The goodness of Emilia, the chastity of Lucretia, the faith of Furia, of Portia, and infinite others who knew nothing that the Christian institution has superadded ? And the Scriptures are full of worthy examples, since it was from the effects of conjugal love that the Saviour of the world, and that great object of seraphic love, derived his incarnation, who was the son of David. Take away this love, and the whole earth is but a desert ; and though there were nothing more worthy eulogies than virginity, it is yet but the result of love, since those that shall people paradise, and fill heaven with saints, are such as have been subject to this passion,



and were the products of it. In sum, it is by that the church has consecrated to God both virgins and martyrs, and confessors, these five thousand years; and he that said it was not good for man to be alone, placed the celibate amongst the inferior states of perfection, whatsoever some affirm; seeing that of St. Paul is not general, and he confesses he had no command from the Lord. It was the best advice in a time of persecution, the present distress, and for an itinerant apostle; and truly it is what I so recommend to all of that function, that, for many regards I could wish them all as seraphims, who do neither marry nor are given in marriage. But I cannot consent that such a person as Mr. Boyle be so indifferent, decline a virtuous love, or imagine that the best ideas are represented only in romances, where love begins, proceeds, and expires in the pretty tale, but leaves us no worthy impressions of its effects. We have nobler examples; and the wives of philosophers, pious and studious persons, shall furnish our instances. For such was Pudentilla, that held the lamp to her husband's lucubrations; such a companion had the learned Budæus; and the late adventure of Madam Grotius, celebrated by her Hugo, who has not heard of? We need not go abroad; the committee chambers, and the parliament lobby, are sad, but evident testimonies of the patience, and the address, the love, and the constancy of these gentle creatures. In fine, they bear us out of love, and they give us such; they divert us when we are well, and tend us when we are sick; they grieve over us when we die, and some, I have known, that would not be comforted and survive. But, Sir, Ludov. Vives has written a volume on this subject, and taken all his histories from the love of Christian women. Jacobus de Voragine gives us twelve motives to acknowledge the good we receive by them, and I could add a thousand more, were not that of Pliny *instar omnium*, who writing to his mother-in-law Hispulla, that brought his lady up, gives her this character: "Summum est acumen, summa frugalitas: amat me, quod castitatis indicium est. Accedit his studium literarum, quod ex mei charitate concepit. Meos libellos habet, lectitat, ediscit etiam. Qua illa sollicitudine cum videor acturus; quanto, cum egi, gaudio afficitur;" and a little after, "Versus quidem meos cantat etiam, formatque cithara,

non artifice aliquo docente, sed amore, qui magister est optimus:" whence he well foresees, "perpetuam nobis majoremque indies futuram esse concordiam:" discoursing in that which follows, of the nobleness and purity of her affection, with this elegant and civil acknowledgment, "certatim ergo tibi gratias agimus: ego, quod illam mihi: illa, quod me sibi dederis, quasi invicem deligeris." And what if Mr. Boyle himself did love such a lady, "gratâ aliqua compede adstrictus," would it hinder him from the seraphic, or the pursuit of his worthy inquiries? There is no danger, that he should be taught philosophy as Socrates was, who already commands his passions, and has divinity sufficient to render even Xantippe a saint; and whose arguments for the seraphic love would make all men to envy his condition, and suspect their own, if it could once be admitted that those who are given to be *auxilia commoda* should hinder them in the love of God, whereof marriage is a figure—for so the apostle makes the parallel, when he speaks of the spouse, Ephes. v.; and devotion is so generally conspicuous in the female sex, that they furnish the greater part of many litanies, and whom, if we may not pray to, we ought certainly to praise God for; not so much because they were virgins, as that they were the mothers and the daughters of the greatest saints, and lights of the Church, who propagated the seraphic love with their examples, and sealed it with their blood. But, dear Sir, mistake me not all this while, for I make not this recital as finding the least period in your most excellent discourse prejudicial to the conjugal state; or that I have the vanity to imagine my forces capable to render you a proselyte of Hymen's, who have already made the worthiest choice; much less to magnify my own condition, and lay little snares for those obvious replies, which return in compliments, and odious flatteries. I have never encountered any thing extraordinary, or dare lay claim to the least of the virtues I have celebrated: but if I have the conversation capable of exalting and improving our affections, even to the highest of objects, and to contribute very much to human felicity, I cannot pronounce the love of the sex to be at all misapplied, or to the prejudice of the most seraphical. And if to have the fruition and the knowledge of our friends in heaven, will be so considerable

an augmentation of our felicity, how great is that of the married like to prove, since there is not on earth a friendship comparable to it? Or if paradise and the ark be the most adequate resemblances of those happy mansions, you may remember there were none but couples there, and that every creature was in love.

But why do I torment your eyes with these impertinencies? which would never have end, did I not consider I am but writing a letter, and how much better you are wont to place your precious hours. But, Sir, I have now but a word to add, and it is to tell you, that, if after all this, we acknowledge your victory, find all our arguments too weak to contest with your seraphical object, pronounce you wise, and infinitely happy; yet, as if envying that any one else should be so, you have too long concealed the discourses which should have gained you disciples, and are yet not afraid to make apologies for employing that talent, which you cannot justify the wrapping up all this while in a napkin. We therefore, that are entangled in our mistakes, and acknowledge our imperfections, must needs declare against it, as the least effects of a seraphic lover, which were to render all men like himself. And since there is now no other remedy, make the best use of it we can, as St. Paul advises, "ut qui habent uxores, sint tanquam non habentes," &c., and for the rest, serve and love God as well as we may, in the condition we are assigned; which if it may not approach to the perfection of seraphim, and that of Mr. Boyle, let it be as near as it can, and we shall not account ourselves amongst the most unhappy, for having made some virtuous addresses to that fair sex.

Dearest Sir, permit me to tell you, that I extremely loved you before; but my heart is infinitely knit to you now: for what are we not to expect from so timely a consecration of your excellent abilities? The *Primitiæ* sanctified the whole harvest, and you have at once, by this incomparable piece, taken off the reproach which lay upon piety, and the inquiries into nature; that the one was too early for younger persons, and the other the ready way to atheism, than which, as nothing has been more impiously spoken, so, nor has anything been more fully refuted. But Sir, I have finished; pardon this great excess; it is love that con-

strains me, and the effects of your discourses, from which I have learned so many excellent things that they are not to be numbered and merited with less than I have said, and than I profess, which is to continue all my life long,

Sir,

Your most humble, obliged,  
and most affectionate servant,

J. EVELYN.

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.*

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

Yours, dated July 23rd, I received not till All Saint's day; it seems it was stopped by the intervening troubles in England: but it was lodged in a good hand, and came safely and unbroken to me. I must needs beg the favour of you that I may receive from you an account of your health and present conditions, and of your family; for I fear concerning all my friends, but especially for those few very choice ones I have, lest the present troubles may have done them any violence in their affairs or content. It is now long since that cloud passed; and though I suppose the sky is yet full of meteors and evil prognostics, yet you all have time to consider concerning your peace and your securities. That was not God's time to relieve his church, and I cannot understand from what quarter that wind blew, and whether it was for or against us. But God disposes all things wisely; and religion can receive no detriment or diminution but by our own fault. I long, Sir, to come to converse with you; for I promise to myself that I may receive from you an excellent account of your progression in religion, and that you are entered into the experimental and secret way of it, which is that state of excellency whither good persons use to arrive after a state of repentance and caution. My retirement in this solitary place hath been, I hope, of some advantage to me as to this state of religion, in which I am yet but a novice; but by the goodness of God I see fine things before me whither I am contending. It is a great but a good work and I beg of you to assist me with your prayers, and to obtain of God for me that I may arrive to that height of love and union with God,

which is given to all those souls who are very dear to God. Sir, if it please God, I purpose to be in London in April next, where I hope for the comfort of conversing with you. In the mean time, be pleased to accept my thanks for your great kindness in taking care of me in that token you were pleased to leave with Mr. Martin.<sup>1</sup> I am sorry the evil circumstances of the times made it any way afflictive or inconvenient. I had rather you should not have been burdened than that I should have received kindness on hard conditions to you. Sir, I shall not trouble your studies now, for I suppose you are very busy there; but I shall desire the favour that I may know what you are now doing, for you cannot separate your affairs from being of concern to,

Dear Sir,

Your very affectionate friend,

and humble servant,

JER. TAYLOR.

*Portmore, Nov. 3, 1659.*

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.*

*Portmore, Feb. 10, 1659-60.*

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

I received yours of Dec. 2, in very good time; but although it came to me before Christmas, yet it pleased God about that time to lay his gentle hand upon me; for I had been, in the worst of our winter weather, sent for to Dublin by our late Anabaptist commissioners,<sup>2</sup> and found the evil of it so great, that in my going I began to be ill; but in my return, had my ill redoubled and fixed; but it hath pleased God to restore my health. I hope *ad majorem Dei gloriam*; and now that I can easily write, I return you my very hearty thanks for your very obliging letter, and particularly for the inclosed. Sir, the Apology<sup>3</sup> you were pleased to send me, I read both privately, and heard read publicly

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Martin is the bookseller referred to in a previous letter, and the allusion is to an instalment of the pension still allowed to Taylor by Evelyn.

<sup>2</sup> This is the trouble into which he was brought "for using the sign of the cross in baptism" mentioned in his first letter from Portmore.

<sup>3</sup> Apology for the Royal Party. See Evelyn's "Miscellaneous Writings," 1825, 4to., p. 163.

with no little pleasure and satisfaction. The materials are worthy, and the dress is clean, and orderly, and beautiful; and I wish that all men in the nation were obliged to read it twice: it is impossible but it must do good to those guilty persons, to whom it is not impossible to repent. Your character<sup>1</sup> hath a great part of a worthy reward, that it is translated into a language in which it is likely to be read by very many *beaux esprits*. But that which I promise to myself as an excellent entertainment, is your "Elysium Britannicum." But, Sir, seeing you intend it to the purposes of piety as well as pleasure, why do you not rather call it Paradisus than Elysium; since the word is used by the Hellenish Jews to signify any place of spiritual and immaterial pleasure, and excludes not the material and secular. Sir, I know you are such a *curieux*, and withal so diligent and inquisitive, that not many things of the delicacy of learning, relating to your subject, can escape you; and therefore it would be great imprudence in me to offer my little mite to your already digested heap. I hope, ere long, to have the honour to wait on you, and to see some parts and steps of your progression; and then if I see I can bring anything to your building, though but hair and sticks, I shall not be wanting in expressing my readiness to serve and to honour you, and to promote such a work, than which I think, in the world, you could not have chosen a more apt and a more ingenious.

Sir, I do really bear a share in your fears and your sorrows for your dear boy. I do, and shall pray to God for him; but I know not what to say in such things. If God intends, by these clouds, to convey him and you to brighter graces, and more illustrious glories respectively, I dare not, with too much passion, speak against the so great good of a person that is so dear to me, and a child that is so dear to you. But I hope that God will do what is best; and I humbly beg of him to choose what is that best for you both. As soon as the weather and season of the spring gives leave, I intend, by God's permission, to return to England: and when I come to London with the first to wait on you, for whom I have so great regard, and from whom I have received so many testimonies of a worthy

<sup>1</sup> Character of England. See "Miscellaneous Writings," p. 141.

friendship, and in whom I know, so much worthiness is deposited.

I am, most faithfully and cordially,  
Your very affectionate and obliged servant,  
JER. TAYLOR.

*John Evelyn to Dr. John Wilkins,<sup>1</sup> "President of our Society at Gresham College."*

*Sayes-Court, 17 Feb. 1659-60.*

SIR,

Though I suppose it might be a mistake that there was a meeting appointed to-morrow (being a day of public solemnity and devotion), yet because I am uncertain, and would not disobey your commands, I here send you my trifling observations concerning the anatomy of trees, and their vegetative motion. It is certain, as Dr. Goddard has shown,<sup>2</sup> that a section of any tree made parallel to the horizon, will by the closeness of the circles point to the North, and so consequently, if a perpendicular be drawn through them for the meridian, the rest of the cardinals, &c. found out; but this is not so universal, but that where strong reflections are made, as from walls, the warm fumes of dunghills, and especially if the southern side be shaded, &c., those elliptical and hyperbolical circles are sometimes very irregular; and I doubt not but by some art might be made to have their circles as orderly as those which we find in Brasile, Ebene, &c., which, within a very little, concentre by reason of the uniform course of the Sun about them; this being doubtless the cause of their greater dilatation on the south part only with us, when the pores are more open, and less constipated. The consideration whereof (though nowhere mentioned that I know) made the poet, giving advice concerning transplantations, to caution thus,

Quin etiam Cœli regionem in cortice signant,  
Ut quo quæque modo steterit, qua parte calores  
Austrinos tulerit, quæ terga obverterit axi,  
Restituant: adeo in teneris consuescere multum est.

<sup>1</sup> So described by Evelyn; and see *Diary*, vol. i. pp. 305, 306.

<sup>2</sup> In his "Observations concerning the nature and similar parts of Tree," which were afterwards published in folio, 1664. Dr. Jonathan Goddard was an eminent Physician, Botanist, and promoter of the Royal Society. He was born at Greenwich about 1617, and died in 1674.

And though Pliny neglect it as an unnecessary curiosity, I can by much experience confirm it, that not one tree in 100 would miscarry were it duly observed; for in some I have made trial of it even at Midsummer. But what I would add is touching the grain of many woods, and the reason of it, which I take to be the descent, as well as the ascent of moisture; for what else becomes of that water which is frequently found in the cavities where many branches spread themselves at the tops of great trees, especially pollards, unless (according to its natural appetite) it sink into the very body of the stem through the pores? For example; in the Walnut, you shall find, when 'tis old, that the wood is rarely figured and marbled as it were, and therefore much more esteemed by joiners, &c., than the young, which is whiter and without any grains: for the rain distilling along the branches, where many of them come out in clusters together from the stem, sinks in, and is the cause of these marks; for it is exceedingly full of pores. Do but plane a thin chip off from one of these old trees, and interpose it 'twixt your eye and the light, and you shall perceive it full of innumerable holes. But above all conspicuous for these works and damaskings, is the Maple (a finer sort whereof the Germans call Air, and therefore much sought after by the instrument makers): 'tis notorious that this tree is full of branches from the very root to the summit, by reason it bears no considerable fruit. These branches being frequently cut, the head is the more surcharged with them, which, spreading like so many rays from a centre, form that cavity at the top of the stem whence they shoot as contains a good quantity of water every time it rains: this sinking into the pores, as we hinted before, is compelled to divert its course as it passes through the body of the tree, wherever it finds the knot of any of these branches which were cut off from the stem of the tree; because their roots not only deeply penetrate towards the heart, but are likewise of themselves very hard and impervious; and the frequent obliquity of this course of the subsiding waters, by reason of these obstacles, is the cause of those curious and rare undulations and works which we find remarkable in this and other woods, whose branches grow thick from the stem.

Sir, I know not whether I have well explain'd my con-



ception, but such as it is I offer it, and it was your commands I should do so, together with that Treatise or History of Chalcography, as part of the task you have imposed; but with this hope and humble request, that, knowing upon what other subject I was engaged before I had the honour to be elected one of this august Society, I may obtain its indulgence, not to expect many other things from me 'till it be accomplished; rather that you will take all occasions which may contribute to my design. It is there, Sir, that I have at large discoursed of the vegetation of plants, and upon that argument which Sir K. Digby and the rest so long discoursed at our last encounter, but it shall not be so in this paper, which is now at an end, &c.

Your, &c.

*Samuel Hartlib to John Evelyn.*<sup>1</sup>

1660.

HONOURED SIR,

You cannot believe how welcome and obliging your last of February 4th was yesterday unto me. Mr. Poleman is a man of great and real worth. He is about another edition of his *Novum Lumen Medicum*: as soon as it is published I shall not fail to give you due notice of it. Here I present you with the model of the Christian Society really begun in Germany: but the cursed Bohemian wars did destroy so noble and Christian a design, as likewise the Protestant nunnery in Silesia founded by Schonaich. Campanilla in his Tract *De Subjugandis Belgis* is said to assert that by the force of schooling and education whole nations may be subdued: children's senses and tempers should certainly be filled with all manner of natural and artificial objects as the truest precognition for all their after-studies, which have been hitherto utterly neglected. By a discourse of the famous German critic Gilhardus Lubinus, which I have published, you will see what a lover I am of such foundations: it contains also discourses for the right improving of children's senses. Dr. Petty,<sup>2</sup> when he was in

<sup>1</sup> See *Diary*, vol. i. p. 326.

<sup>2</sup> See *Diary*, vol. i. p. 379 and vol. ii. pp. 101—104.

his flourishing condition in Ireland, had a main design to erect a Glottical College: the contrivance would have been more accurate, I am persuaded, than any that hath been hitherto extant, but now I fear he hath other fish to fry. I know Mr. Beale will also approve your judgment concerning monastic education: he hath begun some essays of this latter subject which were truly excellent. I should be mighty glad to be advertised when those select essays of St. Jerome shall come forth by that reserved hand. Sir, let me adjure you by the universal felicity of mankind to persevere in your worthy intentions to give us a true body (I mean such as you intimate) of Economical Government; and despairing to see it so as it ought to be from others, I most passionately beg it from your own hands, which done, will make me to profess myself for ever, honoured Sir, yours very truly to love and serve you.

SAMUEL HARTLIB.

*John, Lord Mordaunt to John Evelyn.*

23rd April, 1661.

SIR,

I have spoke with his majesty, and he expects your oration<sup>1</sup> as soon as he has dined. He asked me if it were in Latin, which I resolved: he said he hoped it would not be very long. This I thought fit to intimate to you. I shall dine at Court, at my Lord Steward's, where, if you inquire, you will find your most humble servant,

MORDAUNT.

*Thomas Barlow to John Evelyn.*

Queen's College, Oxford, June 10, 1661

SIR,

I received yours, and return my heartiest thanks for that great and undeserved honour you were pleased to do me, in the MS. you long since sent me. You may justly

<sup>1</sup> On the occasion of the Coronation of Charles II. It was not an oration but a poetical panegyric, the possible length of which had not unnaturally alarmed the king. See *Diary*, vol. i. p. 371.

wonder why I did not this before, and why that ingenious piece which you had made speak English so well and naturally, came not out in print; seeing, besides the advantage to the public, it would in respect of the matter have been beneficial, and in respect to the hand whence it came honourable to me in particular, had it been published. This I understood well enough and put it into the printer's hand long ago, who (after finishing some work then in his hand) was to have undertaken it. The issue was, when I called upon him to go on with the MS., it was lost, and since cannot by any industry be retrieved. This fatal and sad accident, though it be not my crime, yet 'tis my great calamity, so that I shall deserve your pity, and if you will, your pardon too, if I have not been innocent in so great a loss. I hope you may have a copy of it still to present to that honourable person you mention, and then I shall not account the former miscarriage a misfortune, but a good providence, whereby that ingenious Tract was not lost but preserved for a dedication worthy of the person that presents it. This is the hope of,

Sir,

Your most obliged faithful servant,

THOMAS BARLOW.

*John Evelyn to the Honourable Robert Boyle.*

*Sayes-Court, Sept. 13, 1661.*

SIR,

I send you the receipt of the varnish, and believe it to be very exact, because it is so particular; and that I received it from the hand of a curious person, who, having made trial of it himself, affirms it to have succeeded. I send you also another trifle, which has a nearer relation to me, and you will easily pardon my indignation, however you pity the rest of my errors, to which there is superadded so great a presumption: not that I believe what I have written should produce the desired effects, but to indulge my passion, and in hopes of obtaining a partial reformation; if, at least, his Majesty pursue the resentment which he lately expressed against this nuisance, since this pamphlet

was prepared. Sir, I am your creditor for Schotti, and shall faithfully render it whenever your summons calls: my leisure has not yet permitted me to transcribe some things out of it, which concerns me on another subject; but if the detaining it longer be no prejudice to you, it is in a safe depositum. Sir, I have not bought two of your last books, and yet possibly I could render you some account of them. My thirst and impatience is too great to show the least indifferency, when anything of yours is to be had; this does not absolve you from making him a present who, it may be, takes no greater felicity in the world than to see his small library enriched with your illustrious works, and they to come to me *ex dono auctoris*. Dearest Sir, pardon this innocent stratagem, and the presumption of,

Sir,

Your most faithful, and most obedient servant,

J. EVELYN.

Sir, I must take this opportunity to give you thanks for your great civilities to my cousin Baily, and to supplicate the continuance of your favour to him, as by which you will infinitely oblige an industrious and deserving gentleman.

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.*

*Dublin, November 16, 1661.*

DEAR SIR,

Your own worthiness and the obligations you have so often passed upon me have imprinted in me so great a value and kindness to your person, that I think myself not a little concerned in yourself and all your relations, and all the great accidents of your life. Do not therefore think me either impertinent or otherwise without employment, if I do with some care and earnestness inquire into your health, and the present condition of your affairs. Sir, when shall we expect your "Terrestrial Paradise"—your excellent observations and discourses of gardens, of which I had a little posy presented to me by your own hand, and makes me long for more. Sir, I and all that understand excellent fancy, language, and deepest loyalty, are bound to value

your excellent "Panegyric," which I saw and read with pleasure. I am pleased to read your excellent mind in so excellent an idea, for, as a father in a son's face, so is a man's soul imprinted in all the pieces that he labours. Sir, I am so full of public concerns and the troubles of business in my diocese, that I cannot yet have leisure to think of much of my old delightful employment. But I hope I have brought my affairs almost to a consistence, and then I may return again. Royston, the bookseller, hath two sermons, and a little collection of rules for my clergy, which had been presented to you if I had thought them fit for notice, or to send to my dearest friends.

Dear Sir, I pray let me hear from you as often as you can, for you will very much oblige me if you will continue to love me still.<sup>1</sup> I pray give my love and dear regards to worthy Mr. Thurland: let me hear of him and his good lady, and how his son dies. God bless you and yours, him and his. I am,

Dear Sir,  
Your most affectionate friend,  
JEREM DUNENSIS.

*John Evelyn to "Tho. Chiffing,<sup>2</sup> Esq., Page of the back stairs to his Majesty and Keeper of his closet."*

IN answer to the laudable design of his Majesty for fit repositories of those precious Treasures and Curiosities committed to your charge, I conceive you may completely marshal them in a Catalogue (as there set forth.)

<sup>1</sup> It is perhaps worthy of note that this is the last letter preserved of the long and affectionate correspondence of Taylor and Evelyn. Whether it really ceased at this time cannot with certainty be said, but it seems probable. Taylor survived his elevation to his bishopric six years, dying in August, 1667.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Chiffinch, of Northfleet, Esq., Keeper of the Jewels to King Charles II., Keeper of the King's Closet, and Comptroller of the Excise. He was born at Salisbury in 1600, and was brought to the Court of King Charles I. by Bishop Duppa. After the King's death, he, with his wife, went abroad to King Charles II., and continued with him till the Restoration. He died in 1666, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where there is a monument erected to his memory. *Hasted's Hist. of Kent*, vol. i. p. 442.

This were in truth a noble way to preserve his treasure entire; so as upon occasion to permit a sight of it to great princes and curious strangers: for it is great pity it should not be made as famous as the Cabinet of the Duke of Florence and other foreign princes, which are only celebrated by being more universally known, and not because his Majesty's collection is not altogether as worthy, his Majesty being likewise himself so exquisite a judge, as well as possessor, of so many rare things as might render not only Whitehall, but the whole nation, famous for it abroad.

If it be his Majesty's pleasure, I shall, whenever you call upon me, and that it may least importune his privacy, make the inventory of particulars.

To this I would have added, in another Register, the names and portraitures of all the exotic and rare beasts and fowls which have at any time been presented to his Majesty and which are daily sent to his paradise at St. James's Park.

*John Evelyn to Lady Cotton.*<sup>1</sup>

*Sayes-Court, 9 Sept. 1662.*

MADAM,

It was by a visit which was made us this afternoon that we heard how it had pleased God to dispose of your little sweet babe; and, withal, how much the loss of it does yet afflict you. Whatsoever concerns you in this kind is, Madam, a common diminution to the family, and touches every particular of it—but so as our resentments hold proportion to the cause, and that the loss of one does not take away the comfort and the contentment which we ought to have in those who are left, since we must pretend to nothing here, but upon the conditions of mortality, and ten thousand other accidents; and that we may learn to place our felicities in our obedience to the will of God, which is always the best, and to sacrifice our affections upon that altar which can consecrate our very losses, and turn them to our greatest advantage. Madam, I have heard with infinite satisfaction how graciously God had restored you your health: why should you now impair it again by an excess

<sup>1</sup> Wife to his brother, George Evelyn, of Wotton.

of grief which can recal nothing that God has taken to himself in exchange without a kind of ingratitude? There be some may haply soothe your Ladyship in this sensible part (which was the destruction of my dear Mother); but your Ladyship's discretion ought to fortify you against it before it become habitual and dangerous. Remember that you have an husband who loves you entirely: that you have other children who will need your conduct; that you have many friends and a prosperous family. Pluck up your spirits, then, and at once vanquish these hurtful tender-nesses. It is the vote of all that honour and love you; it is what God requires of you, and what I conjure you to resolve upon; and I beseech your La'p, let this express bring us some fairer confidences of it, than the common report does represent it to the grief of,

Madam, your, &c.

*John Evelyn to Mr. Vander Douse,<sup>1</sup> "Grandson to the great Janus Dousa."*

*Sayes-Court, 13 Sept. 1662.*

SIR,

I have to the best of my skill translated your Relation of China: if you find the Argument omitted, it is for that I thought it superfluous, being almost as large as the text; but I have yet left a sufficient space where you may, (if you think good) insert it. In the mean time, it would be consider'd, whether this whole piece will be to the purpose, there having been of late so many accurate descriptions of those countries in particular, as what Father Alvarez Semedo has published in the Italian;<sup>2</sup> Vincent le Blanc in French;<sup>3</sup> and Mandelslo in high Dutch;<sup>4</sup> not omitting the Adventures and Travels of Pinto in Spanish;<sup>5</sup> all

<sup>1</sup> See *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 184.

<sup>2</sup> History of the great and renowned Monarchy of China; translated from the Portuguese into English, by a person of Quality; with cuts. Folio. 1655.

<sup>3</sup> *Voyages fameux du Sieur Vincent le Blanc, Marseillois.* 4to. Paris, 1658.

<sup>4</sup> *Peregrinations from Persia into the East Indies*, translated by John Davies. Folio.

<sup>5</sup> Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, his Travels in the Kingdoms of Ethiopia, China, Tartaria, Cochin China, and a great part of the East Indies; translated out of Portuguese into English by Henry Cogan. Folio. 1668.

of them now speaking the English language. At least I conceive that you might not do amiss to peruse their works, and upon comparing of them with this piece of yours, to observe what there is more accurate and instructive; lest you otherwise seem *actum agere*, as the word is: but this, Sir, I remit to your better judgment, who am,

Sir, your, &c.

*From John Evelyn to Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Croone, Professor of Rhetoric at Gresham College.<sup>1</sup>*

*Sayes Court, 11 July, 1663.*

SIR,

It has neither proceeded from the unmindfulness of your desires, or your deserts, that I had not long before this gratified your inclinations, in finding you out a condition, which it might become you to embrace, if you still continue your laudable curiosity, by wishing for some opportunity to travel, and see the world. There have passed occasions, (and some which did nearly concern my relations) when I might happily have engaged you; but having long had a great ambition to serve you, since I had this in prospect, I rather chose to dispense with my own advantages that I might comply with yours. My worthy and most noble master, Mr. Henry Howard, has by my Cousin Tuke signified to me his desires of some fit person to instruct and travel with his two incomparable children; and I immediately suggested Mr. Croone to them, with such recommendations and civilities as were due to his merits and as became me. This being cheerfully embraced on their part, it will now be yours to second it. All I shall say for your present encouragement is but this: England shall never present you with an equal opportunity; nor were it the least diminution that Mr. Croone, or indeed one of the best gentlemen of the nation, should have the tuition of an heir to the Duke of Norfolk, after the Royal Family the greatest Prince in it. But the title is not the thing I would invite you to, in an age so universally depraved

<sup>1</sup> He founded a course of Algebraic Lectures in seven colleges at Cambridge, and also a yearly anatomical Lecture in the Royal Society.



amongst our wretched nobility. You will here come into a most opulent worthy family, and in which I prognosticate (and I have it assured me) you shall make your fortune, without any further dependances: For the persons who govern there have both the means to be very grateful, and as generous a propensity to it as any family in England: Sir, if you think fit to lay hold on this occasion, I shall take a time to discourse to you of some other particulars which the limits of an hasty letter will not permit me to insert. I have been told to leave this for you at the College; because I was uncertain of seeing you, and that I have promised to give my friends an account of its reception. If your affairs could so far dispense with you as to afford me an afternoon's visit at my poor villa, I should with more liberty confer with you about it, and in hope of that favour I remain,

Sir, your, &c.

*John Evelyn to Dr. Pierce, "President of Magdalen College in Oxford; and one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary."*<sup>1</sup>

*Sayes-Court, 20 Aug. 1663.*

REVEREND SIR,

Being not long since at Somerset-house, to do my duty to her Majesty the Queen Mother, I fortun'd to encounter Dr. Goffe.<sup>2</sup> One of the first things he asked me was, whether I had seen Mr. Cressy's<sup>3</sup> Reply to Dr. Pierce's so much celebrated Sermon? I told him, I had heard much of it, but not as yet seen it: upon which he made me an offer to present me with one of the books, but being in haste, and with a friend, I easily excused his civility, that I could not well stay 'till he should come back from his lodging: in the mean time he gave no ordinary encomiums of that rare piece, which he exceedingly magnified, as beyond all answer; and to reinforce the triumph, he told me that you had written a letter to some friend of yours (a copy whereof he believed he should shortly produce) wherein

<sup>1</sup> See *Diary*, vol. i. p. 334 and 398.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i., p. 21.

<sup>3</sup> Roman Catholic Doctrines no Novelties; or an Answer to Dr. Pierce's Court Sermon, miscalled, The Primitive Rule of Reformation. 8vo. 1663.

(after you had express'd your great resentment that some of the Bishops had made you their property, in putting you upon that ungrateful argument) you totally declined to engage any farther in that controversy: intimating that you would leave it at the Bishops' doors, and trouble yourself no more with it. This (or words to this effect) being spoken to myself, and to some others who stood by, would have weighed more with me, had I not been as well acquainted with these kind of artifices to gain proselytes by, as of your greater discretion never to have written such a Letter, and abilities to vindicate what you have published, when you should see your time. Nor had I likely thought more of it, had not my Lord of Canterbury, the Bishop of Winchester, together with my Lord Chancellor (to whom upon some occasion of private discourse, I recounted the passage) expressly enjoined me to give you notice of it; because they thought it did highly concern you; and that you would take it civilly from me. And, Sir, I have done it faithfully; but with this humble request, that (unless there be very great cause for it) you will be tender of mentioning by what hand your intelligence comes; because it may do me some injury.

Sir, I am perfectly assured, that you will do both yourself and the Church of England that right which becomes you upon this occasion. I will not say that the burthen ought to be cast upon your shoulders alone; but I will pronounce it a greater mark of your charity, and zeal, and such as entitles you to the universal obligation which all men have to you; upon confidence whereof I satisfy myself you will soon dismantle this doughty battery, and assert what you have gained so gloriously.

Thus I discharge my duty, in obedience to their commands. But it is upon another account that I was not displeas'd with having an opportunity by this occasion to express my thanks and great acknowledgments to you, for the present you made me of that your incomparable Sermon, and which in my opinion is sufficiently impregnable; but something must be done by these busy men, to support their credit, though at the irreparable expense of truth and ingenuity. The Epistle before Mr. Cressy's papers does not want confidence: and we are very tame whiles we

suffer our Church to be thus treated by such as being once her sons did so unworthily desert her. But pardon this indignation. I am,

Rev. Sir,

Your most, &c.

*John Evelyn to Dr. Pierce.*

*Lond. 17th Sept. 1663.*

SIR,

I received your favour of the first of this month with very different passions, whiles in some periods you give me reasons so convincing why you should rather consult your health, and gratify your charge, and personal concerns, than reply to impertinent books; and in others again make such generous and noble offers, that the Church of England, and the cause which is now dishonoured, should not suffer through your silence; and I had (according to your commands) made my addresses to those honourable persons with something of what you had instructed me, had either my Lord of Winchester, or my Lord Chancellor been in town. Since I received your letter my Lord of Winchester is indeed gone to Farnham some few days past; but I was detained by special business in the country till this very moment, when coming to London on purpose to wait on him, I missed him unfortunately, and unexpectedly. In the meantime, I was not a little rejoiced at something my Lord of Salisbury did assure me, of some late kind intercourse between you and your Visitor, to the no small satisfaction of all those that love and honour you here.

In pursuance of your farther injunction, I was this very morning with Dr. Goffe: after a short ceremony we touched upon Cressy's pamphlet: He tells me there are eight sheets more printing (by a Reverend Father of the Society, as he named him), who has put Mr. Cressy's rhapsody into mode and figure, that so it might do the work amongst scholars, as it was like to do it with his illiterate proselytes. Upon this I took occasion to remind him of the letter which he lately pretended you had written, intimating your resolution not to reply. After some pause he told me that was a mistake, and that he heard it was only a friend of yours which writ so. Whether he suspected I came a birding, or no, I

cannot be satisfied, but he now blenched what before (I do assure you) he affirmed to me concerning your own writing that letter. This is the infelicity (and I have observed it in more than one) that when men abandon their religion to God, they take their leave also of all ingenuity [ingenuousness] towards men. And what could I make of this shuffling, and caution, now turned to a mistake, and an hearsay? But so it seems was not that of your being offended with the Bishops for the ungrateful task they put upon you, which he often repeated; and the difference betwixt you and your Visitor:—so after a short velitation,<sup>1</sup> we parted. Sir, I have nothing more to add to your trouble, than that I still persist in my supplication, and that you would at last break through all these discouragements and objections for the public benefit. It is true, men deserve it not; but the Church, which is dearer to you than all their contradictions can be grievous, requires it. You can (in the interim) govern a disorderly College which calls for the assiduous care; but so does no less the needs of a despised Church; nor ought any in it concern themselves so much as to this particular, without being uncivil to you: though (I confess) after you have once chastised this insolence, no barking of the curs should provoke you for the future: Sir, I do not use a quarter of those arguments which your friends here suggest, why you ought to gratify the Church by standing in this gap; because I am confident you perfectly discern them; and that though some particular persons may have unjustly injured you, yet she has been kind and indulgent; and in a cause which concerns either her honour or veracity, it will be glorious (not to say grateful) you should vindicate her wrongs. You are not the only subject which that academic Jack-pudding has reproached more bitterly personally: The drunkards made a song of holy David, yet still he danced before the ark of God, and would be more vile. What are we Christians for? I do assure you, there is nothing I have a greater scorn and indignation against, than these wretched scoffers; and I look upon our neglect of severely punishing them as an high defect in our politics, and a forerunner of something very funest.<sup>2</sup> I would to God virtue and sobriety were more in reputation: but we shall turn plainly barbarians, if all

<sup>1</sup> Skirmishing.

<sup>2</sup> Fatal.

good men be discouraged. Sir, you are of a greater mind than not to despise this. *Fa pùr bene e lascia dire.* But I run into extravagancies, and I beseech you to pardon my zeal, and all other the impertinencies of,

Sir, your, &c.

*Thomas Barlow to John Evelyn.*

*Queen's College, 21 June, 1664.*

SIR,

I received by the hands of my worthy friend Dr. Wilkins the last part of the Mystery of Jesuitism; now not more a Mystery; being so well discovered to the world by the pious pains of the Jansenists and yourself. I return (all I am at present able) my hearty thanks and by you well deserved gratitude. I confess I wonder at your goodness and to me continued kindness, seeing upon a strict search, I can find no motive or merit in myself to deserve it, nor any reason to incline you to so much and so little deserved kindness, unless you make your own former favours obligations for future, and resolve to continue kind because you have been so. I am exceedingly pleased with those discoveries of the prodigious villainies and atheism of the Jesuits, who really are the wild fanatics of the Romish faction; who have been (so much as in them lay) the bane of truth and true piety for this last age, and probably may be the ruin of the Roman Idol (the Pope) and bring him low, as he deserves, while they impiously endeavour to set him up too high. Sure I am that Idol hath and will have fewer worshippers. I perceive by many letters from Paris and other parts of France that the sober French Catholics are strangely alarmed by the extravagant principles and practices of the Jesuits; that they seek after, and read diligently, reformed authors to find means against the new heresy, by which they may happily come to discover more truth than they looked for, and at last find (which is most true), that since the Apostles left the world, no book but the Bible nor any definitions are infallible. Pray pardon this impertinent rude scribble of,

Sir,

Your exceedingly obliged and thankful servant,

THOMAS BARLOW.

*John Evelyn to Mr. Sprat, "Chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham, afterwards Bishop of Rochester."*<sup>1</sup>

*Sayes-Court, 31 Octob. 1664.*

UPCN receipt of the Doctor's letter, and the hint of your design, which I received at Oxford in my return from Cornbury, I summoned such scattered notices as I had, and which I thought might possibly serve you in some particulars relating to the person and condition of Sorbriere.

His birth was in Orange, where he was the son of a Protestant, a very indigent and poor man—but however making a shift to give him some education as to letters. He designed him for a minister, and procured him to be pedagogue to a cadet of Mons' le Compte de la Suze, in whose family he lived easily enough, till being at length discovered to be a rampant Socinian, he was discharged of employment, but in revenge whereof ('tis reported) he turned apostate, and renounced his religion, which had been hitherto Huguenot. I forgot to tell you that before this he obtained to be made a schoolmaster to one of the classes in that city; but that promotion was likewise quickly taken from him upon the former suspicion. He has passed through a thousand shapes to ingratiate himself in the world; and after having been an Aristarchus, physician (or rather mountebank), philosopher, critic, and politician (to which last he thought himself worthily arrived by a version of some heterodox pieces of Mr. Hobbes), the late Cardinal Mazarin bestowed on him a pitiful canonicat at Avignon worth about 200 crowns per ann., which being of our money almost 50 pounds, is hardly the salary of an ordinary curate. But for this yet he underwent the basest drudgery of a sycophant in flattering the Cardinal upon all occasions the most sordidly to be imagined, as where I can show you him speaking of this fourb for one of the most learned persons of the age. He styles himself Historiograph du Roy, the mighty meed of the commonest Gazetteer, as that of Conseiller du Roy is of every trifling pettifoger,

<sup>1</sup> This letter alludes to Mons. Sorbriere's "Voyage to England," then just published; and also to "Observations" on the same Voyage by Dr. Sprat.

which is in France a very despicable qualification. It is certain that by some servile intelligences he made shift to screw himself into the acquaintance of many persons of quality, at whose tables he fed, and where he entertained them with his impertinencies. A great favourite of our late republic he was, or rather of the villainy of Cromwell, whose expedition at sea against Holland he infinitely extols, with a prediction of his future glorious achievements, to be seen in an epistle of his to Mons. de Courcelles, 1652, and upon other occasions: not to omit his inciting of our Roman Catholics to improve their condition under his Majesty by some effort, which smells of a rebel spirit, even in this relation which he presumes to dedicate to the French King.

Thus as to the person of that man and his communications: for the rest in which this audacious delator sufficiently exposes himself to your mercy, I forbear to add; unless it be to put you in mind of what occurs to me in relation to your vindicating my Lord Chancellor, whom all the world knows he has most injuriously vilified; and you have an ample field to proceed on, by comparing his birth and education with that of his Cardinal Patron, whom he so excessively magnifies, and even makes a demi-god.

My Lord Chancellor<sup>1</sup> is a branch of that ancient and honourable family of Norbery in Cheshire, as it is celebrated by Mr. Camden in his *Britannia*, and so famous for the long robe, that an uncle's son of his present Lordship came to be no less a man than Lord Chief Justice of England not long since, which dignity runs parallel with their Premier President de Paris, one of the most considerable charges of that kingdom. Nor has this person ascended to this deserved eminency without great and signal merits, having passed through so many superior offices; as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Privy Councillor, Ambassador Extraordinary, &c., not to mention his early engagement with his Majesty Charles I. in a period of so great defection; the divers weighty affaires he has successfully managed, fidelity to the present King, his eloquent tongue, dexterous and happy pen, facetious conversation

<sup>1</sup> Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

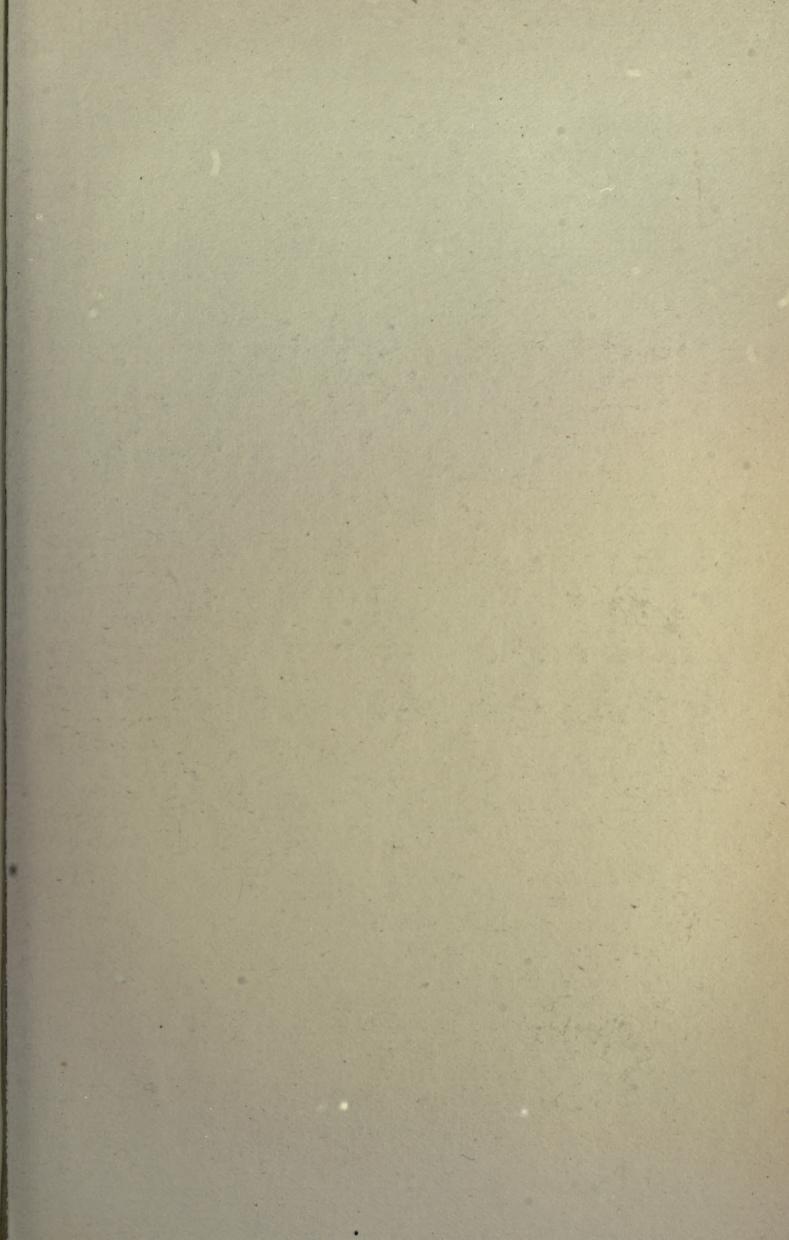
and obliging nature, all of them the products of a free and ingenious education, which was both at the University and Inns of Court, now crowned with an experience and address so consummate, that it were impossible this satirist should have hit on a more unreasonable mistake, than when he refined upon the qualifications of this illustrious Minister. You will meet in a certain letter of the old King's to his consort the Queen Mother, that his Majesty long since had him in his thoughts for Secretary of State. But these topics were infinite; and 'tis no wonder that he should thus defame a Chancellor, who has been so bold as to dare to censure a crowned head, and to call in question the procedure of the King of Denmark about the affair of Cornlitz Ulefield,<sup>1</sup> for which Monsieur l'Abbé de Palmyre has perstringed him to that purpose, and published it in French, together with some observations of an English Gentleman upon the relation of Sorbierre, in which those unworthy and malicious imputations of *lachelé* and baseness in your nation is perfectly vindicated, even by citations only of their own French authors, as namely André du Chesney, Antoine du Verdier, Philip de Commines, and others of no mean name and estimation amongst their most impartial historians—sufficient to assert the courage and gallantry of the English, without mentioning the brave impressions the nation has made even into the very bowels of their country, which after the winning of several signal battles, they kept in subjection some hundreds of years.

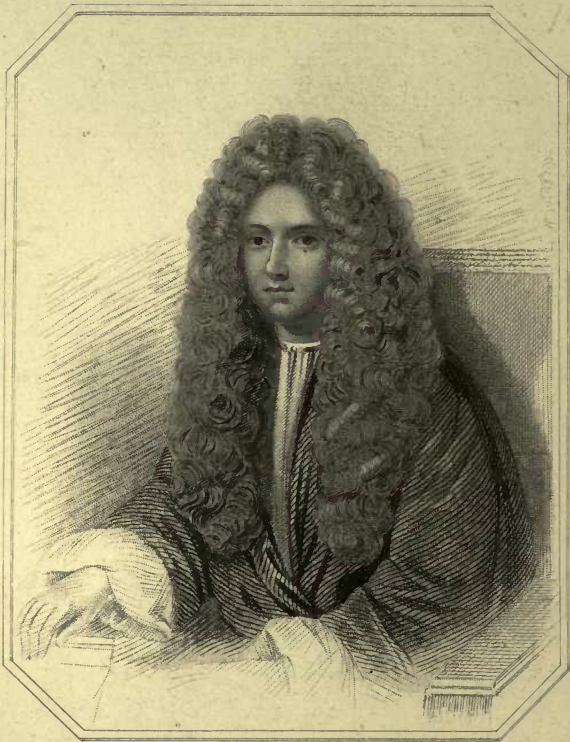
You cannot escape the like choice which he made by which to judge and pronounce of the worth of English books, by the learned collection he carried over with him of the works of that thrice noble Marchioness,<sup>2</sup> no more than of his experience of the English diet by the pottage he ate at my Lord of Devonshire's: but it is much after the rate of his other observations; or else he had not passed so desultorily our Universities and the Navy, with a thousand other particulars worthy the notice and not to be excused

<sup>1</sup> Count Cornelius Ulefield Oxenstiern, Danish Prime Minister.

<sup>2</sup> Margaret Cavendish, Marchioness, afterwards Duchess of Newcastle, a very voluminous writer, both in verse and prose. There are fourteen volumes of her works in thin folios—greater favourites with Charles Lamb two hundred years after her Grace's death, than they appear to have been with Evelyn in her lifetime.







THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE.

OB. 1691.

in one pretending to make relations; to omit his subtle reflections on matters of state, and meddling with things he had nothing to do with: such as were those false and presumptuous suggestions of his that the Presbyterians were forsooth the sole restorers of the King to his throne; and the palpable ignorance of our Historiograph Royal where he pretends to render an account of divers ancient passages relating to the English Chronicle, and the jurisdiction and legislative power of Parliaments, which he mingles and compares with that of Kings, to celebrate and qualify his politics: upon all which you have infinite advantages. It is true he was civilly received by the Royal Society, as a person who had recommended himself to them by pretending he was secretary to an assembly of learned men formerly meeting at Mons<sup>r</sup>. Monmors at Paris; so as he had been plainly barbarous not to have acknowledged it by the mention he makes; while those who better know whose principles the Mushroom<sup>1</sup> is addicted to, must needs suspect his integrity; since there lives not on the earth a person who has more disobliged it.

Sir, I am, &c.

P.S — I know not how you may have design'd to publish your reflections upon this disingenuous Traveller; but it would certainly be most communicative and effectual in Latin, the other particular of his relation coming only to those who understand the French, in which language it is already going to be printed.

*John Evelyn to the Honourable Robert Boyle.*

*Sayes-Court, Nov. 23, 1664.*

SIR,

The honour you design me by making use of that trifle which you were lately pleased to command an account of, is so much greater than it pretends to merit, as indeed it is far short of being worthy your acceptance: but if by any service of mine in that other business, I may hope to contribute to an effect the most agreeable to your excellent and pious nature, it shall not be my reproach that I did not my best endeavour to oblige it. I do every day both at

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hobbes.

London and at home, put Sir Richard in mind of this suppliant's case ; and, indeed, he needs no monitor, myself being witness that he takes all occasions to serve him in it ; nor wants there any dispositions (as far as I can perceive), but one single opportunity only, the meeting of my Lord Privy Seal (who, for two or three Council days, has been indisposed, and not appeared), to expedite his request ; there being a resolution (and which Sir Richard promises shall not slacken), both to discharge the poor man's engagements here, and afford him a competent viaticum.

As for that sacred work you mention, it is said there is a most authentic copy coming over, the laudable attempt of this person being not so fully approved. This is, in short, the account I have, why the impression is retarded. I should else esteem it one of the most fortunate adventures of my life, that by any industry of mine I might be accessory in the least to so blessed an undertaking.

If my book of architecture do not fall into your hands at Oxon, it will come with my apology, when I see you at London ; as well as another part of the *Mystery of Jesuitism*, which (with some other papers concerning that iniquity) I have translated, and am now printing at Royston's, but without my name.—So little credit there is in these days in doing anything for the interest of religion.

I know not whether it becomes me to inform you, that it has pleased his Majesty to nominate me a Commissioner to take care of the sick and wounded persons during this war with our neighbours : but so it is, that there being but four of us designed for this very troublesome and sad employment, all the ports from Dover to Portsmouth, Kent, and Sussex, fall to my district alone, and makes me wish a thousand times I had such a colleague as Mr. Boyle, who is wholly made up of charity, and all the qualifications requisite to so pious a care. But I cannot wish you so much trouble ; the prospect of it would even draw pity from you, as well in my behalf, as for the more miserable, who foresee the confusion and importunities of it, by every article of our busy instructions. But the King has laid his positive commands on me, and I am just now going towards Dover, &c. to provide for mischief. Farewell : sweet

repose, books, gardens, and the blessed conversation you are pleased to allow, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and most obedient servant,  
J. EVELYN.

P.S. Mr. Goldman's Dictionary is that good and useful book which I mentioned to you.

Here is Mr. Stillingfleet's new piece in vindication of my Lord of Canterbury's. I have but little dipped into it as yet: it promises well, and I very much like the epistle; nor is the style so perplexed as his usually was.

Dr. Mer. Causabon, I presume is come to your hands, being a touch upon the same occasion.

One Rhea<sup>1</sup> has published a very useful and sincere book, concerning the culture of flowers, &c. but it does in nothing reach my long since attempted design of that entire subject, with all its ornaments and accessories, which I had shortly hoped to perfect, had God given me opportunity.

Your servant, my Wife, most humbly kisseth your hands, as I do Dr. Barlow's, &c.

*To my Lord Viscount Cornbury.<sup>2</sup>*

*London, 9 Feb., 1664-65.*

MY LORD,

Being late come home, imagine me turning over your close printed memoirs, and shrinking up my shoulders; yet with a resolution of surmounting the difficulty, animated with my Lord Chancellor's and your Lordship's commands, whom I am perfectly disposed to serve, even in the greatest of drudgeries, the translation of books.<sup>3</sup> But why call I

<sup>1</sup> Q? the celebrated Ray.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Hyde, Lord Cornbury, was the eldest son of Sir Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, whom he succeeded in his titles and estate, Dec. 29, 1674. He had two wives. The first was Theodosia, daughter of Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, beheaded for his loyalty to King Charles I.; and the second, alluded to in a subsequent letter by Evelyn, was Flower, widow of Sir William Backhouse of Swallowfield, Berks, Bart., by whom he had no issue. By this marriage Lord Cornbury became possessed of the manor and house at Swallowfield. The celebrated Lord Chancellor Clarendon resided at his son's house after his retirement from public life, and there wrote "The History of the Great Rebellion."

<sup>3</sup> "Mysterie of Jesuitisme, and its pernicious consequences as it relates to Kings and States, w<sup>h</sup> I published this year."—*Evelyn's Note.*

this a drudgery? who would not be proud of the service? By the slight taste of it, I find God and the King concerned and I will in due time endeavour to present your Lordship and the world with the fruits of my obedience, cheerfully, and with all due regards: nor is it small in my esteem that God directs you to make use of me in anything which relates to the Church, though in my secular station. I began indeed (as your Lordship well remembers) with that Essay on St. Chrysostom some years since upon that consideration, though prompted by a lugubrious occasion, such a one (though in no respect so great a one) as what I but too sensibly perceive afflicts my Lord your father; for as I last beheld his countenance, in thought I saw the very shaft transfixing him; though the greatness of his mind, and pious resignation<sup>1</sup> suffer him to do nothing weakly, and with passion.

Besides the divine precepts, and his Lord's great example, I could never receive anything from philosophy that was able to add a grain to my courage upon these irremediless assaults like that Enchiridion and little weapon of Epic-tetus, *Nunquam te quicquam perdidisse dicito, sed reddidisse*, says he: *Filius obiit? redditus est*; it is in his 15th chap. Repeat it all to my Lord, and to yourself; you cannot imagine what that little target will encounter; I never go abroad without it in my pocket. What an incomparable guard is that τὰ σιχη ἐφ' ἡμῶν! cap. 1. where he discourses of the things which *are and are not* in our power: I know, my Lord, you employ your retirements nobly; wear this defensive for my sake, I had almost said this Christian office.

But, my Lord, I am told, we shall have no Lent indicted this year. I acknowledge, for all Dr. Gunning,<sup>2</sup> that I much doubt of its apostolical institution: but I should be heartily sorry a practice so near to it, so agreeable to antiquity, so useful to devotion, and in sum so confirmed by our laws, should now fail, and sink, that his Majesty and his laws are restored. I know not what subtle and political reasons there may be: It were better, flesh should be given away for a

<sup>1</sup> "Upon y<sup>e</sup> death of his sonne Edward, a brave and hopefull young man."—*Evelyn's Note*.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Peter Gunning, Bishop of Ely. He died July 6, 1684, æt. 71.

month or two to the poor in some great proportion, and that particular men should suffer, than a sanction and a custom so decent should be weakened, not to say abrogated; believe, 'twill not be so easy a thing to resume a liberty of this nature, which gratifies so many humours of all sorts. Because God gives us plenty, must we always riot? If those who sit at the helm hearken to the murmurs of impertinent and avaricious men, pray God they never have cause to repent of the facility when 'tis too late. I know religious fasting does not so much consist in the species and quality as the quantity; nor in the duration, as the devotion: I have always esteemed abstinence *à tanto* beyond the fulfilling of periods and quadragesimas; nor is this of ours every where observed alike by Christians; but since all who are under that appellation do generally keep it where Christ is named (I do not mean among the Romanists alone), a few imperfect reforms excepted, methinks a reverend and ancient custom should not so easily be cancelled; for so I look on it, if once we neglect the indiction. But were that for one fortnight, with a strict proclamation, and less indulgence to the *faultry* (as they call that shop of iniquity) and some other pretenders to liberty; in my opinion it would greatly become the solemn, and approaching station of the Passion-week: and I would to God it were reduced but to that, that the irksomeness might not deter the more delicate, nor the prohibition those whose interest it is to sell flesh. We in this island have so natural a pretence to mingle this concern of devotion into that of the state, that they might be both preserved without the least shadow of superstition; and if once our fishery were well retrieved (than which nothing could be more popular, nor endear the person who should establish it) the profit of that alone would soon create proselytes of the most zealous of our carnivorous Samaritans. Why should there be an interruption of our laws for a year, to the infinite disadvantage of the Church of England in many regards?

My Lord, you are a pious person, and the Lenten abstinence minds me of another incongruity that you Parliament-men will I hope reform, and that is the frequency of our theatrical pastimes during that indiction. It is not allowed in any city of Christendom so much as in this one

town of London, where there are more wretched and obscene plays permitted than in all the world besides. At Paris 3 days; at Rome 2 weekly; and at the other cities of Florence, Venice, &c. but at certain jolly periods of the year, and that not without some considerable emolument to the public; whiles our interludes here are every day alike: so as theadies and the gallants come reeking from the play late on Saturday night, to their Sunday devotions; and the ideas of the farce possess their fancies to the infinite prejudice of devotion, besides the advantages it gives to our reproachful blasphemers. Could not Friday and Saturday be spared; or, if indulged, might they not be employed for the support of the poor, or as well the maintenance of some workhouse as a few debauched comedians? What if they had an hundred pound per ann. less coming in; this were but policy in them; more than they were born to, and the only means to consecrate (if I may use the term) their scarce allowable impertinencies. If my Lord Chancellor would be but instrumental in reforming this one exorbitancy, it would gain both the King and his Lordship multitudes of blessings. You know, my Lord, that I (who have written a play,<sup>1</sup> and am a scurvy poet too sometimes) am far from Puritanism; but I would have no reproach left our adversaries in a thing which may so conveniently be reformed. Plays are now with us become a licentious excess, and a vice, and need severe censors that should look as well to their morality, as to their lines and numbers. Pardon this invective, my Lord, nothing but my perfect affection for your person and your virtue could have made me so intemperate; and nothing but my hopes that you will do the best you can to promote the great interest of piety, and things worthy your excellent opportunities, could have rendered me thus prodigal of my confidence. Season my Lord your father with these desiderata to our consummate felicity; but still with submission and under protection for the liberty I assume; nor let it appear presumption irremissable, if I add, that as I own my Lord our illustrious Chancellor for my patron and bene-

<sup>1</sup> *Thyrander*, a tragi-comedy, mentioned in Evelyn's list of MSS. (*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 396.) As among the "things he would write out faire and reforme if he had leisure."



factor, so I pay him as tender and awful respect (abstracted from his greatness and the circumstances of that) as if he had a natural as he has a virtual and just dominion over me ; so as my gratitude to him as his beneficiary, is even adopted into my religion and till I renounce that, I shall never lessen of my duty ; for I am ready to profess it, I have found more tenderness and greater humanity from the influences of his Lordship, than from all the relations I have now in the world, wherein yet I have many dear and worthy friends. My Lord, pardon again this excess, which I swear to you, proceeds from the honest, and inartificial gratitude of,

My Lord,

Your, &c.

*John Evelyn to Sir Thos. Clifford, afterwards Lord High Treasurer.*

*London, 2 Apr. 1665.*

SIR,

Upon receipt of yours of the 17<sup>th</sup> instant, I repaired to my Lord Arlington, and from him to his Majesty, who on sight of your letter added his particular commands, that upon arrival of the prisoner I should immediately bring young Everse to him, and that then he would instruct me farther how he would have him treated ; which I perceive will be with great respect, and some think with liberty : for the other Captain, that I should pursue his Royal Highness's directions—and in order to this, I have commanded my Marshal to be ready. I am sorry we are like to have so many wounded men in their company, but I have taken all the care I can for their accommodation : I pray send me a list of the names and qualities of our prisoners, they being so apt to contrive and form stories of themselves, that they may pass for Embdeners or Danes. I thank God all our affairs here are in good order. I did yesterday repair to the Commissioners of the Navy to remove the obstruction which hindered our Receiver from touching the effects of our Privy Seal, they pretending a defect in the order, which I have been fain to carry back to the Council. Colonel

Reymes writes for £700. Sir, here have been an host of women, making moan for their loss in the unfortunate London:<sup>1</sup> I have with much artifice appeased them for the present, but they are really objects of much pity; and I have counselled them to make choice of some discreet person to represent to us their respective losses and expectations, that we may consider their cases without clamour and disturbance. Sir, I am ravished to hear our fleet is in so flourishing a condition; I pray God continue it, and give you all success. I would beg the presentment of my most humble duty to his Royal Highness, and that you will grace with your more particular commands,

Sir, your, &c.

*John Evelyn to Dr. (afterwards Sir) Christopher Wren.*

*Sayes Court, 4 Apr. 1665.*

SIR,

You may please to remember that some time since, I begged a favour of you in behalf of my little boy: he is now susceptible of instruction, a pleasant, and (though I speak it) a most ingenious and pregnant child. My design is to give him good education; he is past many initial difficulties, and conquers all things with incredible industry: do me that eternal obligation as to inquire out and recommend me some young man for a preceptor. I will give him £20 per ann. salary, and such other accommodations as shall be no ways disagreeable to an ingenuous spirit; and possibly I may do him other advantages: in all cases he will find his condition with us easy, his scholar a delight, and the conversation not to be despised; this obliges me to wish he may not be a morose, or severe person, but of an agreeable temper. The qualities I require are, that he may be a perfect Grecian, and if more than vulgarly mathematical, so much the more accomplished for my design; mine own defects in the Greek tongue, and knowledge of its usefulness, obliges me to mention that particular with an

<sup>1</sup> The "London" frigate, blown up by accident, with above 200 men. See *Diary*, vol. i. pp. 414, 416.

extraordinary note: in sum I would have him as well furnished as might be for the laying of a permanent and solid foundation; the boy is capable beyond his years; and if you encounter one thus qualified, I shall receive it amongst the great good fortunes of my life that I obtained it by the benefit of your friendship, for which I have ever had so perfect an esteem. There is no more to be said, but that when you have found the person, you direct him immediately to me, that I may receive, and value him.

Sir, I am told by Sir John Denman that you look towards France this summer: be assured I will charge you with some addresses to friends of mine there, that shall exceedingly cherish you; and though you will stand in no need of my recommendations, yet I am confident you will not refuse the offer of those civilities which I shall bespeak you.

There has lain at Dr. Needham's a copy of the *Parallel*<sup>1</sup> bound up for you, and long since designed you, which I shall intreat you to accept; not as a recompense of your many favours to me, much less a thing in the least assistant to you (who are yourself a master,) but as a token of my respect, as the book itself is of the affection I bear to an art which you so happily cultivate.

Dear Sir, I am  
Your, &c.

*Sir Thomas Clifford to John Evelyn.*

*Swiftsure, May 11, 1665*

SIR,

I received yesterday your letters of the 20th and 27th of April. I am obliged to you for the large account you give of young Everson; his actions are agreeable to the idea I had of him, but I rather think it dulness and want of breeding than sullenness, and that he will notwithstanding carry a grateful sense of His Majesty's bounty and kindness to him. By what I see of our Plymouth affair, I think the surgeon much in blame; you may please to discharge him, for though it be my district, I leave that matter wholly to you; and as to the Marshal, if you think fit, you

<sup>1</sup> "A Parallel of the Ancient Architecture with the Modern," written by Roland Freart, sieur de Cambray, and translated by Mr. Evelyn.

may write to him, and hear what he says concerning his negligence, and if he do not give you a satisfactory account pray make no scruple of discarding him, but let him first have notice that he may make up his accounts. I hope Sir William Doyley is not yet returned to you but that we may find him at Harwich, or Ipswich, for the whole of the fleet is now returning thitherward, and I assure you here are a great many sick that will be set on shore there, and I believe so many that it will require the constant attendance of one of us upon the place at least. I intend to be ashore about it, but cannot stay long. If Sir W. Doyley cannot so well travel, I shall be extremely glad to meet you there. We were at anchor last night about 18 leagues West North West from the Texell; but now under sail toward the Gunfleet before Harwich, the seamen full of courage and cheerfulness, for they are not only satisfied of the good conduct of the Fleet, but also of our good fortune in this expedition, for we have broken the Dutch merchant fleet that was returning, and of 44 there are not above 16 got safe home; 14 or 15 of them we have taken, and the rest run ashore and broken to pieces; so that we have had success in this, and honour in braving their fleet in their ports.

I present my respects to Sir Richard Browne, and am with truth and affection, your faithful friend,

THOMAS CLIFFORD.

We are now this 14th of May, Whitsunday, in sight of land in Norfolk, about Crammer Church: the Duke would have some one of us at Harwich and Ipswich while the fleet lies at the Gunfleet.

*John Evelyn to the Duke of Albemarle.*

*Dover, 30 May, 1665.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

Being here at Dover for the examining and auditing my accounts, as one of his Majesty's Commissioners in this Kentish district; and finding that our prisoners at the Castle here, since their late attempt to escape through the Magazine (over which till then they had a very spacious and

convenient room to lodge in), are now for want of accommodation necessitated to be kept in a very strait place, by means whereof they grow miserably sick, and are indeed reduced to a sad condition, which cannot be remedied without extraordinary inconvenience to the Lieutenant: My most humble suit to your Grace is, that you will be pleased to give order that they be conveyed to Chelsea College; and the rather, that there being no great number of them, it will be hardly worth the while and charge to maintain officers for them here and particular guards: the condition of the poor men (who suffer for the attempt of their more daring fellows) is very deplorable, nor can it be prevented without enlargement of their quarters, which the Governor cannot spare them without danger. I have already informed your Grace how much we suffer by the scruples of those vessels, who refuse to transport our recovered men to the fleet, which makes me again to supplicate your Grace's fresh orders; it would infinitely conduce to his Majesty's service. But of this, as of several other particulars, I shall render your Grace a more ample account at my return to London; where I shall not fail to do my duty as becomes,

May it please your Grace,  
Your Grace's, &c.

*John Evelyn to Sir Thomas Clifford.*

*Paynters Hall, Lond. 16 June, 1665.*

SIR,

I was in precinct for my journey when your letter arrived, which imparted to us that most glorious victory, in which you have had the honour to be a signal achiever. I pray God we may improve as it becomes us; his Royal Highness being safe, becomes a double instance of rejoicing to us; and I do not know that ever I beheld a greater and more solemn expression of it, unless it were that on his Majesty's Restoration, than this whole city testified the last night, and which I cannot figure to you without hyperboles. I am heartily sorry for those heroes that are fallen, though it could not have been on a more transcendant occasion. Sir, I communicated your letter to my Lord Arlington, and to his Majesty, who read it greedily. My greatest solicitude

is now how to dispose of the prisoners in case you should be necessitated to put them in at the Downs, in order to which my Lord Duke of Albemarle has furnished me with 400 foot and a troop of horse, to be commanded by me for guards if need require; and I am just going to put all things in order. His Grace concludes with me, that Dover Castle would be the most convenient place for their custody, but would by no means invade his Royal Highness's particular province there without his Highness's consent, and therefore advises me to write his Highness for positive commands to the Lieutenant. It is therefore my humble request that you will move him therein, it being of so great importance at this time, and not only for his Castle of Dover, but for the forts likewise near it; and that (besides my own guards) he would be pleased that a competent number of land soldiers might be sent with them from on board, to prevent all accidents, till they come safe to me; for it was so likewise suggested by his Grace, who dismissed me with this expedient: "Mr. Evelyn," says he, "when we have filled all the gaols in the country with our prisoners, if they be not sufficient to contain them, as they sent our men to the East Indies last year, we will send them to the West this year by a just retaliation." Sir, I think fit to let you understand, that I have 3 days since obtained of the Council a Privy Seal, which I moved might be £20,000, in regard of the occasion; together with the use and disposal of the Savoy-Hospital (which I am now repairing and fitting up, having given order for 50 beds to be new made, and other utensils), all which was granted. I also obtained an Order of Council for power both to add to our servants, and to reward them as we should see cause. His Majesty has sent me 3 chests of linen, which he was pleased to tell me of himself before I knew they were gone; so mindful and obliging he is, that nothing may be wanting. Sir, I have no more to add but the addresses of my most humble duty to his Royal Highness, and my services to Mr. Coventry from,

Sir, your, &c.

*John Evelyn to Sir Peter Wyche, Knt.*<sup>1</sup>

SIR,

This crude paper (which begs your pardon) I should not have presumed to transmit in this manner, but to obey your commands, and to save the imputation of being thought unwilling to labour, though it be but in gathering straw. My great infelicity is, that the meeting being on Tuesdays in the afternoon, I am in a kind of despair of ever gratifying mine inclinations, in a conversation which I so infinitely honour, and that would be so much to mine advantage; because the very hour interferes with an employment, with being of public concernment, I can in no way dispense with: I mention this to deplore mine own misfortune only, not as it can signify to any loss of yours; which cannot be sensible of so inconsiderable a member. I send you notwithstanding these indigested thoughts, and that attempt upon Cicero, which you enjoined me.

I conceive the reason both of additions to, and the corruption of the English language, as of most other tongues, has proceeded from the same causes; namely, from victories, plantations, frontiers, staples of commerce, pedantry of schools, affectation of travellers, translations, fancy and style of Court, vernility and mincing of citizens, pulpits, political remonstrances, theatres, shops, &c.

The parts affected with it we find to be the accent, analogy, direct interpretation, tropes, phrases, and the like.

1. I would therefore humbly propose, that there might first be compiled a Grammar for the precepts; which (as did the Romans, when Crates transferred the art to that city, followed by Diomedes, Priscianus, and others who undertook it) might only insist on the rules, the sole means to render it a learned and learnable tongue.

2. That with this a more certain Orthography were introduced, as by leaving out superfluous letters, &c.: such as *o* in woomen, people; *u* in honour; *a* in reproach; *ugh* in though, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Chairman of a Committee appointed by the now organised Royal Society to consider of the improvement of the English tongue.

3. That there might be invented some new periods, and accents, besides such as our grammarians and critics use, to assist, inspire, and modify the pronunciation of sentences, and to stand as marks beforehand how the voice and tone is to be governed; as in reciting of plays, reading of verses, &c., for the varying the tone of the voice, and affections, &c.

4. To this might follow a Lexicon or collection of all the pure English words by themselves; then those which are derivative from others, with their prime, certain, and natural signification; then, the symbolical: so as no innovation might be used or favoured, at least till there should arise some necessity of providing a new edition, and of amplifying the old upon mature advice.

5. That in order to this, some were appointed to collect all the technical words; especially those of the more generous employments: as the author of the "*Essaies des Merveilles de la Nature, et des plus nobles Artifices,*" has done for the French; and Francis Junius and others have endeavoured for the Latin: but this must be gleaned from shops, not books; and has been of late attempted by Mr. Moxon.<sup>1</sup>

6. That things difficult to be translated or expressed, and such as are, as it were, incommensurable one to another: as determinations of weights and measures; coins, honours, national habits, arms, dishes, drinks, municipal constitutions of courts; old, and abrogated customs, &c., were better interpreted than as yet we find them in dictionaries, glossaries, and noted in the lexicon.

7. That a full catalogue of exotic words, such as are daily minted by our *Logodædali*, were exhibited, and that it were resolved on what should be sufficient to render them current, *ut Civitate domentur*; since without restraining that same *indomitam novandi verba licentiam*, it will in time quite disguise the language. There are some elegant words: introduced by physicians chiefly and philosophers, worthy to be retained; others, it may be, fitter to be abrogated; since there ought to be a law, as well as a liberty in this particular. And in this choice, there would be some regard had to the well sounding, and more harmonious words; and such as are numerous, and apt to fall gracefully into their cadences

<sup>1</sup> In the second volume of his "Mechanick Exercises."



and periods, and so recommend themselves at the very first sight as it were; others, which (like false stones) will never shine, in whatever light they be placed, but embase the rest. And here I note, that such as have lived long in Universities do greatly affect words and expressions no where in use besides, as may be observed in Cleaveland's Poems for Cambridge: and there are also some Oxford words used by others, as I might instance in several.

8. Previous to this it would be inquired what particular dialects, idioms, and proverbs were in use in every several county of England; for the words of the present age being properly the *vernacula*, or classic rather, special regard is to be had of them, and this consideration admits of infinite improvements.

9. And happily it were not amiss, that we had a collection of the most quaint and courtly expressions, by way of *florilegium*, or phrases distinct from the proverbs: for we are infinitely defective as to civil addresses, excuses, and forms upon sudden and unpremeditated (though ordinary) encounters: in which the French, Italians, and Spaniards have a kind of natural grace and talent, which furnishes the conversation, and renders it very agreeable: here may come in synonyms, homoinyms, &c.

10. And since there is likewise a manifest rotation and circling of words, which go in and out like the mode and fashion, books should be consulted for the reduction of some of the old laid-aside words and expressions had formerly in *deliciis*; for our language is in some places sterile and barren, by reason of this depopulation, as I may call it; and therefore such places should be new cultivated, and enriched either with the former (if significant) or some other. For example, we have hardly any words that do so fully express the French *cliquant*, *naïveté*, *ennui*, *bizarre*, *concert*, *façonier*, *chicaneries*, *consommé*, *emotion*, *defer*, *effort*, *chocq*, *entours*, *débouche*: or the Italian *vaghezza*, *garbato*, *svelto*, &c. Let us therefore (as the Romans did the Greek) make as many of these do homage as are like to prove good citizens.

11. Something might likewise be well translated out of the best orators and poets, Greek and Latin, and even out of the modern languages; that so some judgment might be

made concerning the elegancy of the style, and a laudable and unaffected imitation of the best recommended to writers.

12. Finally, there must be a stock of reputation gained by some public writings and compositions of the Members of this Assembly, and so others may not think it dishonour to come under the test, or accept them for judges and approbators: and if the design were arrived thus far, I conceive a very small matter would dispatch the art of rhetoric, which the French proposed as one of the first things they recommended to their late academicians.

I am, Sir,

Your most, &c.

*Sayes-Court, 20 June, 1665.*

*John Evelyn to Lord Viscount Cornbury.*

*Cornbury, 21 June, 1665.*

MY LORD,

Those who defined history to be *Disciplina composita de bono practico obtinendo* pointed us to that use of it which every wise man is to make of it by his reading of authors. But as it is the narration *Rerum gestarum* (for whatever is matter of fact is the subject of history) your Lordship cannot expect I should, at this distance from my study and books of that kind, be able to present you with so complete a series of authors as you require of me; much less such a method as your affection for so noble a resolution, and so becoming a great person, does truly merit. However, that this may not be looked on as an excuse, and that I may in some measure obey your Lordship's commands, I shall, as far as my talent and my faithless memory serves me at present, give your Lordship the names of those authors which have deservedly been esteemed the most worthy and instructive of those great and memorable actions of the ages past.

A Recension of the Greek Historians from the reign of Cyrus (before which we have nothing of credible in any profane history) till after Justinian, and the confusion of the Roman Empire by the Goths and Vandals.

- |                             |                   |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Herodotus.               | 8. Arrianus.      |
| 2. Thucydides.              | 9. Appianus.      |
| 3. Xenophon.                | 10. Dion-Cassius. |
| 4. Polybius.                | 11. Herodian.     |
| 5. Diodorus Siculus,        | 12. Zosimus.      |
| 6. Dionysius Halicarnassus. | 13. Procopius.    |
| 7. Josephus.                | 14. Agathias, &c. |

The Latin Historians from the foundation of Rome to the death of the Emperor Valens : Sallust, Cæsar, Titus Livius, Velleius Paterculus, Quintus Curtius, Tacitus, Florus, Suetonius, Justinus, Ammianus Marcellinus, &c. To these may be superadded, Plutarch, Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, and Eunapius, among the Greeks; Cornelius Nepos, Æmilius Probus, Spartianus, Lampridius, and the Augustæ Scriptorum, of the Latin, &c. : but, for being more mixed, and less methodical, they would haply be read in another order; and if the Greeks have haply written more even of the Roman story than the Romans themselves, it is what is universally known and acknowledged by the learned; which has made the enumeration of the one to exceed the mention of the latter. These are, my Lord, sufficient to afford your Lordship a fairer and more ample course than any of your quality usually pretend to; being the best and most worthy consideration both as to the grandeur of examples, and politure of the language.

As to the later period, from Valens and the Gothic Emperors to our times, I shall furnish the curiosity, when you have finished this stage; for it were now, my Lord, to discourage you, the very calling over the names of so many; how much more, should I add (what your Lordship's curiosity will desire to dip into, to emerge a complete historian) the Biography, or writers of particular lives, relations, negotiations, memoirs, &c., which are things apart, and that properly come within the series of the more solid and illustrious historians. Only as to that of Chronology, I conceive it of absolute necessity that your Lordship join it with all the readings, together with some geographical author and guide, whose tables, maps, and discoveries both for the ancient and modern names, situations and boundaries of the places, you shall with incredible advantage consult, to fix and make it your own Scaliger's *Emendatio Temporum*, Petavii Ratio-

narium, Calvisius, Helvicus, or our Isaacson,<sup>1</sup> may suffice to assist you, with Cluverius, our Peter Heylin, and the late accurate atlases set forth by Bleau. To these may be added, as necessary subsidiaries, H. Stephens's Historical Dictionary set lately forth in London; and if your Lordship think fit to pursue the cycle with more expedition, which were likewise to gratify your curiosity by a preparation that will furnish you with a very useful prospect, before you engage yourself on the more particulars, there is in English one Howel (not James) who has published a very profitable Compendium of Universal History, so far as he has brought it; to which you may join what Bishop Usher has set forth in two volumes, containing the annals of all the memorable actions and passages which have happened in the Church from the Creation, mingled with divers secular passages of rare remark, and which may serve you instead of Baronius, or any of his voluminous epitomisers, Spondanus, Peruginus, &c. And by that time your Lordship is arrived thus far, you will have performed more than any man of your quality can pretend to in Court, by immense degrees, according to my weak observation, who sometimes pass my time at the circle where the gallants produce themselves with all their advantages, and (God knows) small furniture. Nor will it be difficult for you to go through the rest with delight and ease, whether you would begin at the present age, and read upwards, till you meet with the period where you left off (which is Grotius's advice to Mon<sup>r</sup> Maurelique), or proceed in that order in which you began. But, my Lord, of this, as of whatever else you shall judge me worthy to serve you in, I shall endeavour to present your Lordship with something more material, and better digested, when you please to command, my Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

*John Evelyn to Lord Viscount Cornbury.*

*Sayes-Court, 9th Sep. 1665.*

MY LORD,

I should be exceedingly wanting to my duty, and to the interest you pleased to allow me in your friendship,

<sup>1</sup> Henry Isaacson, author of the "Chronological Series of the Four Monarchies." Folio, London, 1633.

not to preserve it by such acknowledgments as are due to you by infinite obligations: and if this have not been done oftener, distance, and the many circumstances of a jealous intercourse, will easily obtain your mercy; for I swear to you, my Lord, there breathes not a man upon earth who has a greater value for your noble person: because I have established it upon your virtues, and that which shines in you above titles, and adjuncts, which I regard but as the shadows of great men; nothing constituent of good and really permanent. But, my Lord, I intend not here a panegyric, where haply an epithalamium were due, if what has been lately told me, of your Lordship's being newly married, or shortly re-entering into those golden-fetters, be true.<sup>1</sup> But can your Lordship think of such a felicity, and not command me to celebrate it? not as a poet (for I know not what it means), but as one perfectly devoted to your good fortune; since that glory must needs be in my mouth, which already is so profoundly engraven in my heart. I thought indeed that golden key which I saw tied to your side by that silken ribbon<sup>2</sup> was the fore-runner of some other knot, constant as the colour, and bright as the metal. My Lord, I joyed you at Hampton-Court for the one, and I would joy you from Sayes-Court for the other. You have in the first a dignity conspicuous for the ornament it receives from your virtues; but in the second only, a reward of them above the pearls, and the rubies: 'tis a price which Fortune owes your Lordship, and I can celebrate her justice without flattery. Long may you live under her happy empire. When I am certain of the particulars, I will string more roses on this chaplet, and make you a country gardener's present; if the anxiety of being at this distance from a person whose influence is so necessary, do not altogether wither my genius.

But, my Lord, give me now leave to entertain you a little with mine own particular condition; since, as contraries illustrate one another, it cannot but improve your happiness.

After 6978 (and possibly half as many more concealed) which the pestilence has mowed down in London this week, near 30 houses are visited in this miserable village,

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 149.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Cornbury was at this time Lord Chamberlain to the Queen.

whereof one has been the very nearest to my dwelling: after a servant of mine now sick of a swelling (whom we have all frequented, before our suspicion was pregnant), and which we know not where will determine, behold me a living monument of God Almighty's protection and mercy! It was Saturday last 'ere my courageous wife would be persuaded to take the alarm; but she is now fled, with most of my family: whilst my conscience, or something which I would have taken for my duty, obliges me to this sad station, till his Majesty take pity on me, and send me a considerable refreshment for the comfort of these poor creatures, the sick and wounded seamen under mine inspection through all the ports of my district. For mine own particular, I am resolved to do my duty as far as I am capable, and trust God with the event; but the second causes should cooperate: for in sum, my Lord, all will, and must, fall into obloquy and desolation, unless our supplies be speedily settled on some more solid fonds to carry this important service on. My brother commissioner, Sir William D'Oily, after an account of £17,000, is indebted about £6000, and my reckoning comes after it apace. The prisoners of war, our infirmatories, and the languishing in 12 other places; the charge of salaries to physicians, chirurgeons, officers, medicaments, and quarters; require speedy and considerable supplies—less than £2000 a week will hardly support us. And if I have been the more zealous and descriptive of this sad face of things, and of the personal danger I am exposed to, it is because I beg it may be an instance of your goodness and charity to read this article of my letter to my Lord your father, who I know has bowels, and may seriously represent it to his Majesty and my Lord High Treasurer. For, my Lord, having made mine attempts at Court by late expresses on this occasion, I am driven to lay this appeal at his Lordship's feet; because, having had experience of his favour in mine own concern and private affairs, I address myself with a confidence I shall succeed now that it imports the public. I dare not apply what St. Paul said to Timothy (because it does not become me), but give me liberty to allude: I know none (amongst all our Court great-ones) like minded, who does naturally care for our state. The consecratory is ———; for all seek their own. 'Tis, my

Lord, a sad truth, and this no time to flatter; we should succumb under the poise but for some few such Atlases as are content to accept of the burthen with the honour; which, though it makes it sit heavy, makes it sit with a good conscience, and the expectation of a blessing. I am a plain country gentleman; yet hear, and see, and observe, as those in the vallies best discern the mountains. This nation is ruined for want of activity on our parts; religion and gratitude on all. But, my Lord, I tyrannise y<sup>r</sup> patience; pardon the excess; I have not often the opportunity, and God knows when I may enjoy another, who daily carry my life in my hands. If the malignity of this sad contagion spend no faster before winter, the calamity will be indicible.

But let me now acquaint your Lordship how I pass those moments which my assiduous prayers to God for your prosperity, and my service of His Majesty do not take up. It is now about 2 months since I consigned a large epistle to Royston; for that piece your Lordship enjoyned me to publish in consequence of the former, and which I have made bold to inscribe to my Lord Chancellor, under somewhat an enigmatical character, because of the invidiousness of the argument. The book itself was quite finished, and wrought off; but Royston being fled, and the presses dissolved, we cannot hope to get our freedom, till it please God in mercy to abate the contagion. This is that which hinders us from that most incomparable piece of Mr. Stillingfleet's friend against Searjeant, and divers other particulars, which, though printed, will not as yet be published;—both vendors, and buyers, and readers, being universally scathed.

As to our philosophical concerns, Dr. Wilkins, Sir Wm. Petty, and Mr. Hooke, with our operator, live all together at my Lord Geo. Barclay's at Durdans near my brother, where they are excogitating new rigging for ships, new chariots, and new ploughs, &c., so as I know not of such another happy conversation of Virtuosi in England. And now I mentioned my brother, I were ungrateful to omit my acknowledgement of the infinite honour he tells me my Lord Chancellor was pleased to do me, before so many persons of quality and gentlemen of our county of Surrey as came in to wait on him at Farnham, at my Lord Bishop's of Winchester table; when his Lordship was

pleased to mention me with an eulogy, and kindness so particular and obliging, as I can never hope to merit from his goodness. But I would esteem it the most fortunate day in my life that should present me with an occasion, in which I might signalise my prone and most ardent inclinations to his service, as being professedly more engaged to his Lordship than to any person living in this world. And if God hear the humble prayers which I pour out for the continuance of your prosperity, I shall have performed but my duty, who am with a most unfeigned resignation, My Lord,  
Your, &c.

*John Evelyn to Lord Viscount Cornbury.*

*Sayes-Court, 12 Sep., 1665.*

MY LORD,

By this most agreeable opportunity I continue to present your Lordship with my faithful service, and if it arrive seasonably to supplicate your Lordship's pardon for the style, the mistake, and the length of mine of the ninth instant: it will excite in you different passions, and *one*, my Lord, not an unpleasant one. Smile at my intelligence, and pity all the rest; for it will deserve it, and find a way to your noble breast. My servant (whom I there mention to have sent from my house for fear of the worst) will recover, and prove sick only of a very ugly surfeit; which not only frees me from infinite apprehensions, but admits me to give my wife a visit, who is at my brother's, and within a fortnight of bringing me my seventh son: and it is time, my Lord, he were born; for they keep us so short of moneys at Court, that his Majesty's Commissioners had need of one to do wonders, and heal the sick and wounded by miracle, till we can maintain our chirurgeons. My Lord, I do not forget your injunction of waiting on you this month at Cornbury; but I am momentarily threatened to be hurried to the sea-side again, after this conflict of my Lord Sandwich: and the woman in the straw I would gladly see out of peril. I will not question your Lordship's being at Oxford this approaching reconvention of Parliament. My Father-in-law waits there, and it must go ill with me if I kiss not your hands. Just now I hear the guns from



the Tower; this petty triumph revives us much; but the miserably afflicted City, and even this our poor village, want other consolations: my very heart turns within me at the contemplation of our calamity. God give the repentance of David, to the sins of David! We have all added some weights to this burthen; ingratitude and luxury, and the too, too soon oblivion of miracles.

The Almighty preserve your Lordship, and my best friend in the world my most honoured Lord Chancellor. I would say a thousand affectionate things more to conjure your Lordship's belief, that I am, &c.

My Lord, your, &c.

*Sir Philip Warwick to John Evelyn.<sup>1</sup>*

*Stratton, 16 Sept. 1665, 8 at Night.*

COUSIN,

I am to seek how to answer your letter: for without passing any compliment upon you how much I am concerned in your safety, which I find endangered by your employment; without professing how sensible I am, that scarce any particular in the Navy ought to have that care and tenderness wait upon it as the sick and wounded men, and the prisoners—though a less regard in respect I hear ours are not so well used, and that the Ambassador's servant seems to take such little care for exchanges as if he meant to burthen us with them, and that these fellows are so stubborn that they will not work, nay beat any that will—yet a shame it is if they be not, in the proportion the King allows them, provided for. The ill effect of both these I acknowledge if they be neglected. And when I have said this you will wonder what I can say next, that my Lord Treasurer makes not the provision. Sir, I must say, though I offend my good friend Sir George Carteret, that from the first my Lord Treasurer told him this charge was a chief part of the expense of the Navy, and by his assignments to be provided for. It was the first sin, transferring faults one from another; and therefore I am ashamed to be making such returns, and know that it will as little feed

<sup>1</sup> See *Diary*, vol. i. p. 358. Sir Philip Warwick was at this time Secretary to the Lord High Treasurer. The letter is in answer to Evelyn's complaints of the inadequacy of funds for the proper discharge of his official duties as one of the commissioners for the care of the sick and wounded during the Dutch war.

the hungry and clothe the naked, as a mouth that's open with a benediction, and a hand closed with the money. And yet how to make you judge of this I cannot, without showing you how the whole royal aid is distributed. (And this I assure you, the distribution of the whole £2,500,000 is not of particular concern unto me, fine paid).

Of the City, for the Navy, before the Parliament borrowed . . . . .	£200,000
Of the Dunkirk money . . . . .	50,000 <sup>1</sup>
Thirteen Counties wholly assigned . . . . .	1,277,604
County of Bucks, for the Naval Regiment . . . . .	47,346
The first three months of all the other counties	96,047
Upon seventeen other counties, 102,000 pounds, and 40,000 pounds. And now lately the dispute being that he had no proper assignment for the sick and wounded, my Lord told him he would assign him 28,000 pounds of those counties particularly for them . . . . .	170,000

But I fear that will not do you any service, Sir George saying, the assignment being upon the third year, he cannot borrow upon it.

This hath been already the Navy's portion of the Royal aid . . . . .	1,840,997
Ordnance hath had assigned unto it . . . . .	367,686
Guards hath counties set out for . . . . .	170,616
Garrisons . . . . .	45,121
Wardrobe had on Wales . . . . .	25,000

Remaining on the 17 counties, 50,000 } on Wales . . . . . 59,000 } 109,000	608,423
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And now do you see by whose friendship you have received that small refreshment, which I say not to diminish his kindness, but to show you that properly you were a care of Mr. Vice-Chamberlain's.

Total . . . . .	2,449,420
Remaining . . . . .	109,000

£2,558,420

<sup>1</sup> "This to be repaid."

All I can add is, my Lord Treasurer will endeavour to dispose the Vice-Chamberlain; and if it be in his power, for I think him as much overlaid as others, I doubt not he will undertake your charge. And because the assignment which remains to be made upon Wales, which is about £30,000 for the second year and the first quarter of the third, may better please him, my Lord Treasurer will offer him that, or offer it to Sir William D'Oyly and yourself, if you can procure credit upon it. He will make an essay whether out of the present prizes (which if his Majesty will not employ to this use, being a better fond of credit, he may be repaid from this assignment) he can get you a considerable sum. His lordship is ready to assign out of Wales, or the seventeen counties, £50,000 for this service singly. And if I could give you a better and more particular account, I would: for I value both yours and Sir William's integrities and informations so much, you may both assure yourselves I will not be wanting. And am really sensible of your cares and dangers, which we want not (being for all comers) even here; but being in our station, and depending on Providence, I hope none of us shall miscarry. We are now separated and in motion, but I will haste the resolution. In the meantime you may reserve this to yourself. Only communicate it to Sir William D'Oyly, to whom I cannot at present write; for having received your letters but late this night, and the post going away in the morning, and I have to send my letter six miles thither. I beg his pardon and yours, and remain with all truth and affection,

Your most faithful kinsman and servant,  
P. WARWICK.

*John Evelyn to Sir Philip Warwick.*

*Sayes Court, 30 Sept. 1665.*

SIR,

Your favour of the 16th current from Stratton, has not only enlightened mine eyes, but confirmed my reason; for sure I am I durst write nothing to you which would carry in it the least diffidence of your most prudent economy; and you are infinitely mistaken in me if you

think I have not established my opinion of your sincerity and candour in all that you transact, upon a foundation very remote from what the world does ordinarily build upon. I am sufficiently satisfied to whose care our supplies did naturally belong; for I do not believe the sums we have received to carry on our burthen thus far, trifling as they have been compared to the occasion, proceeded from his (Sir George's) good nature (which I have been much longer acquainted with than you), but to shift the clamour which our necessities have compelled us to do; whilst our task-masters exacted brick without allowing us straw. And if I have expressed anything to you in a style more zealous than ordinary, it has been to lay before you a calamity which nothing can oppose but a sudden supply; and for that my Lord Arlington (to whom I have frequently said as much) directed me to the proper object. Nor was what I writ a prophecy at adventure. One fortnight has made me feel the utmost of miseries that can befall a person in my station and with my affections;—to have 25,000 prisoners, and 1,500 sick and wounded men to take care of, without one penny of money, and above £2000 indebted. It is true, I am but newly acquainted with business, and I now find the happy difference betwixt speculation and action to the purpose; learning that at once, which others get by degrees; but I am sufficiently punished for the temerity, and I acknowledge the burthen insupportable. Nor indeed had I been able to obviate this impetuous torrent, had not his Grace the Duke of Albemarle and my Lord Sandwich (in pure compassion of me) unanimously resolved to strain their authority, and to sell (though not a full quorum) some of the prizes, and break bulk in an Indian ship, to redeem me from this plunge; and all this, for the neglect of his personal care—whom you worthily perstringe, though for domestic respects and other relations they were not willing to express their resentments. Sir, I am in some hopes of touching the £5000 some day this week; but what is that, to the expense of £200 the day? Is there no exchange or pecuniary exemption to be proposed? or is his Majesty resolved to maintain the armies of his enemies in his own bosom? whose idleness makes them sick, and their sickness redoubles the charge! I am amazed at this

method, but must hold my tongue. Why might not yet the French, who are numerous in this last action (and in my conscience have enough of the sea), be sent home to their master, not to gratify but plague him with their unprofitable numbers?

Sir, I most humbly acknowledge your goodness for the confidence you have in me, and for that *Arcanum*, the account of the disposeure and assignment of this prodigious royal aid of £2,500,000 which you have so particularly imparted to me, and that I should have preserved with all due caution, though you had enjoined me none. If I obtain this small sum of £5000 it will be a breathing till I can meet my brother commissioners at Oxford, whither I am summoned to join for the effects and settlements of some of those more solid appointments mentioned in your audit, and which you have promised to promote; and therefore I will trouble you no further at present, than to let you know, that upon that account of your encouragement (I mean the providence of God and my sole desires of serving him in anything which I hope he may accept, for I swear to you no other consideration should tempt me a second time to this trouble) I am resolved to maintain my station, and to refuse nothing that may contribute to his Majesty's service, or concern my duty, who am,

Sir, Your, &c.

*John Evelyn to Sir William Coventry.*<sup>1</sup>

*Sayes-Court, 2 October, 1665.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR,

Nothing but a calamity which requires the application of the speediest redress to preserve the lives of men, the honour of his Majesty, and (as I conceive) a concernment of the weightiest importance to the whole nation, could have extorted this repetition of the sad posture our affairs are in, for want of those moneys and effects we were made believe should be assigned us for the carrying on of the province entrusted to us. I will not torment you with

<sup>1</sup> Secretary to the Duke of York, and one of the Privy Council.

the particulars of my own story, which you know so well by all that has prevented my complaints; but I perfectly apprehend the funest and calamitous issue which a few days may produce, unless some speedy course be taken to stop it. Nor am I so little acquainted with the respect which I owe to the persons I now write to, as not to know with what decency and reserve I ought to make my addresses upon any other occasion: but the particulars I have alleged are very great truths, and it were to betray his Majesty's gracious intentions, and even his honour, to extenuate here. Sir William D'Oyly and myself have near ten thousand upon our care, while there seems to be no care of us; who, having lost all our servants, officers, and most necessary assistants, have nothing more left us to expose but our persons, which are every moment at the mercy of a raging pestilence (by our daily conversation) and an unreasonable multitude; if such they may be called, who, having adventured their lives for the public, perish for their reward, and die like dogs in the street unregarded. Our prisoners (who with open arms, as I am credibly informed by eye-witnesses, embraced our men, instead of lifting up their hands against them) beg at us, as a mercy, to knock them on the head; for we have no bread to relieve the dying creatures. Nor does this country afford gaols to secure them in, unless Leeds Castle (for which I am now contracting with my Lord Culpepper) may be had; if at least half of them survive to be brought so far, to starve when they come there. As for the pittance now lately ordered us, what will that benefit to our numbers and the mouths we are to feed? Neither is that to be had suddenly, and will be spent before we touch it. I could assemble other particulars of a sad countenance relating to the miseries of our own countrymen. I beseech your Honour, let us not be reputed barbarians; or if at last we must be so, let me not be the executor of so much inhumanity; when the price of one good subject's life is (rightly considered) of more value than the wealth of the Indies. It is very hard, if in now a twelve-month's time that we have cost you little more than £30,000, through all England where we have supported this burthen there should not have been a sufficient fund consecrated and assigned as a sacred stock for so important a service; since

it has been a thing so frequently and earnestly pressed to their Lordships, and that this is not an affair which can be managed without present moneys to feed it; because we have to deal with a most miserable indigent sort of people, who live but from hand to mouth, and whom we murder if we do not pay daily or weekly. I mean those who harbour our sick and wounded men, and sell bread to our prisoners of war. How we have behaved ourselves for his Majesty's advantage and honour, we are most ready to produce the accounts, and to stand to the comparison of what it cost a former usurper, and a power which was not lavish of their expenses. Let it please your Honour to consider of the premises, and if you can believe I retain so much of servile in me, as to inform you of tales, or design to magnify my own merits (whatever my particular and private sufferings have been), let me be dismissed with infamy; but let me beg of your Honour to receive first the relation of his Majesty's principal officers and commissioners of the Navy which accompanies the paper of,

Right Honourable,

Your, &c.

*John Evelyn to Samuel Pepys.*<sup>1</sup>

*Sayes-Court, 3 Jan., 1665-6.*

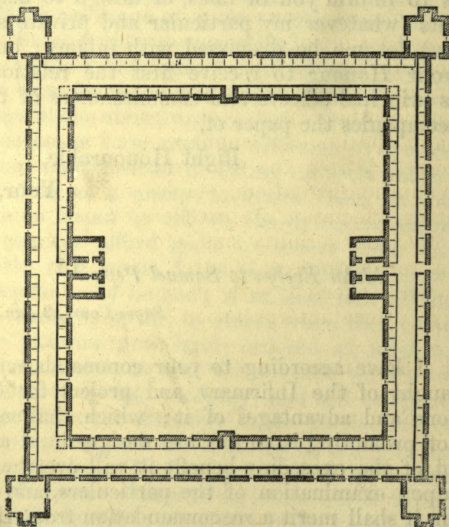
SIR,

I have according to your commands sent you an hasty draught of the Infirmary, and project for Chatham, the reasons and advantages of it; which challenges your promise of promoting it to the use designed. I am myself convinced of the exceeding benefit it will every way afford us. If, upon examination of the particulars, and your intercession, it shall merit a recommendation from the rest of the principal officers, I am very confident the effects will be correspondent to the pretence of the papers which I trans-

<sup>1</sup> Pepys was now Clerk of the Admiralty, or, as it was then called, Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, and brought into frequent official communication with Evelyn. For evidence of their long friendship, only closed by death, see *Diary*, vol. ii. pp. 383, 384.

mit to accompany it. In all events, I have done my endeavour; and if, upon what appears demonstrable to me (not without some considerable experience, and collation with our officers, discreet and sober persons), I persist in my fondness to it, from a prospect of the singular advantages which would be reaped by setting it on foot, I beseech you to pardon my honest endeavours, with the errors of,

Sir, your, &c.





*John Evelyn to Lord Viscount Cornbury.**Sayer-Court, 20 Jan. 1665-6.*

MY LORD,

*Ubi Amor, ibi Oculus*, excuses the glances we cast upon desirable objects. My hand cannot contain itself from this presumption, when I have any thing to write which affords me the least pretence; and though you should not answer my letter, yet, till you forbid me writing, I please myself that you vouchsafe to read them. Great persons pay dear for such addresses, who afford them that honour; and especially those that (like your Lordship) know so well to value their time. One period more, my Lord, and *beso los manos*.

Upon Wednesday last I went to London, and spent the whole afternoon in viewing my Lord Chancellor's *new house*,<sup>1</sup> if it be not a solecism to give a place so vulgar a name. My incessant business had till that moment prevented my passionate desires of seeing it since it was one stone advanced: but I was plainly astonished when I beheld what a progress was made. Let me speak ingenuously; I went with prejudice, and a critical spirit, incident to those who fancy they know anything in art. I acknowledge to your Lordship that I have never seen a nobler pile: my old friend and fellow-traveller (cohabitant and contemporary at Rome) has perfectly acquitted himself. It is, without hyperboles, the best contrived, the most useful, graceful, and magnificent house in England,—I except not Audlyend; which, though larger, and full of gaudy and barbarous ornaments, does not gratify judicious spectators. As I said, my Lord: here is state and use, solidity and beauty most symmetrically combined together: seriously, there is no-

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn himself contributes this note:—"Clarendon House, built by Mr. Pratt; since quite demolished by Sir Thomas Bond, &c., who purchased it to build a street of tenements to his undoing.—J. E." The street thus referred to was Old Bond Street. Sir Thomas Bond was Comptroller of the Household to the Queen Mother, and the attached favourite of James the Second, with whom he went into exile. Frequent and interesting mention is made by Evelyn of this house. See *Diary*, vol. i. p. 404; vol. ii. pp. 5, 21, 25, 34—35, 40, 187, 194—195, 207—208.

thing abroad pleases me better ; nothing at home approaches it. I have no design, my Lord, to gratify the architect, beyond what I am obliged, as a professed honourer of virtue wheresoever 'tis conspicuous ; but when I had seriously contemplated every room (for I went into them all, from the cellar to the platform on the roof), seen how well and judiciously the walls were erected, the arches cut and turned, the timber braced, their scantlings and contignations disposed, I was incredibly satisfied, and do acknowledge myself to have much improved by what I observed. What shall I add more ? *rumpatur invidia* ; I pronounce it the first Palace in England, deserving all I have said of it, and a better encomiast.

May that great and illustrious person, whose large and ample heart has honoured his country with so glorious a structure, and, by an example worthy of himself, showed our nobility how they ought indeed to build, and value their qualities, live many long years to enjoy it ; and when he shall have passed to that upper *building not made with hands*, may his posterity (as you, my Lord) inherit his goodness, this palace, and all other circumstances of his grandeur, to consummate their felicity ; with which happy augure, permit me in all faithfulness and sincerity, to subscribe myself, my Lord,

Your, &c.

*John Evelyn to Samuel Pepys.*

*Sayer-Court, 26 March, 1666.*

SIR,

I know not with what success I have endeavoured to perform your commands ; but it has been to the utmost of my skill, of which you are to be my judge. The favour I bespeak of you is, your pardon for not sending it before. I have not enjoyed one minute's repose since my return (now a fortnight past) till this very morning ; having been ever since soliciting for a little money to preserve my miserable flock from perishing. On Saturday, very late, I dispatched Mr. Barber towards my Kentish circle, where our sick people are in quarters ; and at his return, I hope to present you a complete account : but till this instant

morning I had not written one line of those tedious papers; so that, if through haste (the parent of mistakes), there may haply appear some escapes, give pardon to your servant; or let me purchase it with a small present of fragments (such yet as you have been pleased to accept), and a little book that I also recommend to excuse my expense of such leisure as I can redeem from the other impertinences of my life. As to the report which I send you, I would receive it as a favour, however your resolutions of putting it in execution may succeed (the time of year being so far elapsed, in regard of action and more immediate use), it might yet be gratefully presented to his Royal Highness, or rather indeed, to his Majesty himself, who has so frequently been pleased to take notice of it to me as an acceptable project; because it would afflict me to have them think I have either been remiss or trifling in my proposal. This obligation I can only hope for from your dexterity, address, and friendship, whom,

Sir,

Your most affectionate and humble servant,

J. EVELYN.

SIR,—There is nothing in the other paper which you commanded me to return, but what is included in these, with ample and (I hope) considerable improvements.

I must beg a copy of those papers when the clerks are at leisure, having never a duplicate by me: and it may haply need a review.

SIR,—The bearer hereof, Roger Winn, being our messenger (and without whose services I cannot possibly be, having so frequent occasions of sending him about business belonging to my troublesome employment), does by me supplicate your protection, that he may not be pressed, of which he is hourly in danger as he travels about our affairs without your particular indulgence, which I therefore conjure you to let him have under your hand and signature.

*John Evelyn to Samuel Pepys.*

*Sayer-Court, 26 March, 1666.*

SIR,

If to render you an account of the progress of my late proposal be any testimony of my obedience to your commands, be pleased to believe that I most faithfully present it in these papers according to the best of my talent. And if you find the estimate considerably to exceed the first calculation, you will remember it was made to the meridian of London; that the walls were, both by his Majesty and the directions of the principal officers, to be made thicker and higher; that the materials and workmen were presumed to be found much cheaper in the country; and that the place and area to build on was supposed a level. But it has fallen out so much to our prejudice, and beyond all expectation in these particulars, that, to commence with the ground, we could not in four or five miles walking about Chatham and Rochester find one convenient spot that would bear a level of 200 foot square, unless it were one field beyond the dock, in the occupation of Mr. Commissioner Pett, near the bog and marsh, which has neither solid foundation, nor fresh water to it. There is a very handsome green close at the end of the Long-Rope-house, towards Chatham; but the declivity is so sudden and great to the west, that less than ten-foot raising will not bring it to such a rectitude as that we can lay our plate upon the wall, which will be a considerable trouble and charge to reform, as may be easily demonstrated: for either the earth must be so much abated towards the east, or the wall advanced to the height of near twenty foot, while one extreme of the roof will touch the superficies of the earth: beside the field is not above 150 feet wide. But supposing all this might be encountered (as indeed it might with charge), it borders so near to the rope-houses, the dock, and that ample way leading to it from the hill-house and Chatham, as might endanger his Majesty's people in case of any contagion; because it will be impossible to restrain them from sometimes mingling amongst the workmen and others, who have employment in the dock, when the convalescent men shall be able or permitted to walk abroad. This, and some



Besides partitions, posts, interstices, quarterage.

At those scantlings, together with the alteration of the walls for height and thickness, &c.

Every rod of square brick-work, solid, at $1\frac{1}{2}$ brick thick, containing in bricks of 9-inch, about 12 bars long, to $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height; 15 bricks to every 3-feet high, which to $16\frac{1}{2}$ is about 83; so that 83 by 21 is 1743 bricks superficial. This, at the designed thickness, is every square rod 5229 bricks, which I suppose at 17 (the lowest we can expect) delivered at the place, is every rod square, 9 <i>l.</i> 8 <i>s.</i> 1 <i>d.</i> The total of brickwork then, contains about 118 square rod, without defalcations; of doors, windows (being 8 doors at 6 and 3-feet; windows 114 at 3 and 2-feet, reduced to measure, contains doors 24 feet by 48, which is 1152 square foot; windows, 342 feet by 228 feet is 77,976 feet square); both these reduced to square rods, are almost 30 rods square; whereof allow 10 square rods for the inequality of the foundation and chimneys (if upon the Warren-ground), and then the bricks of the whole (without lime and sand) will cost for 98 square rods, at 4 <i>l.</i> 8 <i>s.</i> 1 <i>d.</i> . . . . .	£431	12	2	
And every rod after the rate of 18 <i>d.</i> for one foot high, in workmanship, to . . . . .		1	4	9
Which for 98 rod, is . . . . .	122	6	0	
<hr/>				
So as the brick-work for the whole will come to . . . . .	650	0	0	
Tiling, at 36 per square . . . . .	450	0	0	
Timber, at 46 per square . . . . .	600	0	0	
Glass, about 684 feet, at 6 <i>d.</i> per foot . . . . .	17	0	0	
Window-frames, at 4 <i>d.</i> each . . . . .	22	0	0	
<hr/>				
Single doors and cases, at 20 <i>s.</i> each; double doors and cases (for the more commodious bringing in of the sick, being frequently carried), at 36 <i>s.</i> , with the casements, locks, hinges, &c. . . . .	30	0	0	
Stone-floors . . . . .	32	0	0	
Stairs, per step, 3 <i>s.</i> , 76 in all . . . . .	11	8	0	
Levelling the ground, as computed upon view . . . . .	46	10	0	
<hr/>				
Total . . . . .	£1859	18	0	
<hr/>				

But this erection, reduced to 400 beds, or rather persons (which would be a very competent number, and yet exceedingly retrench his Majesty's charge for their maintenance), and the whole abated to near a fifth part of the expense, which amounts to about . . . . .

	371	0	0
The whole would not exceed . . . . .	487	18	0

Whereof the timber and roof . . . . .	480	0	0
The timber alone to . . . . .	360	0	0
Which, if furnished from the yard, the whole charge of the building will be reduced to . . . . .	127	18	0
So as the number of beds, diminished cradles, and attendance proportionable, the furniture complete will cost	480	0	0
Total . . . . .	<hr/>		£1607 18 0

According to the formerly-made estimate; and which whole charge will be saved in quarters of 400 men only, within six months and about fifteen days, at six-pence per head, being no less than £10 per diem, £70 per week, £280 per month, £3640 per annum; which is more than double what his Majesty is at in one year's quarters for them in private houses; besides all the incomparable advantages enumerated in the subsequent paper, which will perpetually hold upon this, or any the like occasion: the quartering of so many persons at six-pence per diem amounting to no less than 7280*d.* per annum.

If this shall be esteemed inconvenient, because of dis-furnishing the yard, or otherwise a temptation to embezzle the timber of the yard:

All the materials bought as above . . . . .	£1487	18	0
Furniture . . . . .	480	0	0
Total . . . . .	<hr/>		£1967 18 0

The whole expense will be reimbursed in eight months  
viz. in 400 men's diet alone, by sixpence per diem 378*d.* per month  
4536*d.* per annum

Whereas the same number at his Majesty's  
ordinary entertainment is. 627 0 0 per month  
7526 8 0 per annum

So as there would be saved yearly 

---

£2990 8 0

Note, that the salary of the steward (who buys all provisions, pays and keeps the account, takes charge of the sick when set on shore, and discharges them when recovered, &c.) is not computed in this estimate: because it is the same which our clerks and deputies do by the present establishment.

Thus I deduce the particulars :

	£	
Chirurgeons seven: viz. three master-chirurgeons,	} 280 56 42	
at 6s. per diem each; mates four, at 4s. each;		
diet for 400, 280l.; one matron, per week, 10s.;		
twenty nurses, at 5s. per week; fire, candles,		
soap, &c., 3d. per week		£378 per month
<hr/>		
Cradle-beds, 200, at 11s. per cradle, at 4½ feet wide, 6 long		110 0 0
Furniture, with beds, rug, blankets, sheets, at 30s. per bed		300 0 0
Utensils for Hospital, &c.		70 0 0
		<hr/>
		£480 0 0

But I do farther affirm, and can demonstrate, that supposing the whole erection, and furniture (according to my first and largest project, and as his Majesty and the principal officers did think fit to proportion the height and thickness of the walls), for the entertainment of 500 men, should amount to . . . . . 1859 18 0

Furniture to . . . . . 582 10 0

Total . . . . . £2442 2 0

Then would be saved to his Majesty 332l. 18s. per month, 3994l. 16s. per annum.

So that in less than eight months time there will be saved, in the quarters of 500 men alone, more money than the whole expense amounts to; 500 men's quarters at 1s. per diem coming to £25 per diem, £175 per week, £700 per month, £9408 per annum.

Upon which I assume, if £3994, by five hundred men, or £3640 in four hundred men, or, lastly, if but £2990 be saved in one year in the quarters of 400 sick persons, &c. there would a far greater sum be saved in more than 6000 men; there having been sent 7000 sick and wounded men to cure in my district only, and of those 2800 put on shore at Chatham and Rochester, for which station I proposed the remedy. Now, 500 sick persons quartered in a town at the victuallers and scattered ale-houses (as the custom is), will take up at least 160 houses, there being very few of those miserable places which afford accommodation for about two or three in a house; with, frequently at greater distances, employ of chirurgeons, nurses, and officers, innumerable; so as when we have been distressed for chirurgeons.



some of them (upon computation) walked six miles every day, by going but from quarter to quarter, and not being able to visit their patients as they ought: whereas, in our hospitals, they are continually at hand. We have essayed to hire some capacious empty houses, but could never meet with any tolerably convenient; and to have many, or more than one, would be chargeable and very troublesome. By our infirmary, then we have these considerable advantages.

At six-pence per diem each (in the way of commons), the sick shall have as good, and much more proper and wholesome diet, than now they have in the ale-houses, where they are fed with trash, and embezzle their money more to inflame themselves, and retard and destroy their cures out of ignorance or intemperance; whiles a sober matron governs the nurses, looks to their provisions, rollers, linen, &c. And the nurses attend the sick, wash, sweep, and serve the offices, the cook and laundrer comprehended in the number, and at the same rate, &c. By this method, likewise, are the almost indefinite number of chirurgeons and officers exceedingly reduced; the sick dieted, kept from drink and intemperance, and consequently, from most unavoidably relapsing. They are hindered from wandering, slipping away, and dispersion. They are more sedulously attended; the physician better inspects the chirurgeons, who neither can nor will be in all places, as now they are scattered, in the nasty corners of the towns. They are sooner and more certainly cured (for I have at present near thirty beds employed in a barn at Gravesend, which has taught us much of this experience), they are received and discharged with infinite more ease. Our accounts better and more exactly kept. A vast and very considerable sum is saved (not to say gained) to his Majesty. The materials of the house will be good, if taken down; or, if let stand, it may serve, in time of peace, for a store or workhouse; the furniture will (much of it) be useful upon like occasion; and, what is to be esteemed none of the least virtues of it, it will totally cure the altogether intolerable clamour and difficulties of rude and ungrateful people, their landlords and nurses, raised by their poverty upon the least obstruction of constant and weekly pays; for want of which, they bring an ill repute on his Majesty's service, and incense the very magistrates and

better sort of inhabitants (neighbours to them), who too frequently promote (I am sorry to speak it) their mutinies; so as they have been sometimes menacing to expose our men in the streets, where some have most inhospitably perished. In fine, this would encounter all objections whatsoever; is an honourable, charitable, and frugal provision; effectual, full of encouragement, and very practicable; so as, however, for the present it may be considered, I cannot but persist in wishing it might be resolved upon towards autumn at the farthest; Chatham and Rochester alone, having, within seventeen or eighteen months, cost his Majesty full £13,000, in cures and quarters; half whereof would have near been saved had this method been established. Add to this, the almost constant station of his Majesty's ships at the buoy in the Nore, and river of Chatham; the clamour of that place against our quartering these, this crazy time; and the altogether impossibility of providing elsewhere for such numbers as continually press in upon us there, more than any where else, after actions, or the return of any of his Majesty's fleet: which, with what has been offered, may recommend this project, by your favourable representation of the premises, for a permanent establishment in that place especially, if his Majesty and Royal Highness so think meet. This account, being what I have been able to lay before you, as the effects of my late inspection upon the places, by commands of the Honourable the Principal Officers, I request through your hands may be addressed to them from,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. EVELYN.

We might this summer burn our own bricks, and procure timber at the best hand, which would save a considerable charge.

*John Evelyn to Sir Samuel Tuke.*

*Sayes-Court, 27 Sep. 1666.*

SIR,

It was some four days before the most fatal conflagration of the (quondam) City of London that I addressed a few lines to you, little thinking I should so soon have had

two such dissolutions to deplore,—the burning of the best town in the world, and the decease of the best friend in the world, your excellent lady. Sir, you know they are but small afflictions that are loquacious—great ones are silent; and if ever great ones there were, mine eyes have beheld, and mine ears heard them, with an heart so possessed of sorrow, that it is not easily expressed; because the instances have been altogether stupendous and unparalleled. But it were in vain to entertain you with those formal topics, which are wont to be applied to persons of less fortitude and Christian resignation, though I cannot but exhort you to what, I know, you do—look upon all things in this world as transitory and perishing; sent us upon condition of quitting them cheerfully, when God pleases to take them from us. This consideration alone (with the rest of those graces which God has furnished you with) will be able to alleviate your passion, and to preserve you from succumbing under your pressures, which I confess are weighty, but not insupportable. Live therefore, I conjure you, and help to restore our dear country, and to console your friends. There is none alive wishes you more sincere happiness than my poor family.

I suppose I should have heard ere this from you of all your concernments, but impute your silence to some possible miscarriage of your letters; since the usual place of address is with the rest reduced to ashes, and made an heap of ruins. I would give you a more particular relation of this calamitous accident; but I should oppress you with sad stories, and I question not but they are come too soon amongst you at Paris with all minuteness, and (were it possible) hyperboles. There is this yet of less deplorable in it: that, as it has pleased God to order it, little effects of any great consequence have been lost, besides the houses;—that our merchants, at the same instant in which it was permitted that the tidings should fly over seas, had so settled all their affairs, as the complying with their foreign correspondence, as punctually as if no disaster at all had happened; nor do we hear of so much as one that has failed. The Exchange is now at Gresham College. The rest of the City (which may consist of near a seventh part), and suburbs, peopled with new shops; the same

noise, business, and commerce, not to say vanity. Only the poor booksellers have been indeed ill treated by Vulcan; so many noble impressions consumed by their trusting them to the churches, as the loss is estimated near two hundred thousand pounds, which will be an extraordinary detriment to the whole republic of learning. In the meantime, the King and Parliament are infinitely zealous for the rebuilding of our ruins; and I believe it will universally be the employment of the next spring. They are now busied with adjusting the claims of each proprietor, that so they may dispose things for the building after the noblest model. Everybody brings in his idea: amongst the rest I presented his Majesty with my own conceptions, with a discourse annexed. It was the second that was seen within two days after the conflagration: but Dr. Wren had got the start of me.<sup>1</sup> Both of us did coincide so frequently, that his Majesty was not displeas'd with it, and it caus'd divers alterations; and truly there was never a more glorious phoenix upon earth, if it do at last emerge out of these cinders, and as the design is laid with the present fervour of the undertakers. But these things are as yet immature; and I pray God we may enjoy peace to encourage those fair dispositions. The miracle is, I have never in my life observ'd a more universal resignation, less repining amongst sufferers: which makes me hope that God has yet thoughts of mercy towards us. Judgments do not always end where they begin; and therefore let none exult over our calamities. We know not whose turn it may be next. But, Sir, I forbear to entertain you longer on these sad reflections; but persist to beg of you not to suffer any transportations unbecoming a man of virtue; resolve to preserve yourself, if it be possible, for better times, the good and restoration of your country, and the comfort of your friends and relations, and amongst them of, Sir,

Your, &c.

<sup>1</sup> These plans were afterwards printed by the Society of Antiquaries, and have been repeatedly engraved for the various histories of London. That by Mr. Evelyn is erroneously inscribed "Sir John Evelyn."

*Philip Dumaresque to John Evelyn.**Jersey, 12th Nov. 1666.*

SIR,

I should acknowledge but in part the obligations I have to your lady, if I did not confess myself equally indebted to you ; for, besides the particular kindness to me, I am obliged, with all his Majesty's subjects, for that excellent and useful piece of yours of planting and gardening, which Mr. Messerney did lend me to read ; the subjects therein so accurately handled being so suitable to my inclination and kind of life, that no fear of invasion from our ill neighbours can hinder me from putting daily in practice some of the directions therein prescribed. I was in good hopes to have had the honour of giving you the particulars of my proficiency myself during this winter, wherein there was some likelihood there would be no occasion for our stay here ; but our governor's commands have been so absolute to all that desired leave but for two months only, that I am out of hopes to pay you in person the respects I owe you for your favours ; but must be content, till a happier opportunity, to entreat from your goodness to believe that there is nothing I esteem more than the happiness to be accounted by you, as I am really, Sir,

Your most humble and obliged servant,

PHILIP DUMARESQUE.

*John Evelyn to Lord Chancellor Clarendon.**Sayes Court, 27th Nov. 1666.*

MY LORD,

I did the other day in Westminster Hall, give my Lord Cornbury, your lordship's son, my thoughts briefly concerning a most needful reformation for the transmitting a clearer stream for the future from the press, by directing to immaculate copies of such books as, being vended in great proportions, do, for want of good editions amongst us, export extraordinary sums of money, to our no less

detriment than shame; and I am so well satisfied of the honour which a redress in this kind will procure even to posterity (however small the present instance may appear to some in a superficial view) that I think myself obliged to wish that your Lordship may not conceive it unworthy of your patronage. The affair is this.

Since the late deplorable conflagration, in which the stationers have been exceedingly ruined, there is like to be an extraordinary penury and scarcity of classic authors, &c., used in grammar schools; so, as of necessity, they must suddenly be reprinted. My Lord may please to understand that our booksellers follow their own judgment in printing the ancient authors, according to such text as they found extant, when first they entered their copy; whereas, out of the MSS. collated by the industry of later critics, those authors are exceedingly improved. For instance, about thirty years since Justin was corrected by Isaac Vossius, in many hundreds of places most material to sense and elegancy; and has since been frequently reprinted in Holland after the purer copy, but with us, still according to the old reading. The like has Florus, Seneca's tragedies, and near all the rest, which have in the mean time been castigated abroad by several learned hands; which, besides that it makes ours to be rejected, and dishonours our nation, so does it no little detriment to learning, and to the treasure of the nation in proportion. The cause of this is principally the stationer driving as hard and cruel a bargain with the printer as he can, and the printer taking up any smatterer in the tongues, to be the less loser; an exactness in this no ways importing the stipulation; by which means errors repeat and multiply in every edition, and that most notoriously in some most necessary school-books of value, which they obtrude upon the buyer, unless men will be at unreasonable rates for foreign editions. Your Lordship does by this perceive the mischievous effects of this avarice and negligence in them.

And now towards the removing these causes of the decay of typography, not only as to this particular, but in general, it is humbly proposed to consider whether it might not be expedient: first, that inspection be had what text of the Greek and Latin authors should be followed in future

impressions; secondly, that a censor be established to take care and caution of all presses in London, that they be provided with able correctors, principally for school-books, which are of large and iterated impressions; thirdly, that the charge thereof be advanced by the company, which is but just, and will be easily reimbursed, upon an allowance arising from better and more valuable copies; since it is but reason that whoever builds a house be at the charges of surveying; and if it stand in relation to the public (as this does), that he be obliged to it.

My Lord, these reflections are not crudely represented, but upon mature advice and conference with learned persons with whom I now and then converse; and they are highly worthy your Lordship's interesting your power and authority to reform it, and will be inserted into the glorious things of your story, and adorn your memory. Great persons heretofore did take care of these matters, and it has consecrated their names. The season is also now most proper for it, that this sad calamity has mortified a company which was exceedingly haughty and difficult to manage to any useful reformation; and therefore (well knowing the benefit which would accrue to the public by so noble an attempt), I could not but recommend it to your Lordship out of the pure sense of gratitude I have to wish your Lordship all the happy occasions of increasing your honour, for the favours you always show me, and the obligations I have to your particular friendship and kindness. My Lord, if this paper find acceptance, I would be bold to add some farther hints for the carrying it on to some perfection; for, besides all I have said, there will need pains in reading, consulting MSS., and conference with learned men, good indexes, apt divisions, chapters, and verses, as the "Dutch Variorum," embellishments of Roman and Italic letters to separate inserted speeches (especially in historiaus and sententious authors), and which adds to the use and lustre, together with a choice of succinct notes after more terse and profitable copies. For it is a shame that even such as our own countryman Farnaby has published should be sold us from other countries, because our own editions are so much inferior to them. If your Lordship would set your heart upon other particulars concerning the reformation of our English press,

I could give instance in some of high reputation and no mean advantage. But I would rejoice to see but this take effect.

My Lord, I kiss your Lordship's hands, &c.

*John Evelyn to Dr. Wilkins.<sup>1</sup>*

SIR,

I have read Mr. Tillotson's "Rule of Faith," and am obliged to render him thanks for the benefit I acknowledge to have received by it. Never in my life did I see a thing more illustrated, more convincing, unless men will be blind because they will be so. I am infinitely pleased with his equal style, dispassionate treatment, and Christian temper to that important adversary: for my part, I look upon that business as dispatched, and expect only the grimaces and agonies of dying and desperate men for the future; plainly the wound is mortal.

Sir, that I presume to send you the consequence of what I formerly published in English, in the controversy betwixt the Jesuits and the Jansenists, speaks rather my obedience to a command from that great person,<sup>2</sup> than my abilities to have undertaken, or acquitted myself as I ought. I annexed an Epistolary Preface, not to instruct such as you are, in anything which you do not know; but for their sakes, who, reading the book, might possibly conceive the French kings to have been the only persons in danger: and because I hope it may receive your suffrage as to the pertinence of it *pro hic et nunc*.

I am heartily sorry that some indispensable avocations frequently deprive me of your meetings at Gresham College, and particularly that I cannot be there on Wednesday; his Majesty having enjoined me to repair to-morrow to Chatham, for the taking order about erecting an infirmary, capable to entertain about 500 sick persons, and all to be finished against the next occasion. If Almighty God do not vouchsafe to accept this service, as well as the King my master, I shall be an intolerable loser, by being so long diverted from

<sup>1</sup> At this time Dean of Ripon. See Diary, vol. i. pp. 305. The allusions in this letter determine its date. <sup>2</sup> The Lord Chancellor.



a conversation so profitable and so desirable. But wars will once<sup>1</sup> have a period: and I now and then get a bait at philosophy; but it is so little and *jejune*, as I despair of satisfaction till I am again restored to the Society, where even your very fragments are enough to enrich any man that has the honour to approach you. Sir, I think I have at last procured the mummia which you desired: be pleased in the name and with authority of the Royal Society, to challenge it of the injurious detainers, therein using the address of Mr. Fox; Sir Samuel Tuke having written most effectually in our behalf, who deserves (together with the Hon. Mr. Hen. Howard, of Norfolk) a place among our benefactors.

Sir, I am, &c.

*Sir George Mackenzie<sup>2</sup> to John Evelyn.*

*Edinburgh, February 4, 1666-7.*

SIR,

I have written two letters which, with my last moral discourses, now lie before me because I want your address. This I have at last ventured upon, which will assure you of a friendship as zealous, though not so advantageous as you deserve; as a testimony of which, receive this inclosed poem written by me, not out of love of poetry, or of gallantry, but to essay if I might reveal my curiosity that way. I could wish to know the censure of Sir William Davenant or Mr. Waller upon it; and in order to this, I beg that you will present this letter and it to Sir William, and if he pleases it, to give copies of it, or use it as you please. I wish he sent me an account of its errors, and as a penance I promise not to vomit any new one. I had sought my security in no other approbation than your own, if your friendship for me had not rendered you suspect. Dear sir, pardon this imprudence in

Your most humble servant,

GEO. MACKENZIE.

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.*, One day.

<sup>2</sup> Sir George Mackenzie is frequently mentioned in the *Diary* (see in particular, vol. ii. p. 317). He was a very famous Scottish lawyer and antiquarian, whose memory is still preserved and revered in Edinburgh, notwithstanding his high-flying doctrines of divine right and passive obedience, as the founder of the celebrated Advocates' Library.

To Abraham Cowley, Esq.<sup>1</sup>

Sayes-Court, 12th March, 1666-7.

SIR,

You had reason to be astonished at the presumption, not to name it affront, that I who have so highly celebrated recess, and envied it in others, should become an advocate for the enemy, which of all others it abhors and flies from. I conjure you to believe that I am still of the same mind, and that there is no person alive who does more honour and breathe after the life and repose you so happily cultivate and adorn by your example: but, as those who praised dirt, a flea, and the gout,<sup>2</sup> so have I *Public Employment* in that trifling Essay,<sup>3</sup> and that in so weak a style compared to my antagonists, as by that alone it will appear I neither was nor could be serious; and I hope you believe I speak my very soul to you. / But I have more to say, which will require your kindness. Suppose our good friend were publishing some eulogies on the Royal Society, and, by deducing the original progress and advantages of their design, would bespeak it some veneration in the world? Has Mr. Cowley no inspirations for it? Would it not hang the most heroic wreath about his temples? Or can he desire a nobler or a fuller argument either for the softest airs or the loudest echoes, for the smoothest or briskest notes of his Pindaric lyre?

There be those who ask, What have the Royal Society done? Where their College? I need not instruct you how to answer or confound these persons, who are able to make even these inform<sup>4</sup> blocks and stones dance into order, and charm them into better sense. Or if their insolence press, you are capable to show how they have laid solid foundations to perfect all noble arts, and reform all imper-

<sup>1</sup> This and the following letter will be read with interest by all who have admired the masterly poem to which chiefly they relate, and which was published before the close of this year in Sprat's History of the Royal Society.

<sup>2</sup> Dornavius's "*Amphitheatrum Sapientiae Socraticae Jacoseriae*" contains a large collection of facetiae of this kind, in prose and verse, with which the scholars of those times relieved their serious studies.

<sup>3</sup> "Public Employment, &c., preferred to Solitude," 1667. Printed in Evelyn's "*Miscellaneous Writings*," 1825, 4to, pp. 501, 509.

<sup>4</sup> An adjective—from the Latin *informis*

fect sciences. It requires an history to recite only the arts, the inventions, and phenomena already absolved, improved, or opened. In a word, our registers have outdone Pliny, Porta, and Alexis, and all the experimentists, nay, the great Verulam himself, and have made a nobler and more faithful collection of real secrets, useful and instructive, than has hitherto been shown.—(Sir, we have a library, a repository, and an assembly of as worthy and great persons as the world has any; and yet we are sometimes the subject of satire and the songs of the drunkards;) have a king to our founder, and yet want a Mæcenas; and above all, a spirit like yours, to raise us up benefactors, and to compel them to think the design of the Royal Society as worthy of their regards, and as capable to embalm their names, as the most heroic enterprise, or any thing antiquity has celebrated; and I am even amazed at the wretchedness of this age that acknowledges it no more. But the devil, who was ever an enemy to truth, and to such as discover his prestigious effects, will never suffer the promotion of a design so destructive to his dominion (which is to fill the world with imposture and keep it in ignorance), without the utmost of his malice and contradiction. But you have numbers and charms that can bind even these spirits of darkness, and render their instruments obsequious; and we know you have a divine hymn for us; the lustre of the Royal Society calls for an ode from the best of poets upon the noblest argument. To conclude: here you have a field to celebrate the great and the good, who either do, or should, favour the most august and worthy design that ever was set on foot in the world: and those who are our real patrons and friends you can eternise, those who are not you can conciliate and inspire to do gallant things.—But I will add no more, when I have told you with great truth that I am,

Sir, &c.

*From Abraham Cowley to John Evelyn.*

*Chertsey, 13th May, 1667.*

SIR,

I am ashamed of the rudeness I have committed in deferring so long my humble thanks for your obliging

letter, which I received from you at the beginning of the last month. My laziness in finishing the copy of verses upon the Royal Society, for which I was engaged before by Mr. Sprat's desire, and encouraged since by you, was the cause of this delay, having designed to send it to you enclosed in my letter: but I am told now that the History is almost quite printed, and will be published so soon, that it were impertinent labour to write out that which you will so suddenly see in a better manner, and in the company of better things. I could not comprehend in it many of those excellent hints which you were pleased to give me, nor descend to the praises of particular persons, because those things afford too much matter for one copy of verses, and enough for a poem, or the History itself; some part of which I have seen, and think you will be very well satisfied with it. I took the boldness to show him your letter, and he says he has not omitted any of those heads, though he wants the eloquence in expression. Since I had the honour to receive from you the reply to a book written in praise of a solitary life,<sup>1</sup> I have sent all about the town in vain to get the author, having very much affection for the subject, which is one of the noblest controversies both modern and ancient; and you have dealt so civilly with your adversary, as makes him deserve to be looked after. But I could not meet with him, the books being all, it seems, either burnt or bought up. If you please to do me the favour to lend it to me, and send it to my brother's house (that was) in the King's Yard, it shall be returned to you within a few days with a humble thanks of your most faithful obedient servant,

A. COWLEY.

*Sir John Langham to John Evelyn.*

*Crosby House, this 30th July, 1667.*

WORTHY SIR,

I presume upon your goodness, though a stranger, so far to trouble you as to make a double enquiry concerning Mr. Phillips, who lately was entertained in your family.

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Mackenzie's "Moral Essay upon Solitude, preferring it to Public Employment," &c., 1665.

The one how he approved himself to you in learning and behaviour, whom I had long known to be the greatest judge of both : the other where he is now disposed of, and whether in the liberty of receiving an ingenuous employment, if your character of him and my discourse with him shall encourage me to give him a call thereto. One requisite that I am commissioned to be assured of, is his ability of speaking ready and refined *Latina* ; for as to his manners and regular conversation, there lies not a suspicion for anything in them unworthy of the sanctimony of your house, which hath long been venerated as the holiest temple of all virtue and ingenuity. I am sensible how far already I have trespassed upon your consecrated leisures, therefore, lest I should continue the fault, I add not more, than I am,

Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

J. LANGHAM.

*John Evelyn to Sir John Langham.*

SIR,

It is from the abundance of your civility that you load me with eulogies, and because you are not acquainted with my imperfections, which are so much the greater by having not had the honour to be known to so deserving a person as yourself. I can say nothing to the disadvantage of Mr. Phillips, which might not recommend him to your good intentions, except it be that I did not observe in him any greater promptness of readily speaking Latin (which I find is one of the principal faculties you are in search of) ; but it was not for that, or indeed any other defect which made us part, but the passion he had to travel and see the world, which he was made believe he should have had a sudden opportunity of effecting with a son of my lord of Pembroke, who has now these two years been under his tuition without satisfying his curiosity as to that particular. Mr. Phillips is, I think, yet at Wilton, where my lord makes use of him to interpret some of the Teutonic philosophy, to whose mystic theology his lordship, you know, is much addicted. As to Mr. Phillips's more express character, he is a sober, silent, and most harmless person ; a little versatile in his

studies, understanding many languages, especially the modern, not inferior to any I know, and that I take to be his talent. Thus, sir, what I have said concerning Mr. Phillips in the matter you require, I hope shall not abate of your value for him, or the honour I promise myself in receiving your future commands, who remain,

Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

J. EVELYN.

*John Evelyn to Henry Howard.*<sup>1</sup>

*Sayes-Court, 4 Aug. 1667.*

SIR,

It is not without much regret and more concernment as it regards your honourable and illustrious family, that I have now so long a time beheld some of the noblest antiquities in the world, and which your grandfather purchased with so much cost and difficulty, lie abandoned, broken, and defaced in divers corners about Arundel House and the gardens belonging to it. I know your honour cannot but have thoughts and resolutions of repairing and collecting them together one day; but there are in the mean time certain broken inscriptions, now almost obliterated with age and the ill effects of weather, which will in a short time utterly be lost and perish, unless they be speedily removed to a more benign and less corrosive air. For these it is, I should be an humble suitor that you would think fit to make a present of them to the University of Oxford, where they might be of great use and ornament, and remain a more lasting record to posterity of your munificence, than by any other application of them whatsoever; and the University would think themselves obliged to inscribe your name, and that of your illustrious family, to all significations of gratitude.

<sup>1</sup> Heir apparent to the Dukedom of Norfolk, frequently mentioned in the *Diary*. "This letter," Evelyn writes upon the MS. original, "procured all the Marmora Arundeliana, Greek and Latin Inscriptions, Urns, Altar Tables, &c. now at Oxon. J.E." See also his Dedication to Mr. Howard, prefixed to Roland Freart's "Idea of the Perfection of Painting," and reprinted in his "Miscellaneous Writings," 1825, 4to. p. 555.

I have also long since suggested to your honour, that you would cause the best of your statues, basso-relievos, and other antiquities standing in your gallery at Arundel House, to be exquisitely designed by some skilful hand, and engraven in copper, as Mons. Liancourt did those of Rome by Perrier, and long before him Raphael himself, Sadeler,<sup>1</sup> and other incomparable sculptors; because by this means they would be communicated to the world, and divers great and learned persons, studious of antiquity, might be benefited by them; and if such a thing were added to the impression of the *Marmora Arundeliana* (which I hear the University of Oxon are now preparing for a second impression), how greatly would it adorn that admirable work, and do new honours to your illustrious name and family, as it has formerly, and yet does to divers noble Italians and others, who have not been able to produce such a collection as you are furnished with, but which perish in obscurity, and yield not that to the public, who would be obliged to celebrate you, for want of a small expense! Methinks, whilst they remain thus obscured and neglected, the very marbles are become vocal, and cry to you for pity, and that you would even breathe life into them. Sir, you will easily see I have no other design in this, than to express the honour I have for your person and for your illustrious family; and because I find this would be one of the most glorious instances to augment and perpetuate it, I cannot but wish that it might take effect. I have no more to add but that I am, &c.

*John Evelyn to Dr. Bathurst.*<sup>2</sup>

*London, 9th September, 1667.*

SIR,

I heartily wish I had the good fortune to be as serviceable to you in particular for the many favours I have received, as I doubt not but I shall be to a place, which, for your sake as well as my own, I have so much reason to

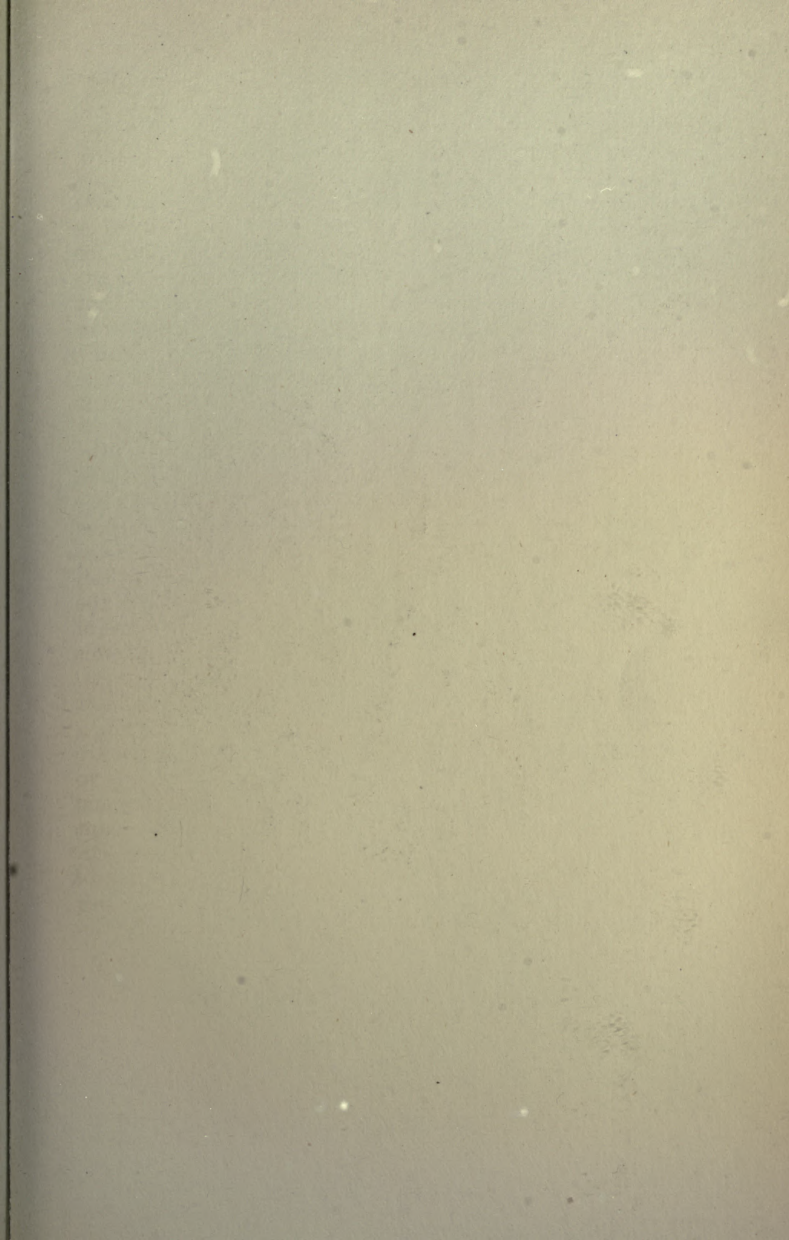
<sup>1</sup> Little more than six years before the date of this letter the *Vestigi dell' Antichita di Roma*, engraved by Giles Sadeler, had appeared.

<sup>2</sup> At this time President of Trinity College, Oxford.

honour—I mean the University; if, at least, it may be esteemed a service to have obtained of Mr. Henry Howard, of Norfolk, the freely-bestowing upon you all those learned monuments which pass under the famous names of *Marmora Arundeliana*. This, sir, the interest which that illustrious person has allowed me in his friendship has wrought for you; and I dare pronounce it highly worthy your acceptance. For you shall not only be masters of some few, but of all; and there is nothing more to be done, than, after you have taken notice of his munificence (which I desire, and wish may be speedily done, in a public address, as from the body of the University), to take order for their transportation to you; for which effect, I conceive it would be worth your while to delegate Mr. Obadiah Walker, or Dr. Wren (Sir Christopher), persons that I much honour, who may take care and consult about the best expedients for their removal; for they being marble, and some of them basse-relievos rarely cut, will deserve to be guarded from injuries: and when they are at Oxford, I conceive they can nowhere be more fitly placed than in some part about the new theatre, except you should think fit to protect some of the more curious and small ones, as urns, &c., in the galleries next the library, where they may remain secure. I have assured Mr. Howard that the University will not fail in their sense of this noble gift and munificence, by decreeing him a public and conspicuous inscription which shall consecrate his memory: and if I have hinted it more particularly to Mr. Walker, it is what I think will become your justice and such grateful beneficiaries. I shall entreat you to acquaint Mr. Vice-Chancellor with what I have done, as also Dr. Barlow and Dr. Pierce, the Warden and Presidents of Queen's and Magdalen Colleges, my worthy friends, and beg that through your address this service of mine may be acceptable to the University from,

Sir, your, &c.





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Sir P. Lely pinx.

EDWARD MONTAGU,  
EARL OF SANDWICH

OB. 1672.

*John Evelyn to the Earl of Sandwich.**Sayes-Court, 13 Decemb. 1667.*

MY LORD,

I could hardly obtain of myself to give your Excellency this trouble, or dare to mingle my impertinencies amongst your public and weighty concerns, till, reflecting on the greatness of your genius, I concluded it would neither be disturbed, nor disdain my humble address, that confident of your communicative nature, I adventured to supplicate your Excellency's favour in behalf of a work of mine upon the Hortulan subject; and in particular, that your Excellency would vouchsafe by the meanest of your servants to give me some short descriptions of the most famous gardens and villas of Spain,<sup>1</sup> and what other singularities of that kind might occur to the adorning of a labour wherein I chiefly pretend to gratify great and illustrious persons, and such as, like your Lordship, are the most worthy to cultivate and enjoy these amenities. The catalogue which I here presume to send your Excellency, and the pains I have already taken to render it no trifling or unuseful speculation, will in some degree commute for this bold address; especially since I could never hope to receive so much light from any but your Excellency, to whom I am confident there can be nothing curious in this argument concealed, how close and reserved soever the Spaniards are. I have heard that there is lately a German at Madrid, who pretends to a successful invention for the setting of corn by a peculiar sort of plough. This, I am sure, cannot have escaped your Excellency; and it will be due to the Royal Society, the history whereof, now at last published here with infinite applause, I doubt not is come to your hands, and that you will judge it worthy the most accurate translation. But, my Lord, I shall leave that to the joint request of the

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn subjoins this note. "Which he sent me from Madrid, in many sheets of paper written in his own hand, together with the *Sembrador* or plough itself, which I gave to the Royal Society, and is described in their 'Transactions,' J. E." Lord Sandwich, it is needless to add, was at this time our Ambassador to Spain.

Society, and accumulate no more to these extravagances of mine, after I have supplicated your Excellency's pardon, who am,

May it please your Excellency, your, &c.

*Sir George Mackenzie to John Evelyn.*

*Edinburgh, 1668*

I did, Sir, in my greener years believe that our lofty and more wingy thoughts could not be forced into rhymes or submit to the rules of poetry. But I attribute this partly to the rudeness of my ear, which the storminess of the place where I live fashioned from my infancy to take notice of no sound less loud than winds or thunder, and thus I undervalue poetry as soldiers accustomed to the noise of drum and cannon contemn the softer airs of the viol or lute. But being at last released from this error, I resolved to choose for my essay a theme which (like her for whom the poem was intended) would not look ill in any dress, and in which my duty might excuse my want of wit. This poem being the first fruits of my muse, I have sent to you as to whom it was due, being Apollo's high priest. Your eyes can ripen everything they see, and if there be any lameness in its feet, your touch can miraculously cure it. Your approbation is a sanctuary unto which if these lines can once get they will be secure, nor dare the avenger follow them; and your bays are branches enough to secure them against the heats of envy, though they need, I fear, more the pity than the rage of more exalted heads. I desire rather your assistance than your censure, and I fear as much the one, as they need the other. Pardon the rudeness of this address from

Your humble servant,

GEO. MACKENZIE.

P.S.—If you favour me with a return, direct it to Sir Geo. Mackenzie, Advocate, in Edinburgh.

*Sir Robert Moray to John Evelyn.**Yester, 14th June, 1665.*

MY VERY WORTHY FRIEND,

By what telescope you read me at this distance, I do not know; but by your letter of the 13th December, I learnt that you are acquainted with my most illegible parts. I should hardly have suspected it. It seems you conclude me to be a greater master in another sort of philosophy than in that which is the business of the Royal Society; for if you were not confident I can govern the whole brood of my passions, as well, at least, as Banks did his horse, you would not have adventured to stir up so many of the fiercest of them at once. This I incline the rather to believe because I know you value my friendship and would not bend to a flame that might blow it up. Therefore, instead of flying over, like lightning, upon the wanton and tempting language by which you assault my humility and sobriety, my ingenuity and my unconcernedness, exciting me to pride, vanity, ambition, and affectation, I do but smile upon the liberty of your pen, and commend the pretty texture of your ingenious words, and only construct the design of all to be to express quaintly your kindness in desiring I may be where you are. And my return to that is, that were I at my own disposal, I could be as willing as you would have me to confine myself to that little world that goes under the name of Sayes Court, and choose, not covet, the most courted glories of our terrestrial planet, nay, nor envy those that inhabit the noble one that illuminates the rest, if any such people there be: and, then, if the two luminaries that keep up a perpetual spring in that rich place did but shine perpetually on such an obscure guest, what sublunary things would be wanting to complete the happiness of, my very much honoured friend,

Your faithful humble servant,  
R. MORAY.

*John Evelyn to the Rev. Joseph Glanvil.*<sup>1</sup>

*Sayes-Court, 24th June, 1668.*

SIR,

I received so welcome, and so obliging a token from you by the hands of Mr. Oldenburgh, that after all I can say in this letter in acknowledgment of that particular favour, I must continue to subscribe myself your debtor. For what have you seen in any of my productions, which should make you augur so favourably of that trifle of mine, upon so trite and humble a subject? or mention me amongst the heroes whom you so meritoriously celebrate! I cannot find anything to support it, but your most obliging nature, of which the comely and philosophic frame is abundantly conspicuous, by this worthy vindication both of yourself and all useful learning against the science (falsely so called) of your snarling adversary.<sup>2</sup> I do not conceive why the Royal Society should any more concern themselves for the empty and malicious cavils of these delators, after what you have said; but let the moon-dogs bark on, till their throats are dry: the Society every day emerges, and her good genius will raise up one or other to judge and defend her; whilst there is nothing which does more confirm me in the nobleness of the design, than this spirit of contradiction which the devil (who hates all discoveries of those false and prestigious ways that have hitherto obtained) does incite to stir up men against it. But, sir, you have discoursed this so fully in this excellent piece of yours, that I have no more to add, but the suffrage and subscription of, Sir,

Yours, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Glanvil, a Devonshire Clergyman, was a fellow of the Royal Society, one of the King's Chaplains in Ordinary, and a writer of some repute in his day. Evelyn writes upon this letter—"He sent me his book entitled, 'Plus Ultra; or the Progress and advancement of Knowledge, since the days of Aristotle,' octavo, London, 1668. J. E."—An account of the book may be seen in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 36.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Stubbe, an inveterate enemy of the Royal Society, which he attacked in various pamphlets, now happily forgotten. Among them was an Answer to Glanvil, entitled, "The *Plus Ultra* reduced to a *Non Plus*; or a Specimen of some Animadversions upon the *Plus Ultra* of Mr. Joseph Glanvil." Q, 1670.

*John Evelyn to the Earl of Sandwich.**Sayer-Court, 21st August, 1663.*

MY LORD,

I am plainly astonished at your bounty to me, and I am in pain for words to express the sense I have of this great obligation.<sup>1</sup>

And as I have been exceedingly affected with the descriptions, so have I been greatly instructed in the other particulars your Lordship mentions, and especially rejoice that your Excellency has taken care to have the draughts of the places, fountains, and engines for the irrigation and refreshing their plantations, which may be of singular use to us in England. And I question not but your Excellency brings with you a collection of seeds; such especially as we may not have commonly in our country. By your Lordship's description, the *Encina* should be the *Ilex major aculecta*, a sucker whereof yet remains in his Majesty's Privy-Gardens at Whitehall, next the door that is opposite to the Tennis-court. I mention it the rather, because it certainly might be propagated with us to good purpose; for the father of this small tree I remember of a goodly stature, so as it yearly produced ripe acorns; though Clusius, when he was in England, believed it to be barren: and haply, it had borne none in his time. I have sown both the acorns of the tree, and the cork with success, though I have now but few of them remaining, through the negligence of my gardener; for they require care at the first raising, till they are accustomed to the cold, and then no rigour impeaches them. What your Excellency means by the *Bama de Joseph*, I do not comprehend; but the *Planta Alois*, which is a monstrous kind of *Sedum*, will, like it, endure no wet in winter, but will certainly rot if but a drop or two fall on it, whereas in summer you cannot give it drink enough. I perceive their culture of choice and tender plants differs little from ours in England, as it has been published by me in my *Calendarium Hortense*, which is now the third time reprinting. Stoves absolutely destroy our conservatories; but if they could be lined with cork, I

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 201.

believe it would better secure them from the cold and moisture of the walls, than either mattresses or reeds with which we commonly invest them. I think that I was the first that ever planted Spanish Cardons in our country for any culinary use, as your Excellency has taught the blanching; but I know not whether they serve themselves in Spain with the purple beards of the thistle, when it is in flower, for the curdling of milk, which it performs much better than rennet, and is far sweeter in the dairy than that liquor, which is apt to putrify.

Your Excellency has rightly conjectured of the pomegranate; I have always kept it exposed, and the severest of our winters does it no prejudice. They will flower plentifully, but bear no fruit with us, either kept in cases and the repository, or set in the open air; at least very trifling, with the greatest industry of stoves and other artifices.

We have asparagus growing wild both in Lincolnshire and in other places; but [as] your Lordship observes, they are small and bitter, and not comparable to the cultivated.

The red pepper, I suppose, is what we call guinea-pepper, of which I have raised many plants, whose pods resemble in colour the most oriental and polished coral: a very little will set the throat in such a flame, as has been sometimes deadly, and therefore to be sparingly used in sauces.

I hope your Lordship will furnish yourself with melon seeds, because they will last good almost twenty years: and so will all the sorts of garavances, calaburos, and gourds (whatever Herrera affirm), which may be for divers economical uses.

The Spanish onion-seed is of all other the most excellent: and yet I am not certain, whether that which we have out of Flanders and St. Omers, be all the Spanish seed which we know of. My Lady Clarendon (when living) was wont to furnish me with seed that produced me prodigious crops.

Is it not possible for your Excellency to bring over some of those quince and cherry-trees, which your Lordship so celebrates? I suppose they might be secured in barrels, or packed up, as they transport other rarities from far



countries. But, my Lord, I detain your Excellency too long in these repetitions, and forget that I am all this while doing injury to the public, by suspending you a moment from matters of a higher orb, the interest of states and reconciling of kingdoms: and I should think so of another, did I not know withal, how universal your comprehensions are, and how qualified to support it.

I remain, my Lord,  
Yours, &c.

*John Evelyn to Doctor Beale.*

*27th August, 1668.*

SIR,

I happened to be with Mr. Oldenburg some time since, almost upon the article of his receiving the notice you sent him of your fortunate and useful invention; and I remember I did first of all incite him, both to insert it into his next transactions, and to provoke your further prosecution of it; which I exceedingly rejoice to find has been so successful, that you give us hopes of your further thoughts upon that, and those other subjects which you mention.<sup>1</sup> You may haply call to remembrance a passage of the Jesuit Honorati Fabri, who speaking of perspectives, observes, that an object looked on through a small hole appears magnified; from whence he suggests, the casting of two plates neatly perforated, and fitted to look through, preferable to glasses, whose refractions injure the sight. Though I begin to advance in years (being now on the other side of forty), yet the continuance of the perfect use of my senses (for which I bless Almighty God) has rendered me the less solicitous about those artificial aids; which yet I foresee I must shortly apply myself to, and therefore you can receive but slender hints from me which will be worthy your acceptance upon that argument; only, I well remember, that besides Tiberius of old (whom you seem to instance in), Joseph Scaliger affirms the same happened both to his father Julius and himself, in their younger years.

<sup>1</sup> The paper alluded to is entitled, "An experiment to examine what Figure and Celerity of Motion begetteth or increaseth Light and Flame," and will be found in the Philosophical Transactions, vol. i. p.

And sometimes, methinks, I myself have fancied to have discerned things in a very dark place, when the curtains about my bed have been drawn, as my hands, fingers, the sheet, and bedclothes; but since my too intent poring upon a famous eclipse of the sun, about twelve years since, at which time I could as familiarly have stared with open eyes upon the glorious planet in its full lustre, as now upon a glow-worm (comparatively speaking), I have not only lost the acuteness of sight, but much impaired the vigour of it for such purposes as it then served me. But besides that, I have treated mine eyes very ill near these twenty years, during all which time I have rarely put them together, or composed them to sleep, before one at night, and sometimes much later: that I may in some sort redeem my losses by day, in which I am continually importuned with visits from my neighbours and acquaintance, or taken up by other impertinencies of my life in this place. I am plainly ashamed to tell you this, considering how little I have improved myself by it; but I have rarely been in bed before twelve o'clock, as I said, in the space of twenty years; and yet I read the least print, even in a jolting coach, without other assistance, save that I now and then used to rub my shut eye-lids over with a spirit of wine well rectified, in which I distil a few rosemary flowers, much after the process of the Queen of Hungary's water, which does exceedingly fortify, not only my sight, but the rest of my senses, especially my hearing and smelling; a drop or two being distilled into the nose or ears, when they are never so dull; and other *καλλουριον* I never apply. Indeed, in the summer time, I have found wonderful benefit in bathing my head with a decoction of some hot and aromatical herbs, in a lixivium made of the ashes of vine branches; and when my head is well washed with this, I immediately cause abundance of cold fountain water to be poured upon me *stillatim*, for a good half-hour together; which for the present is not only one of the most voluptuous and grateful refreshments imaginable, but an incredible benefit to me the whole year after; for I never need other powdering to my hair, to preserve it bright and clean, as the gallants do; but which does certainly greatly prejudice transpiration by filling up, or lying heavy upon the pores. Those, therefore, who (since

the use of perukes) accustomed to wash their heads, instead of powdering, would doubtless find the benefit of it; both as to the preventing of aches in their head, teeth, and ears, if the vicissitude and inconstancy of the weather, and consequently the use of their monstrous perukes, did not expose them to the danger of catching colds. When I travelled in Italy, and the Southern parts, I did sometimes frequent the public baths (as the manner is), but seldom without peril of my life, till I used this frigid effusion, or rather profusion of cold water before I put on my garments, or durst expose myself to the air; and for this method I was obliged to the old and noble Rantzow, in whose book *De conservandâ valetudine* I had read a passage to this purpose; though I might have remembered how the Dutchmen treated their labouring horses when they are all over in a froth, which they wash off with several buckets of cold water, as I have frequently observed it in the Low Countries.

Concerning other aids; besides what the masters of the catoptrics, phonocamptrics, otacoustics, &c., have done, some has thing been attempted by the Royal Society; and you know the industrious Kircher has much laboured. The rest of those artificial helps are summed up by the Jesuit And. Schottus. I remember that Monsieur Huygens (author of the pendulum), who brought up the learned father of that incomparable youth Monsieur de Zulichem, who used to prescribe to me the benefit of his little wax taper (a type whereof is, with the history of it, in some of our Registers) for night elucubrations, preferable to all other candle or lamp light whatsoever. And because it explodes all glaring of the flame, which by no means ought to dart upon the eyes, it seems very much to establish your happy invention of tubes instead of spectacles, which have not those necessary defences.

Touching the sight of cats in the night, I am not well satisfied of the exquisiteness of that sense in them. I believe their smelling or hearing does much contribute to their dexterity in catching mice, as to all those animals who are born with those prolix smelling hairs. Fish will gather themselves in shoals to any extraordinary light in the dark night, and many are best caught by that artifice. But

whatever may be said of these, and other senses of fish, you know how much the sagacity of birds and beasts excel us; how far eagles and vultures, ravens and other fowls will smell the carcase; *odorumque canum vis*, as Lucretius expresses it, and we daily find by their drawing after the games. Gesner affirms that an otter will wind a fish four miles distance in the water, and my Lord Verulam (cent. 8) speaks of that element's being also a medium of sounds, as well as air. Eels do manifestly stir at the cracking of 'hunder, but that may also be attributed to some other tremulous motion; yet carps and other fish are known to come at the call and the sound of a bell, as I have been informed. Notorious is the story of Arion, and of Lucullus's lampreys which came *ad nomen*; and you have formerly minded me of Varro's Greek pipe, of which Lucian and Cicero (*ad Atticum*) take occasion to speak. Pliny's dolphin is famous, and what is related of the American Manati: but the most stupendous instance, that of the xiphia or sword-fish, which the Mamertines can take up by no other stratagem than a song of certain barbarous words, as the thing is related by Thom. Fazzello. It is certain that we hear more accurately when we hold our mouths a little open, than when we keep them shut; and I have heard of a dumb gentleman in England who was taught to speak (and therefore certainly brought to hear in some degree) by applying the head of a base viol against his teeth, and striking upon the strings with the bow. You may remember the late effect of the drum extending the tympanum of a deaf person to great improvement of his hearing, so long as that was beaten upon; and I could at present name a friend of mine, who, though he be exceedingly thick of hearing, by applying a straight stick of what length soever, provided it touch the instrument and his ear, does perfectly and with great pleasure hear every tune that is played: all which, with many more, will flow into your excellent work, whilst the argument puts me in mind of one Tom Whittal, a student of Christ Church, who would needs maintain, that if a hole could dexterously be bored through the skull to the brain, in the midst of the forehead, a man might both see and hear and smell without the use of any other organs; but you are to know, that this learned problematist

was brother to him, who, preaching at St. Mary's, Oxford, took his text out of the history of Balaam, Numb. xxii., "Am I not thine ass?" Dear Sir, pardon this rhapsody of,

Sir, your, &c.

*Henry Howard to John Evelyn.*

*London, 15th September, 1668.*

SIR,

I send Knevett to accompany a gentleman of the Ambassador's of Venice to Greenwich, where his business is to find out some private house to give the said Ambassador<sup>1</sup> shelter till the Earl of Anglesea come with his Majesty's barge, and the Master of Ceremonies, to make his entry on Thursday next. 'Tis not unknown to you how great the obligations of myself and family are to that republic, wherefore I do not only write as concerned for their satisfaction, but will even own as a most particular obligation to me whatever favour or civility is bestowed upon them by any of my friends or acquaintance: and therefore, sir, apply myself to the favour herein to assist us, leaving the rest to Knevett to discourse more particularly with you, from your most affectionate and humble servant,

H. HOWARD, of Norfolk.

*From the same to John Evelyn.*

*Arlington House, 22nd September, 1668.*

I herewith enclosed send you the relation of Signor Pietro, as unpolished as the usual styles of the Levanters are, and he has, as you will see, put together the story of both the impostures, not only of the Padre, but this new vagabond who I discovered lately at court. You may please to compose two distinct narratives, or all in one, as you please, for I see the trouble is not to be a translator but a composer; for these are but heads and hints, and I desire

<sup>1</sup> Signor Muccinigo, who was lodged at Evelyn's house. See *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 38.

you will compile a story out of them. So as I do not now expect that under many weeks, I yesterday had proposed to myself to acquaint the King within a few days of; but if his Majesty call upon me before his progress for it, I will tell him where it is lodged; else I desire yourself will please to present it him after his return. I have made, as you will see, some marginal notes on Signor Pietro's memoirs, of which when you appoint me to bring him to your house to discourse farther, I obey; for I desire it should now be a little more accurate than first proposed, because I am resolved as soon as 'tis composed and finished by you, to have it translated and sent to divers places beyond sea. Signor Pietro desires after you have done with this paper book of his, that you will please to return it, and he will by that have more notes ready for your perusal, which shall be animadversions upon this counterfeit book, and may possibly (if but short) not be improper or unworthy to insert in his said story. I am now in some haste, so as I have only read the first story of the Padre, I send you the rest as it is, for I see you will have several discourses and queries to make ere you end the story; to which my two memorandums are not amiss, first, that all the Turkish stories and people in those parts know that the last Grand Signor (father to this) never had but three sons born; and that this Grand Signor was ever the eldest, and the two others still alive in the seraglio, and never stir but with him; next, that no prince of the Ottoman blood, more especially not the Grand Sultana, ever travel but when the Grand Signor also journeys.<sup>1</sup> But I can detain you no longer. I am your affectionate servant,

H. HOWARD, of Norfolk.

<sup>1</sup> There are two or three illegible lines in this letter.

*John Evelyn to Sir Thomas Clifford.*<sup>1</sup>*Sayes-Court, 1st February, 1668 9.*

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

In my conversations sometimes amongst books to redeem my time from other impertinencies, I think it my duty to give your Honour notice of some pieces which have come to my hands, the subjects whereof I cannot but esteem highly prejudicial to the honour of his Majesty and the whole nation, especially two books, the one written in French, the other in Latin (not inelegantly), both with the approbation of their superiors, the States of Holland licensing their publication. The argument of them is a remonstrance to all the world of the occasion, action, and success of the late war between the English and the Dutch; but with all the topics of reproach and dishonour as to matter of fact; every period being filled with the dissembled instances of our injustice, ingratitude, cruelty, and imprudence; and the persons of divers particular gallant men, engaged in that action, injuriously treated and accused; and, in sum, whatever they can else suggest to render his Majesty and people cheap, vile, the subjects of derision and contempt. I should think in my poor judgment (under submission to a better) that there is nothing which ought to be more precious to a prince, or his people, than their reputation; sure I am, it is of more value with a man of honour than his life; and certainly, a great kingdom, which comprehends so many individuals as have been one way or other concerned in the public interest, ought to be tender of their fame, and consequently obliged to vindicate it, and cannot without a crime do less, without being wanting to themselves in a most necessary defence.

I know it may be said, that this is but a paper quarrel; but your Honour does consider what effects such malevolent suggestions do produce, and with what a black and deep malice contrived, how far they fly, and how universally understood the Latin and French tongues are, the one

<sup>1</sup> At this time Treasurer of the Household; afterwards Lord High Treasurer.

amongst the grave and more intelligent sort (not by way of pamphlet, but of a formal and close treatise), and the other amongst the vulgar; to which is also joined, for the better fixing their injurious ideas, the several types and figures cut in brass, to represent our misfortunes; as in particular our want of conduct (as they term it) in the first encounter, our baseness in surprising a few poor fishermen, and the firing of Schelling, revenged in the dire conflagration of London, the metropolis of our nation; the descent they made on Sheerness, and their glorious exploit at Chatham, where they give out we so ridiculously lost or betrayed the cream of our fleet, and bulwarks of our kingdom, by an unparalleled supineness: nor this crudely, nor in a trifling way of writing; but so as may best affect the passions and prepossess the judgment and belief of the reader. I say nothing of some personal reflections on my Lord Arlington, Sir Robert Holmes, and even the King himself, whom they represent deliberating in a panic consternation of a flight to Windsor, &c., nor many other particulars pointed at; nor of a thousand other notorious indignities plainly insupportable: but I have said enough to inflame a breast sensible of honour, and generous as I know yours to be, to approve, or at least to pardon, the proposal which I shall humbly submit to your consideration and encouragement, for the vindication of his Majesty's and the nation's honour, and especially of an action in which your honour bore so great and so signal a part. And that were doubtless by employing an able pen, not to a formal, or studied reply to any particular of this egregious libel (which might now haply be thought unseasonable), but to compose a solid and useful History of the late War, according to the truth of circumstances, and for the honour of those very many brave men who were actors in it, whose names deserve as well to be transmitted to posterity as our meaner antagonists; but which must else die in obscurity, and what is worse, with obloquy and scorn, not of enemies alone, but of all that shall read what these men are permitted to scatter abroad in the world, whilst there is no care taken amongst us at home to vindicate them from it.

When I have mentioned to your Honour the employment of an able pen upon this occasion, I prevented all pretences to it as relating to myself; who have neither



the requisite talents, nor the least presumption for it.<sup>1</sup> But I would humbly suggest how worthy and glorious in your Honour it would be, to move my Lord Arlington, and with him, to provoke his Majesty to impose this province upon some sober and well-instructed person, who, dignified with the character of his Royal Historiographer, might be obliged to serve and defend his Majesty's honour, and that of the public, with his pen; a thing so carefully and so industriously observed by the French king and other great potentates, who have any regards or tenderness to their own or their people's glory, the encouragement of gallant men, and prospect of their future stories, as there is nothing more notorious. It is history alone (however the writers of them may be esteemed) which renders the greatest princes, and the most deserving persons, what they are to the present age; which perfumes their names to posterity, inspires them to an emulation of their virtues, and preserves them from being as much forgotten as the common dust in which they lie mingled. If your Honour think this worthy your thoughts (and worthy of them I pronounce it to be), all that I shall humbly supplicate to you is, that through your favour I may present his Majesty with a person highly deserving it; as being one, who has not only been a sufferer in his capacity, but one who is perfectly able and accomplished to serve his Majesty: a learned, industrious person, and who will esteem himself gratified with a very modest subsistence, to be always at hand, and always laborious; and not to wear a title (as some triflers have lately done to the reproach of it). If there be already a tolerable honorary appendant to the place of historiographer, we have no more to beg, but the grant of it; if not, that through your mediation, some encouragement may be procured. It will be one of your least noble things, for which you will merit a

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Evelyn was however himself appointed to write this *History*, and had made considerable progress (see *post*, p. 221), when upon the conclusion of the war he was ordered to lay it aside. What he had written is unfortunately lost, except the Preface, which he published in 1674 as a distinct treatise, under the title of "Navigation and Commerce, their Original and Progress:" (reprinted in Evelyn's "Miscellaneous Writings," 1825, 4to., pp. 625, 687). This highly pleased the King; but, because it gave great offence to the Dutch, it was for a time suppressed. See *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 27, &c.

just veneration of your memory. But I shall add no more at present, because I will beg the grace of a particular permission to discourse this affair to you, and with the joint request of my worthy friend Mr Williamson<sup>1</sup> (who will likewise present your Honour with a specimen of the person's abilities) bespeak your Honour's favourable encouragement, who remain,

Your Honour's, &c.

*Dr. John Fell<sup>2</sup> to Dr. Bathurst.*

7 March, 1668-9.

GOOD SIR,

I presume you are not a stranger to our late transactions with the Royal Society concerning the MSS. of the Arundel Library, that they might be transferred hither, where they would remain more advantageously to all the interests of learning, and more conspicuously in reference to the name of my Lord and his family: we making a compensation to the Society by furnishing their library with such books as would be useful for the studies which they happily advance. The last night, Mr. Walker informs me, that the Royal Society are come to a resolution of referring the affair entirely to my Lord, and to that end to give up all the interest they have in the MSS. by his gift, that if he thinks fit he may bestow them here; on the other side, if he would have them retained, they may remain as they are. He tells me farther, that this will speedily be put into execution, and therefore it will be advisable that my Lord may be possessed by some friend of the University's, of the convenience of placing them here and adding to his former donation. I cannot think of any person whom we should rather address so in this behalf, than to him whose favour we have already found so much benefit by: I mean Mr. Evelyn. I pray undertake this agency with him as speedily and effectually as you can, and when you do so be pleased to present him with my humble and faithful service. The present straightness of time allows me not a possibility of addressing him. My wishes for your safe return to your affectionate friend,

JOHN FELL.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir Joseph Williamson, and Principal Secretary of State

<sup>2</sup> Subsequently Bishop of Oxford.

*John Evelyn to Henry Lord Howard.**Sayes-Court, March 14, 1668-9.*

MY LORD,

I am not prompted by the success of my first address to your Honour, when, as much for your own glory as that of the University, I prevailed with you for the marbles, which were inscriptions in stone: to solicit you now, on the same account, for the books, which are inscriptions but in parchment: but because I am very confident your Honour cannot consult a nobler expedient to preserve them, and the memory of your name and illustrious family, than by wishing that the Society (on whom you have so generously bestowed your library) might exchange the MSS. (such only, I mean, as concern the civil law, theology, and other scholastic learning) for mathematical, philosophical, and such other books, as may prove most useful to the design and institution of it; especially since the University do not only humbly desire it (as I can testify by divers letters which I have seen from the Vice-Chancellor, and other eminent persons there), but desire it with a design of owning it yours, and of perpetuating your munificence, by dignifying that apartment where they would place them with the title of Bibliotheca Arundeliana; than which, what can be more glorious and conspicuous? The learned Selden, Sir Kenelm Digby, Archbishop Laud (not to mention Sir Thomas Bodley, their founder, and several others who are out of all exception), esteemed this a safer repository than to have consigned them to their mansions and posterity; and we have seen that when their persons, families, and most precious moveables have suffered (some of them the uttermost violences and dispersion), their books alone have escaped untouched in this sacred asylum, and preserved the names of the donors through all vicissitudes. Nor, in saying this, do I augur less of the Royal Society, should they think fit to keep them in their own library; but because, by thus parting with such as are foreign to their studies to the University, your illustrious name and library will be reserved in both places at once with equal

zeal and no less obligation; when as many as shall have recourse to such books at Oxon as are under the Arundelian title, will have occasion to mention it in their works and labours to your eternal honour. For my part, I speak it with great sincerity and due veneration of your Lordship's bounty, that if I would to the utmost of my power consult the advancement of your Lordship's glory in this gift, it should be by declaring my suffrage in behalf of the University's request. I said as much in the late council; where I must testify that even those who were of a contrary sense to some others of us, were yet all of them equally emulous of your Lordship's honour. But, since it was the unanimous result to submit this particular to your Lordship's decision, I cannot, upon most serious reflection on the reasons which I have alleged, and especially that of preserving your name and library by a double consignation, but implore your Lordship's favour and indulgence for the University, where your munificence is already deeply engraven in their hearts, as well as in their marbles; and will then shine in letters of a more refulgent lustre; for, methinks I hear their public orator, after he has celebrated your name amongst the rest of their glorious benefactors and heroes, end his panegyric in the resounding theatre, as once the noble poet, in the person of the young Arcadian,

*Nunc te Marmoreum pro tempore fecimus*—Ecl. vii. :

We yet, great Howard, thee but in marble mould,  
But if our books increase, thou shalt be gold.

I am your Lordship's, &c.

*From Dr. Isaac Basire to John Evelyn.*

*York, May 22, 1669.*

HONOURED SIR,

I wish all that are able were of your good temper, and public spirit, the want whereof generally is the bane of all good societies; I was always a pretender to it, which made it therefore my design and study in fifteen years painful pilgrimage (only for my religion and allegiance) to purchase from both the eastern and western Churches their

confessions and other public instruments, with no small care and cost, which, I thank God, I brought home with me, *per varios casus*. At my postliminium, all my hope and ambition was to exchange a shilling for three groats, that so my studies and thoughts, dispersed in the circumference of my scattered functions, being united in one centre, I might publish to the world my dear-bought collections; but, being disappointed thereof, *non sum tam felix otii*, so that I fear they must die (abortives) with me: yet I have not been wanting, *pro virili*, to satisfy the honest demands of several in this kind; witness the very question you proposed to me in yours of the 6th instant, received when I was in the heat of my late visitation in Northumberland, from whence no sooner returned, but I am, thus far in my way, hastening to my attendance in June; till that be over I can hardly hope to do more than I have done already upon that very question, which, by a kind of providence, being propounded to me from France, Scotland, and Oxford, almost all at once. I did awhile ago return unto Monsieur Arnauld, a competent answer to his most material questions, but whereas he further desiring copies of those confessions which I did not allege in mine, it requires more time than this present juncture can afford; of this you may be assured, that I shall never be wanting to serve the Catholic, especially at the request of such as you,

For I am, Sir, your very faithful friend,  
And most humble Servant,

ISAAC BASIRE.<sup>1</sup>

*Dr. Bathurst to John Evelyn.*

*Oxford, August 12, 1669.*

SIR,

The University having a design to set up my Lord Howard's arms, with an inscription of his titles, in acknowledgment of the noble donation of his marbles, it is Mr. Vice-Chancellor's desire that, as you have been eminently

<sup>1</sup> Endorsed by Evelyn, "Concerning the Greek Church; and the testimonials Dr. Basire received under the head and seal of all the oriental Patriarchs in his travels."—See *Diary*, vol. i. p. 378.

instrumenta. for procuring the gift, so you would be pleased to help us in the due commemoration of it, by directing us in these particulars :

1. What are his titles according to the patent lately given him by the King ?

2. Whether any distinction be added to his paternal coat upon the late creation, and what it is ?

3. Whether the difference of a second brother be necessary or no ?

If you will do us the favour to send your resolution of these in a few lines to Mr. Vice-Chancellor, who presents you with his most humble service. I have no more to add at present, but my thanks for your kind visit at Oxford, and my best service to all with you, and rest,

Sir,

Your faithful, and very humble servant,

R. BATHURST.

*John Evelyn to Dr. Meric Casaubon,<sup>1</sup> "Is. Fil. Prebend of  
Canterbury, &c."*

*Sayes-Court, 17th January, 1669-70.*

REVEREND SIR,

Though I am a stranger to your person, yet the name and the learning which you derive both from inheritance, as well as acquisition, draw a just veneration to them. Sir, whilst it has been lately my hap to write something concerning the nature of forest trees, and their mechanical uses, in turning over many books treating of that and other subjects, I met with divers passages concerning staves, which have in a manner obliged me to say something of them in a treatise which I am adorning: but whilst I was

<sup>1</sup> Meric Casaubon, the son of the great Genevese critic and controversialist, was educated and became resident in England, where his father's name and his own High Church opinions obtained him not only the notice of James the First, but afterwards the patronage of Laud, to whose memory he continued resolutely faithful through all the subsequent triumphs of the Puritans. He obtained his reward at the Restoration. He was an honest man, but not a very wise one. His writings are remarkable only for their oddity. He was a faithful believer in spirits, and expounded the spiritual and supernatural experiences of the famous Dr. Dee.

intent on this, I began to doubt whether I should not *actum agere*; remembering this passage of your father (τοῦ μακαριστοῦ), in his Comment on Theophrastus, p. 172, edit. 1638: *Sed hæc hæc hactenus; nam de Baculis et eorum forma, multiplicique apud veteres usu, plurima quæ observavimus ad lucem multorum Scriptorum veterum alibi, εἰς ὃ Θεός ἐθέλη, commodius proferremus.* That which I now would entreat of you, sir, is to know whether your learned father did ever publish any express treatise concerning this subject, and if not, that you will be pleased to afford me some short hints of what you see noted in his *Adversaria* about it: by which means you will infinitely oblige me, who shall not fail to let the world know to whose bounty and assistance I am indebted. Sir, that worthy and communicative nature of yours, breathing in your excellent writings, prompts me to this great confidence; but, however my request succeed, be pleased to pardon the liberty of, reverend Sir, your most humble, though unknown servant, &c.

*John Evelyn to the Lord High Treasurer (Sir Thomas Clifford).*

*Sayes-Court, 20th January, 1670.*

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I should much sooner have made good my promise of transmitting to your Honour the enclosed synopsis (containing the brief, or heads of the work I am travelling on), if, besides the number of books and papers that I have been condemned (as it were) to read over and diligently peruse, there had not lately been put into my hands a monstrous folio, written in Dutch,<sup>1</sup> which contains no less than 1079 pages, elegantly and carefully printed at the Hague this last year; and what fills me with indignation, derogating from his Majesty and our nation: the subject of it being principally the war with England, not yet brought to a period, which prompts me to believe there is another volume preparing on the same argument. By the extraordinary industry used in this, and the choice pieces I find they have furnished the author with, his Majesty and your Lordship will see that to write such an

<sup>1</sup> "Saken van Stuet en Orlogh door d'Heer Lieuwe Van Aitzema," &c.

history as may not only deliver truth and matter of fact to posterity, but vindicate our prince and his people from the prepossessions and disadvantages they lie under (whilst, remaining thus long silent, we in a manner justify their reproaches), will require more time to finish than at the first setting out could well have been imagined. My Lord, I dare affirm it without much vanity, that had I been ambitious to present his Majesty with a specimen only of my diligence, since first I received his commands, I could long ere this have prevented these gentlemen, who, I am told, are already upon the Dutch war. There had nothing been more easy than after a florid preamble to have published a laudable description and image of the several conflicts, and to have gratified abundance of worthy persons who were actors in them; but since my Lord Arlington and your Lordship expect from me a solemn deduction and true state of all affairs and particulars, from his Majesty's first entering into treaty with the States at his arrival in England, to the year 1667, nay to this instant period (which will comprehend so great and so signal a part of his glorious reign), I easily believe his Majesty will neither believe the time long nor me altogether indiligent, if he do not receive this history so soon as otherwise he might have expected. All I will add in relation to myself is this; that as I have not for many months done any thing else (taking leave of all my delightful studies), so by God's help I intend to prosecute what I have begun, with the same fervour and application. Your Lordship will consider how irksome a task it is to read over such multitudes of books, remonstrances, treatises, journals, libels, pamphlets, letters, papers, and transactions of state, as of necessity must be done before any one can set pen to paper. It would affright your Lordship to see the heaps that lie here about me, and yet is this the least part of the drudgery and pains; which consists in the judgment to elect and cull out, and then to dispose and place the materials fitly; to answer many bitter and malicious objections, and dexterously, and yet candidly, to award some unlucky points that are not seldom made at us; and after all this the labour of the pen will not be inconsiderable. I speak not this to enhance of the instrument, but rather that I may obtain pardon for the lapses I may fall into, not-



withstanding all this zeal and **circumspection**: and that his Majesty will graciously accept of my endeavours, and protect me from the unkindness of such as use to decry all things of this nature for a single mistake, or because some less worthy men find not themselves or relations flattered, and be not satisfied that (though they deserve not much) they are no way disobliged. As to the method, I have bethought myself of this (if your Lordship confirm it), namely, to transmit the papers, as fast as I shall bring them to any competent period, to my Lord Arlington and your Lordship; that so being communicated (through both your favours) to his Majesty before they swell into enormous bulk, he may cast his royal eye over them with less trouble, and animadvert upon them till they are refined and fit for his gracious approbation; since by this means I shall hope to attain two great things; the performing of his Majesty's pleasure, and that part of a true historian which is to deliver truth; and he (I think) who attends to this, *omne tulit punctum*.—But, my Lord, there are yet divers considerable papers and pieces which I want; letters, treaties, articles, and instructions to ambassadors, &c., which I can only receive from Mr. Secretary and from your Lordship, that so I may not be imposed on by such memoirs and transactions of state as I find to my hand (if I durst adventure on the coin) in the books of our antagonists published with a confidence so frontless. But since I may not well hope for these and other personal and living assistances (as I shall also have need of) 'till the more urgent affairs of parliament are over, I do in the mean time employ myself in adorning a preface (of which I here inclose your Lordship a summary), and go on in reading and collection of materials, that when I shall have received those other desiderates, I may proceed to the compiling part, and of knitting together what I have made some progress in.

I am, my Lord, your Honour's, &c.

*Doctor Meric Casaubon to John Evelyn.*

January 24 1669-70.

SIR,

You might have had a more speedy answer to your kind letter, but that soon after the receipt of it, I fell into my ordinary distemper, which is the stone, but with more than ordinary extremities, which hath continued these three or four days already, and what will be the end, God knows; to whom, for either life or death, I heartily submit.

Presently, after the reading of yours I set myself to search my father's *Adversaria* and papers, and after a little search I found a proper head, or title *de Baculis*, as an addition to what he had written upon Theophrastus: and under that title, many particular references to all kind of ancient authors, but so confusedly that I think no man but I that have been used to his hand and way, can make anything of it. There are two full sides in quarto. Sir, if God grant me life, or some respite from this present extremity, it shall be one of the first things I shall do to send you what he hath written, copied out in the same order as I found it.

Whilst I was searching my father's papers, I lighted on a note concerning plants and trees, which I thought fit to impart unto you, because you tell me you have written of trees; you have it here inclosed. Besides this, I remember I have, but know not where to find it at this time, *Wormij Literatura Danica*, where, if I be not much mistaken, he hath somewhat *de Baculis*, there, or in some other treatise, I am pretty confident. Sir, I desire you to believe that I am very willing to serve any gentleman of your quality in so reasonable a request. But if you be that gentleman, as I suppose, who have set out the first book of Lucretius in English, I must needs confess myself much indebted to you, though I never had the opportunity to profess it, for that honourable mention which you were pleased to make of me in your preface. Whatsoever I should think of your work or translation, yet civility would engage me to say so much. But truly, sir, if you will believe me, who I think was never accounted a flatterer by them that have

known me, my judgment is, that you have acquitted yourself of that knotty business much better than I thought could be done by any man, though I think those excellent parts might deserve a more florid and proper subject: but I submit to your better judgment.

Sir, it hath been some task to me to find so much free time to dictate so much: if there be any thing impertinent I desire you will be pleased to consider my case. So I take my leave, and rest,

Your very humble servant,  
 MERIC CASAUBON.<sup>1</sup>

*John Evelyn to Dr. Meric Casaubon.*

*Sayer-Court, Jan. 20, 1669-70.*

REV. SIR,

There was no danger I should forget to return you notice of the favour I yesterday received, where I find my obligations to you so much improved by the treasure they conveyed me; and that it is to you I am to owe the greatest and best of my subsidiaries. There are many things in your paper which formerly I had noted; but more which I should never have observed; and therefore, both for confirming my own, and adding so many more, and so excellent, I think myself sacredly engaged to publish my great acknowledgments, as becomes a beneficiary. As to the crude and hasty putting this trifle of mine abroad into the world, there is no danger;<sup>2</sup> since I should thereby deprive myself of those other assistances which your generous bounty has in store for me: nor are those materials which lie by me brought into any tolerable order yet, as not intended for any work of labour, but refreshment, when I am tired with other more serious studies. Thus, Sir, you see me doubly

<sup>1</sup> This Letter bears Casaubon's autograph signature, but the body of it is in another hand.

<sup>2</sup> Among Evelyn's papers there exists a small fragment of this treatise in Latin, consisting only of two or three pages; it was evidently never finished. From an introductory paragraph, it would seem to have been intended as a jocular piece; but the small part which is written is grave and solemn enough. It begins at the beginning of the subject; the first staff mentioned being that which Jacob used when he met his brother Esau.

obliged to return you my thanks for this great humanity of yours, and to implore the Divine goodness to restore you your health, who am, Rev. Sir,

Yours, &c.

*Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle,<sup>1</sup> to John Evelyn.*

*Welbeck, February, 1670.*

HONOURABLE SIR,

I have by your bounty received a book, named a Discourse of Forest Trees: you have planted a forest full of delight and profit, and though it is large through number and variety, yet you have enclosed it with elegance and eloquence, all which proves you more proper to be the head than a member of the Royal Society. The truth is, you are a person of singular virtues, for which all ought, as I do, admire you; and am your humble servant,

MARGARET NEWCASTLE.

My humble service, I pray, to your lady.

*The Reverend Nicholas Jameson (of Credwell, Wiltshire) to John Evelyn.*

*Credwell, 11th April, 1670.*

HONOURED SIR,

The delight I take in planting of trees and flowers hath often prompted unto me some little thoughts and designs concerning the raising of mulberries, which thoughts have been very much heightened and animated by the reading of some part of your most ingenious and excellent Discourse of Forest Trees; but by all the enquiry I could hitherto make by my friends about London for some seed of the whiter kind, which your book treats of, I have not hitherto been so happy as to procure any, nor indeed to meet with those who ever heard of any such mulberry or seed. Now, loth as I was to give over my design, and as

<sup>1</sup> See *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 24, 25, 26. The reader need not be reminded that this high, fastastical Duchess was a great favourite with Charles Lamb, who has frequently commended her life of her husband as a perfect "jewel of a book." And see *post*, p. 344.

loth to be presumptuous, yet at length those thoughts, to which you gave life, urged me to apply unto yourself, as their most proper patron and nourisher; and in their behalf I humbly beg that you would be pleased to give me some directions how, or by whom, such seed as I desire may be attained. Worthy Sir, I hope you will excuse my boldness; it ought to be considered that it is not likely that such persons as yourself should come so publicly abroad without getting much bold acquaintance; but not to add a second trespass by my tediousness, if this my confidence be thought worthy of a line or two in answer, be pleased to direct it to be left with Mr. Alestry, bookseller, at the Rose and Crown, in St. Paul's Churchyard, for Mr. Thomas Jameson, minister of God's word, at Hackney, near London, who will take care to send it to

Your humble servant and real honourer,  
N. JAMESON.

*Philip Dumaresque to John Evelyn.*

*Jersey, 13th July, 1670.*

WORTHY SIR,

I have received yours by Mr. Sealemont, together with your excellent present, than which nothing could be more acceptable to me; who though naturally inclined to the things that make the subject of it, am much more moved by the manner of your handling of it; for certainly Sir, the want either of sincerity or true knowledge had hitherto much discouraged the trusting of books in the like nature, and the practice and experience of any single man being hardly able to attain so universal a knowledge, it was no wonder if planting was not so much in fashion before you were pleased to recollect that art in a body, and give it to the public, the like of which, I believe was never so sincerely and exactly performed, as far as my weak capacity will permit me to judge. I wonder, Sir, to understand of the great disorder your noble plantation hath received by the rigour of the winter; and it will encourage me somewhat here; having planted about a score of cypress trees I had from France and some borders of philyrea Mr. Messeray gave me, whereof most parts were of slips, which

thrive indifferently well, although planted between two very hard frosts, and the extreme dry season, the like of which was never seen here ; for at Christmas last we could hardly find humour enough in the ground to plant, and springs which the memory of man had never known to fail have left their course ; which hath confirmed me in the opinion they are generally produced from the winter rains, percolated through the hills and produced by the opposition either of clay or rocks, which are at the basis of all the earth I have yet seen in our country here, having been obliged, by my little experience to dig deeper in respect of the sea than ever it was known here, having never observed any upon the plains, unless it came from the neighbour hills. Pardon me, Sir, if the season hath occasioned me to trouble you with our want of water in the most watered country of the world for the bigness. I have this year began a little plantation of vineyard, encouraged by the translation of the French Gardener ; but, as I understand, I am likely to be more troublesome to my friends, and, that which vexes me the more, about a thing doth not deserve it. I am obliged to sacrifice my rustic employment to the ambition of others ; but one thing shall allay the inconvenience of the troublesome journey, that I shall have the honour to acknowledge in person the favours I have received during my last abode, and particularly from Sir Richard Browne and yourself and worthy lady ; to whom I desire you to permit me to subscribe myself,

Your most humble and obliged servant,  
 PHILIP DUMARESQUE.

*John Evelyn to the Lord Treasurer (Sir Thomas Clifford.)*

*Sayes-Court, 31st August, 1671.*

MY LORD,

It is not my fault, but misfortune, that you have not ere this received a full account of the time which (by your particular favour to me) I acknowledge to be wholly yours : your Lordship has sometime since justified the queries which I first drew up, that they were material, and promised I should not want your assistance in the solution

of them; but the recess of the Court, and consequently your Lordship's absence, and otherways want of opportunity, and pressure of affairs, has deprived me of receiving those necessary directions which so important a subject as that under my hand does require. But though this might serve somewhat to extenuate what may be thought wanting to my industry, yet I hope I shall not be found to have trifled in that which I am preparing to put shortly into your hands; namely, the two former parts of the History, which (if your Lordship likewise approve) I think of disposing into the following periods. The first (giving a succinct account of their original, for method's sake) comprehends the state of the Hollanders in relation to England, especially their defection from the Crown of Spain, anno 1586, till his present Majesty's happy Restoration, 1660; and herein, a deduction of all the notorious injuries and affronts which the English have suffered from the Dutch, and what rebukes they have received for them from the powers who first made war against them, and from his Majesty whom they compelled to make another. The second sets forth at large the course and progress of the late differences, from his Majesty's return, anno 1660, to the year 1666 inclusively, by which time (his Majesty's ambassadors being recalled from their respective ministries abroad) the war was fully indicted. This period more especially relates his Majesty's endeavour to have composed matters in dispute between his subjects and the Dutch: answers all their cavils, vindicates his honour; states the aggression, treaties with Munster; describes the first battle, the action at Bergen; transactions with the Dane, with the French, the rupture with both; together with all the intercurrent exploits at Guinea, the Mediterranean, West Indies, and other signal particulars, in 169 paragraphs or sections; and thus far it is already advanced. The third and last period includes the *status* or height of the war (against the three great potentates we named) to the conclusion of it in the Treaty at Breda, 1667, in which I shall not omit any of those numerous particulars presented to his Majesty through my Lord Arlington's hands, in my first project of the work, nor anything else which your Lordship shall command me to insert.

The two former parts being already dispatched want no-

thing save the transcribing, which I therefore have not thought convenient to hasten, till I receive your Lordship's directions in the difficulties which I herewith transmit; upon return whereof, I shall soon present his Majesty with the better part of this work; and then, as his Majesty shall approve of my diligence, proceed with the remainder, which I hope will not take up so long a time. If it shall be thought fit hereafter to cast it into other languages, especially Latin or French, it may be considerably contracted, so very many particulars in the English relating only to companies and more domestic concerns, in a legal style, full of tedious memorials and altercations of merchants; which (though now requisite to deduce somewhat more at large for the justification of his Majesty's satisfaction of his subjects, and as a testimony published from authentic records amongst ourselves) will be of little importance to foreigners, and especially great persons, curious and learned men, who are to be entertained with refined and succinct narratives, and so far with the cause of the war, as may best imprint the sense of the wrongs we have sustained, and take off the prejudices our enemies have prepossessed them with, together with the most shining matter of fact becoming the style of history.

I now send your Lordship my Preface. It is in obedience to a particular suggestion of my Lord Arlington's, requiring of me a complete deduction of the progress of navigation and commerce, from its first principle to the present age; and certainly not without great judgment; since, (as his Lordship well observed) all our contests and differences with the Hollanders at sea derive only from that source: and if the Introduction (for a page or two) seem less severe than becomes the forelorn of so rude a subject as follows it, I have this to say, that as no man willingly embarks in a storm, so I am persuaded your Lordship will not condemn me when you have perused it to the end, and considered how immense an ocean I have passed to bring it home to the argument in hand, and yet in how contracted a space I have assembled together that multitude of particulars the most illustrious. I have taken in all that is material, and more (permit me to affirm) than is to be found in many authors of great bulk, much less in any one single treatise,



ancient or modern ; by which your Lordship may perhaps a little estimate the diligence that has been used, and that I can do nothing which your Lordship thinks fit to command me, superficially. I confess it were yet capable of politure, and would show much brighter in another dress among the curious, to whom singly it might haply prove no unacceptable entertainment. I could yet also add considerably to it, but some perhaps may think it already too large for a *vestibule*, though that will best appear when the superstructure is finished, which, if my calculation abuse me not (from the model already framed, and in good part advanced) will amount to, at the least, 800 or 1000 pages in folio, notwithstanding all the care I can apply to avoid impertinencies, as far as consists with integrity, and the numerous particulars which necessarily crowd into so active and extensive a war. Sure I am (whatever may be objected) it is apposite and proper to the subject and the occasion of it, and stands and falls by your Lordship's suffrage. His Majesty has yet two sheets, which I beseech your Lordship to retrieve for me ; and after your animadversions on this, I will wait upon your Lordship, and receive your farther directions to,

My Lord, &c.

*John Evelyn to the Rev. Father Patrick.*<sup>1</sup>

*Sayes-Court, 27th Sept, 1671, hoc Sanctum  
Benedictum.*

REVEREND FATHER,

You require me to give you an account in writing, what the doctrine of the Church of England is concerning the Blessed Eucharist ? and in particular, whether there be anything in it signifying to adoration ? which, I conceive, an expression of mine one day at Mr. Treasurer's might occasion. Though I cannot suppose you to be at all ignorant of what her opinion is in these matters ; and that indeed you

<sup>1</sup> A Roman Catholic priest whom Evelyn had met at the Lord Treasurer's table. Evelyn mentions in his *Diary* (vol. ii. p. 76) the fact of Clifford's "warping to Rome" at this time. He seems to have had a grateful affection for this unfortunate Statesman, whose unvarying kindness he repeatedly acknowledges, and whose melancholy death he describes in his *Diary*, vol. ii. pp. 91—93.

ought to inquire concerning them of some of our learned Prelates and Doctors, whose province it is to unfold these mysteries ; yet since you command it, and that I read in the Apostle<sup>1</sup> how every one is obliged to render an answer to those who demand a reason of the hope which is in them, I do with all alacrity comply with your desires, as far as my talent reaches.<sup>2</sup>

1. The doctrine of the Church of England is, or at least to my best understanding, imports, that after the prayer, or words of consecration, the symbols become changed into the body and blood of Christ, after a sacramental, spiritual, and real manner ; and that all initiated, or baptized persons, of competent age and capacity, who by unfeigned repentance, and a faithful consideration of the life, doctrine, and passion of our Blessed Saviour, resolve to undertake his holy religion, and to persist in it, are made really participants of the benefits of his body and blood for the remission of their sins, and the obtaining of all other spiritual graces ; inasmuch as it is a revival of the sacrifice of Christ on the cross, *once* offered for sin, and for ever effectual ; and a renewing of the covenant of grace to the penitent.

But she who affirms this, holds also, that even after the words of consecration (or, rather, efficacy of the benediction), the bodily substance of the elements remain ; yet so as to become the instruments of the Divine Spirit, conveying its influence and operation to the prepared recipient : and therefore she does not behold the elements altogether such as naturally they are to the corporeal refecton, but (as Theodoret speaks), upon the change of the names, the change which grace superinduces. Or, if you like it better,—not merely bread and wine, naked figures and representations, but such as exhibit Christ himself, and put the worthy communicant into sure possession of him. In a word, they are seals to superior excellencies ; give federal title to God's promises ; and though they are not changed in natural qualities, yet are applicable of divine benefits, and a solemn profession of our faith, &c. And upon this account, the mysterious presence of Christ she holds to be a great miracle, engaging the

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, p. 237.

infinite power of God, to render the flesh and blood of Christ so present in the elements by effect and benediction, as that the worthy receiver as really communicates in reference to his spirit, as he sacramentally communicates in reference to his body: the mystical presence being present with the material, by a supernatural conjunction really tendered to the faithful.

I could add infinite other forms to express the same thing, but this I take to be the clear sense of the article; and can, when you command me, defend it by the best and noblest instances of Scriptures, Fathers, and reason;<sup>1</sup> but you have not required it, and it were too tedious for a letter. Let it suffice, that the difference between us and the Church of Rome consists chiefly in the definition of the manner of the change; the *quomodo* or *modus*; about which (not to recite here what Ockham, Cajetan, Biel, &c. say) when P. Lombard had (as himself professes) collected the opinions and sentences of all the ancients, he ingenuously acknowledges he could no way make out that there was any substantial conversion: for the doctrine was then in the cradle; and when afterwards it grew up, and became an article of faith, Durandus says, plainly, the matter of bread remained, *Modum nescimus, præsentiam credimus*, and so says the Church of England: it was then left free. Why should it not be so still? We both affirm a change and the reality of it; only we retain the ancient and middle belief, and presume not to determine the manner of it, because we find it nowhere revealed; and can produce irrefragable testimonies for 1200 years, to explode the gross and material sense which the later age has forced upon it: when, to assert it, they tell us that a body consisting of all its physical dimensions and parts, occupies neither place nor space, but is reduced to a point invisible; that mere accidents can inhere without subject; that colour, taste, smell, and the tactile qualities can subsist after the destruction of the substance; that bodies are penetrable; that the same individual thing may be at the same time, in different places, visible and invisible at the same period; that the same proposition may be absolutely true and false in the same instance; that contradictions may consist with God's veracity; that Christ devoured

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, p. 237.

himself, and that his body was broken and torn with teeth when it was yet whole and entire; that Christ's body may be eaten, though only accidents be manducated and chewed; that a sacrifice should be made without the destruction of the oblation, and a thousand other impossibilities, riddles, and illogical deductions extinguishing the eye of reason, and making an error necessary to salvation. In brief, this new-minted transubstantiation, abhorring from the genuine and rational sense of the text, substitutes a device not only incredible, but impossible; so as Christians, who are enjoined to offer up a rational liturgy and service, or reason of the hope which should be in them, must bid defiance to it; for they must not believe their eyes, nor taste, nor touch, nor smell (the criterions by which St. John confirms the Christian doctrine, *quod vidimus oculis nostris, quod perspeximus, et manus nostræ contractaverunt, &c.*)<sup>1</sup> But they must renounce them all, and not only quit the common principles of sciences, but even common sense. I will say nothing of those who have taken in these strange impressions with their milk; considering the incredible force of education, and that the profoundest learned amongst the heathen were not secured by it from the grossest errors upon this account. One would yet have thought the wise Athenians<sup>2</sup> needed not a lecture from St. Paul upon the topics he preached; but that persons enlightened as the Doctors of the Church of Rome pretend to be, should fall into absurdities so illogical and destructive to the very definition of that which discriminates men from brutes, is plainly stupendous; and seems, methinks, to be pointed at by the great Apostle, where he tells us in the later days, that God shall send some of them strong delusions,<sup>3</sup> and you know what follows. He would be thought a thick-skinned doctor in any of their own, as well as our schools, who skilled not to discern how a thing might be real and yet spiritual, or as if nothing were real, but what were corporeal and natural. These do not consider how God himself operates on the conscience and souls of men, and that the gifts of his sacred spirit are real graces, and yet not things intelligible and sensible as bodies are. That the

<sup>1</sup> 1 Jo. i. 1—3; Acts iv. 20.

<sup>2</sup> Acts vii. 22, &c.

<sup>3</sup> 2 Thess. ii. 11.

Church of England believes a *real presence*, she expresses in the Canon of her Eucharistical office,<sup>1</sup> *verily* and *indeed*, and that *that*, what can be more *real*?

To object, that the faith in the Holy Trinity obliges us to as great a difficulty as the Pontifician modality, is very trifling, since that is only matter of belief indefinite. We are not required to explain the matter of the mystery; nor have we, or the most metaphysical wit living, faculties and adequate instruments to dissolve that knot: spiritual things belong to spirits; we can have no notices proportionable to them; and yet, though they are unfathomable by our reason, they are not inconsistent with it, nor do they violate our understanding by enjoining nonsense. They indeed exceed our explications, but disparage not our religion; rather they procure it veneration; since there are in nature and common objects things which we know to be, but know not how they be. But when the dispute (as in this of the Holy Eucharist) is of bodies and material things, we can define, and may pronounce concerning their affections and possibilities; they are obnoxious to sense, and fall justly under our cognisance and explication. But your Reverence enjoins me to say what our Church permits her sons to believe concerning Adoration. I will tell you, the very same that St. Augustine, *Nemo digne manducat, nisi prius adoraverit*: she holds, therefore, that the Holy Eucharist is an homâge, and an act of adoration, and receives it in that humble gesture; for Christ being there present in an extraordinary manner, she worships him at a time when he exhibits himself to her in so extraordinary and mysterious a manner, and with so great advantages; but then this act is to her blessed Lord, as God's right hand: or, if it please you better, she adores the flesh and blood of her Saviour in the mystery and venerable usage of the symbols, representing and imparting it to our souls; but she gives no divine honours to the bare symbols, without that signification: since it is certain, had the primitive Christians done otherwise,<sup>2</sup> their enemies would have said they worshipped the work of their own hands too, and so retorted their reproaches. The Church of England, and we her sons, worship what we know; you worship what

<sup>1</sup> See the Catechism in Book of Common Prayer.

<sup>2</sup> See Minutius Felix Octav.

you know not, and whatsoever is not of faith is sin. Species and accidents, representations and mere creatures, though consecrated to holy uses, are not proper objects of adoration : God is a jealous God, and it should be seriously considered how innumerable the contingencies are (though your opinions were tolerable) that render your manner of worshipping the Host extremely obnoxious and full of peril ; since the possible circumstances and defects of the priest's ordination, consecration, recitation of the words, want of intention, impurity of the elements, their disproportion and mixture—if the priest be illegitimate, simoniacal, or irregular—and several other impediments of the like nature, render the adorers gross idolators by your own tenets and confession.

I have but a word to add, and that is concerning the Oblation, in which the Church of England differs from that of Rome. She affirms, that the notion amongst the ancients imported only *Oblatum celebrare, et memoria renovare* ; and that if Christ were really offered (as you pretend) he must every time be put to death again. But St. Paul tells us plainly he was but once<sup>1</sup> offered, as now shortly on Good Friday he is said to be crucified, and at Christmas to be born, &c. But we add, if Christ delivered his holy body, and sacrificed it in a natural sense, when he instituted the Holy Sacrament, before his real passion on the cross (as, according to you, indisputably he did), it could not be propitiatory ; and if it were not propitiatory, what becomes of your mass ? For if it was propitiatory when he instituted it, his blessed Father was reconciled before his suffering, which I think we neither dare to affirm. It was then representative and memorative only of what *was to be*, as now it is to us of what it has already been ; and yet the Church of England does for all this acknowledge it in another sense to be a sacrifice, both propitiatory and impetratory ; because the oblation of it to God with and by the prayers and praises of her members, does render God propitious, by obtaining the benefits which the death of our Lord does represent : and therefore over it we beseech God for the universal peace of the Church ; for the state of the world ; for kings, priests, and magistrates ;

<sup>1</sup> Compare Romans vi., and Hebrews ix.

for the sick ; for a glorious resurrection of the saints.<sup>1</sup> In sum, with St. Cyril, we implore that it may move God to grant all that is desired by the regular and assiduous offices of the Catholic Church, especially of those who at that time offer and communicate.

This, Reverend Father, is the best account I am able for the present, and in so short limits, to give you: it is what our Church will own, what I believe, and what I endeavour to practise, who in great charity and humility, subscribe myself,

Your most faithful servant,  
J. EVELYN.

Sir, you must pardon my frequent blots, &c.

*Note to page 232.*

If it be transubstantiated, it is a miracle: now our blessed Saviour never did miracles (that we read of), but the visible change was apparent to all the world, as from blindness to sight, from sickness to health, from death to life; so the loaves were augmented, the water converted to wine, &c.: but here is a miracle wrought without any visible change, which we never read he did, and is indeed a contradiction, and destroys the effect of our common sense and reason, by which alone we have assurance of all that Christ did and suffered; and if we may not credit these, we may justly doubt of the whole Christian religion itself; which God would never tempt his rational creatures to do.

*Note to page 233.*

And now we mentioned fathers, there occurs to me one passage in that excellent treatise of St. Augustine, "De Doctrinâ Christi:" Book iii., Chap. vi., upon that famous period in St. John on which our antagonists put so much stress, that as it instructs us how to interpret the literal sense of divers the like places in Scripture, so has it perfectly convinced me as to the meaning of that pretended

<sup>1</sup> See the prayer in our Communion Office, for the whole state of Christ's Church militant, &c.

difficulty : I say so fully, as I dare oppose it to whatsoever can be produced out of all the Fathers of the Church (as they call them) put all together. The words are these—*Si preceptiva*, &c. If a preceptive speech or expression seems to enjoin a thing that is flagitious or wicked, or to prohibit a beneficial or profitable thing, it is figuratively to be taken; *e. g.*; “Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood (says our Saviour), ye shall have no life in you.” This seems to command a flagitious and unlawful thing; it is therefore figurative, enjoining us to communicate in the passion of our Lord, and sweetly and profitably to keep in mind that his flesh was crucified and wounded for us : and this is so plainly the sense and the voice of the Church of England, that I think men must be out of their wits to contend against it. I could yet augment the number of as plain testimonies and suffrages from more of those good men ; but it is unnecessary.

*John Evelyn to the Lord Treasurer.*

*Sayes-Court, November 14th, 1671.*

MY LORD,

I was yesterday at Whitehall to wait on your Lordship, and a little to expostulate with you upon the work enjoined me, for want of that assistance which Mr. Secretary promised me from time to time ; so as unless your Lordship interpose and procure those papers, I must desist and go no further. It is, my Lord, a grave and weighty undertaking in this nice and captious age, to deliver to posterity a three-years war, of three of the greatest powers and potentates of Europe against one nation newly restored, and even at that period conflicting with so many calamities besides. If this deserve no application extraordinary, I have taken but ill measures when I entered on it ; but I rely on your Lordship, whose commands first animated, and by whose influence only I care to proceed. If the materials I have amassed lie still in heaps, blame not me, who write not for glory, unless you approve of what I write, and assist the deferrent, for I am no more. It is matters of fact his Majesty would have me deliver to the world ; let me have them authentic, then ; and now especially in this crisis of exinanition (with



grief and indignation I speak it), and that the whole nation is sinking. As to the action at Bergen, I am ready to transmit what I have drawn up; but it shall go no further till you have cast your eye upon it, since without your Lordship's approbation (after the measures I have taken of your comprehensive and consummate judgement, *quorumq; pars ipse fuisti*) I neither can nor ought to like any thing I do; but this, either your modesty or business denies me; and unless I overcome it, let all I have done wither and rise no more. Augustus Cæsar had weighty affairs on his hand, but he suffered nothing to pine of lesser concern, when he sometimes heard poems recited; and Scipio would converse with Lælius, and often with Lucullus too; and will you let your country suffer, and that, which you with so much earnestness and vigour pressed might be published with the greatest expedition, languish now for want of your assistance? My Lord, what you were wont to say was prediction, and we are already blown upon and profaned without recovery. The inscription<sup>1</sup> I here enclose will more than a little discover that it were high time to think of all imaginable ways to recover the dignity of the nation; and I yet assure myself your Lordship has been inflamed with a disdain becoming you at the sound of this disgrace: I do protest solemnly, I have not in my life received a more sensible mortification. O that ever his Majesty and this glorious country should in our time (and when your Lordship sits at the helm) succumb under the reproach; see ourselves buried alive, and our honour (which is ten thousand times more precious than life) borne thus away by a perfidious and ungrateful people! To see our glory dragged in triumph, and a pillar to our infamy set up on that foul turf which had not been a name but for our indulgence. I dare say, my Lord, your heart is as big as your breast can contain, and that you would be one of the first should even devote themselves to tear down that impudent trophy, and take away our reproach; and if God Almighty do not shortly stir up amongst us some such generous indignation, I do not for my part desire to live, and see the ruins that are coming on us: but this is reserved for men of great hearts, and for such as your Lordship. My

<sup>1</sup> Set up for De Witt on his exploit at Chatham.

part will be to represent it so, when I come to that cutting period. If it incite not all that call themselves English to rise as one man in rescue of our honour, the whole world will blush at our stupid *lachetè*, and the ingratitude of our foes be styled a virtue. Let me, therefore, my Lord, receive your further directions seasonably. Whilst you still incite me to dispatch, your Lordship's not furnishing me those pieces renders it impossible to advance.

I am, my Lord, &c.

*Desiderata.*—The particulars of the Treaty with the Dutch after the first war with the Parliament, to be found (I suppose) in the Paper Office.

2. What commission was given De Ruyter when he went to Guinea, of which we charge the States?

3. Mr. Henry Coventry's instructions for Sweden, so far as concerns the action at Bergen.

4. Colonel Nichol's instructions, &c., with the articles of the redition of New Amsterdam.

5. Lord Fitz Harding's instructions, which I suspect are corrupted in the Dutch relations.

6. The instructions of Sir Walter Vane sent to the Duke of Brandenburg.

7. His Majesty's treaty with the Bishop of Munster.

8. By whose importunity was the sail slackened in the first encounter with the Dutch, or whether I am to blanch this particular?

9. What particular gentleman volunteers, &c., am I more especially to mention for their behaviour in the first engagement?

10. Was Mr. Boyle's head carried into the sea from the trunk?

11. Did there no wound or bruise appear upon my Lord Falmouth's body?

12. On whom is the breaking bulk of the East India prizes to be really charged?

13. Did Bastian Senten board the Earl of Sandwich, take down the blue flag, set up the orange, and possess him three hours, as the Dutch relations pretend?

14. Sir Gilbert Talbot's letter to the Commander in

Chief at Bergen, which I find not in your Lordship's papers.

15. I desire the order your Lordship promised me to the Clerk of the Parliament, that I may search the Journals for those important particulars your Lordship mentioned, &c.

*Theodore Haak ("the learned German") to John Evelyn.*

*London, 27th November, 1671.*

SIR,

The original and author of the History of the Smyrna Imposter, being arrived here from thence, I believed you might be desirous to be acquainted with him. He hastens home, and may stay but a few days more with us; if I knew whether you would be in town on Wednesday or Thursday, and where to meet you, I would endeavour to bring him to you, for to have some conference with him, and further satisfaction about that matter. It is but sending me the least notice to my lodging at Mr. Martin's, in Cushion Yard, Broad Street, and I shall attend your pleasure, as ever ready and obliged to approve myself,

Noble Sir,

Your very humble servant,

THEODORE HAAK.

*John Evelyn to the Lord Treasurer.<sup>1</sup>*

*Sayes-Court, 21 Aug. 1672.*

MY LORD,

According to my duty, I send your Lordship the letters and papers which your Lordship has been pleased to trust me withal, for the compiling of that part of the

<sup>1</sup> Clifford was now a peer (his creation dates the 22nd April, 1672); and to the margin of Evelyn's congratulatory letter to him on his new dignity, is added this note: "Who was ever a most obliging friend to me in particular; and after Treasurer (whatever his other failings were), a person of as clean hands and generous a mind, as any who have succeeded in that high trust."

History of the late War, which (having received both his Majesty's and your Lordship's approbation) I design to publish, and the rather because I have no other means to express my great obligations to your Lordship than to set that forth in which your Lordship's courage and virtue has been so conspicuous. And now, my Lord, the great ability, uprightness, and integrity, which your Lordship has made to give lustre through the rest of those high offices and charges which you have rather dignified, than they your Lordship, makes me perfectly deplore your Lordship's so solemn, so extraordinary, and so voluntary a recess. I am deeply sensible of my own great loss by it, because I have found your Lordship has ever been the most obliging to me; but much more of the public. I pray God to bless your Lordship, and humbly beg this favour, that you will still regard me as your most grateful beneficiary, and reckon me amongst the number of those who not only make the sincerest professions, but who really are what they profess, which is to be,

My Lord, &c.

*John Evelyn to Lord Viscount Cornbury.*

*Whitehall, 17 Sept. 1672.*

MY LORD,

I think it is not unknown to your Lordship that I have sometime since been commanded by his Majesty to draw up a narrative of the occasions of the first Dutch war; in order to which my Lord Clifford acquaints me he did formerly and does still continue to desire of you, that you would be pleased to give me the perusal of Sir George Downing's dispatches to my Lord Chancellor your father, which (as I remember) you told me were at Cornbury, where now you are. My Lord, 'tis an extraordinary mortification to me, that my untoward employments here have not suffered me to wait upon you all this time of your sweet recess; that I might also have seen how that place is adorned and improved since I was there, and where I might likewise have seen those papers without giving your Lordship this trouble; but your Lordship will consider my present condition, and may be assured that I shall make

use only of such particulars as conduce to the province imposed on me by his Majesty. I would likewise be glad to know, what light your Lordship can give me out of the letters and dispatches of my Lord Holles, Mr. Coventry, and Sir Gilbert Talbot, which have all of them an influence into that affair, as it concerned France, Denmark, and Sweden; upon which I am also directed to touch, but shall not be able to do it with any satisfaction, unless your Lordship favour me with the communication of the subsidiaries in your Cabinet, who am,

My Lord, &c.

*From Lord Mordaunt to John Evelyn.*

*Fish-Court, 11 April, 1673.*

WHOEVER can demur in sending Mr. Evelyn what plants soever he desires, deserves not the advantages he may have found by excellent rules and encouragements he has obliged his country with. I am sure I am much better pleased to send him so just a tribute, than I can be to receive any additional accessions to my gardens, howsoever I love them. The tube-roses are now in the hot-bed and begin to appear; if you think it not too early to remove them from so warm a quarter, send your gardener whenever you please and I will send you some, or what other plants you desire, that are worthy to be seen at Sayes-Court. When the season of budding comes, you shall have of what kinds of oranges and lemons you please. A friend of yours at Clarendon House has laid his commands upon me, to wait on him to-morrow to Kensington with intent to buy some oranges that are lately come over. If you could spare two hours you would oblige him, for I fear 'twill prove too hard a province for me to make the choice; the plants are small, and of as small a price, a crown a plant. If you can with your convenience go with us, I will call for you about two of the clock, at Whitehall, or where you shall appoint: pray believe me your most humble servant,

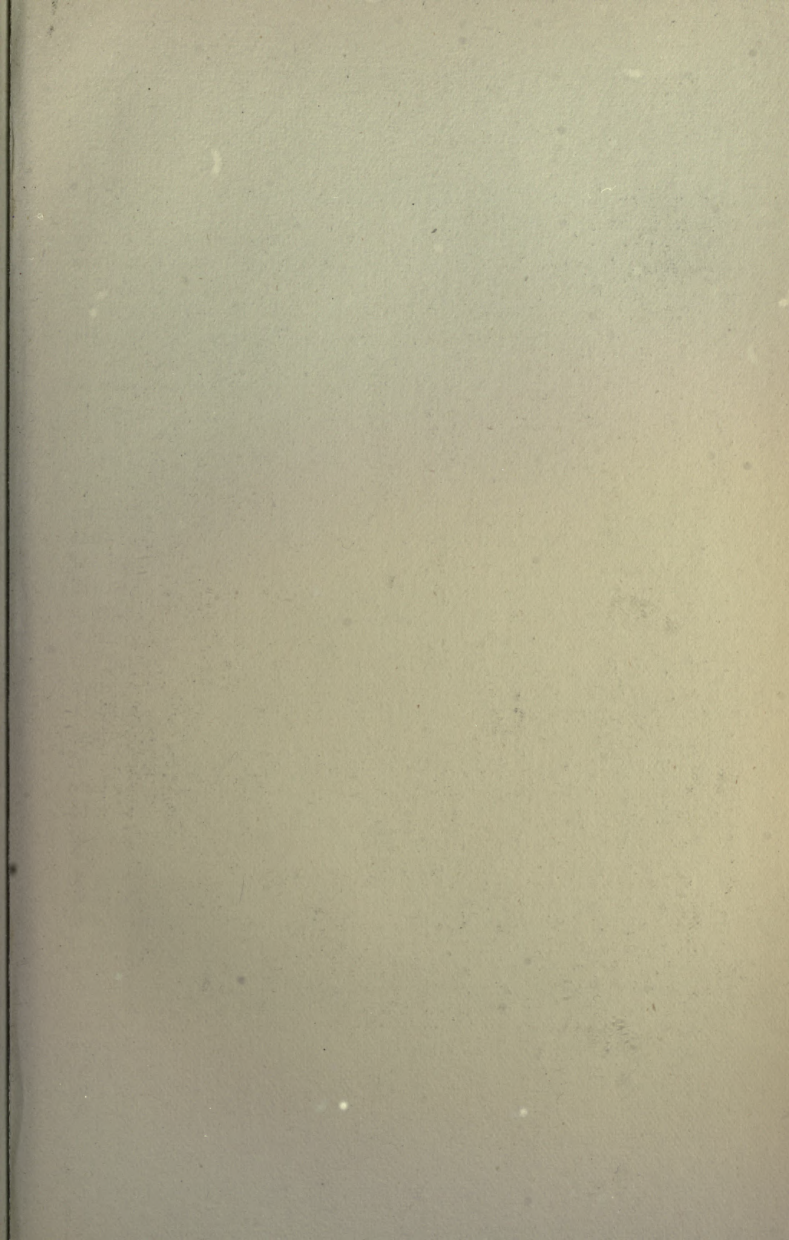
MORDAUNT.

*John Evelyn to the Duchess of Newcastle.*<sup>1</sup>*Sayer-Court, 15th June, 1674.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

I go not into my study without reproach to my prodigious ingratitude, whilst I behold such a pile of favours and monuments of your incomparable spirit, without having yet had the good fortune, or the good manners indeed, to make my recognitions as becomes a person so immensely obliged. That I presume to make this small present to your Grace (who were pleased to accept my collection of Architects, to whom timber and planting are subsidiaries) is not for the dignity of the subject, though princes have not disdained to cultivate trees and gardens with the same hands they managed sceptres; but because it is the best expression of my gratitude that I can return. Nor, Madam, is it by this that I intend to pay all my homage for that glorious presence, which merits so many encomiums, or write a panegyric of your virtues, which all the world admires, lest the indignity of my style should profane a thing so sacred; but to repeat my admiration of your genius, and sublime wit, so comprehensive of the most abstracted appearances, and so admirable in your sex, or rather in your Grace's person alone, which I never call to mind but to rank it amongst the heroines, and constellate with the graces. Such of ancient days were Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, that writ the history of her country, as your Grace has done that of my Lord Duke your husband, worthy to be transmitted to posterity. What should I speak of

<sup>1</sup> This letter, says Evelyn, in a marginal note to it, was written to her Grace "at Bolsover, when she sent me her works." It might be taken for a banter on the poor duchess, notwithstanding the occasion of it, were it not remembered that the homage paid to high rank in that day was excessive; and that Evelyn generally was very profuse of compliment in his dedications and letters of acknowledgment. Similar glorifications of the Duke and Duchess are collected in a scarce and curious volume, entitled, "A collection of Letters and Poems, written by several Persons of Honour and Learning, upon divers important subjects to the late Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, London, 1678," which is quite an astonishing exhibition of the sort of language commonly proffered on such occasions, not simply by learned men, but by bodies of learned men.





Hinchhof.

Marguerite.



Hilpylas, the mother-in-law of young Pliny, and of his admirable wife; of Pulcheria, daughter to the emperor Arcadius; or of Anna, who called Alexius father, and writ fifteen books of history, &c.! Your Grace has title to all their perfections. I pass Cornelia, so near the great Scipio, and mother of the Gracchi, to come to the later wits, Isabella, Queen of Castile, wife of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, of which bed came the first Charles, and the mother of four learned daughters, of whom was one Katherine, wife to our Henry the 8th; Mary of Portugal, wife to John Duke of Braganza (related to her Majesty the Queen Consort), rarely skilled in the mathematical sciences; so was her sister, espoused to Alexander, Duke of Parma; Lucretia d'Esté, of the house of Ferrara; Duchess of Urbino, a profound philosopher; Vittoria Colonna, wife of Ferdinand d'Avila, Marquis of Pescara, whose poetry equalled that of the renowned Petrarch; Hippolita Strozzi, daughter to Francis, Duke of Milan; Mary of Aragon; Fabiala, Marcella, St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Bridget and Therese (for even the greatest saints have cultivated the sciences), Fulvia Morata, Isabella Andreini; Marguerite of Valois (sister to Francis the First, and grandmother to the great Henry of France), whose novels are equal to those of the witty Boccaccio; and the memoirs of another Marguerite, wife of this great prince, that name having been so fertile for ladies of the sublimest genius; Catharine de Roches, of Poitiers, a celebrated wit, and Claudia de Cleremont, Duchess of Retz, Mary de Gournay, and the famous Anna M. Schurman; and of our own country, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Jane, the Lady Weston, Mrs. Philips, our late Orinda, the daughters of Sir Thomas More; also the Queen Christina of Sweden, and Elizabeth, daughter of a queen, to whom the renowned Des Cartes dedicated his learned work, and the profound researches of his extraordinary talent. But all these, I say, summed together, possess but that divided, which your Grace retains in one; so as Lucretia Marinella, who writ a book (in 1601), *dell' Eccellenzia delle Donne, con difetti é mancamenti de gli Huomini*, had no need to have assembled so many instances and arguments to adorn the work, had she lived to be witness of Marguerite, Duchess of Newcastle, to have read her writings,

and to have heard her discourse of the science she comprehended. I do, Madam, acknowledge my astonishment, and can hardly think too great of those souls, who, resembling your Grace's, seem to be as it were wholly separate from matter, and to revolve nothing in their thoughts but universal ideas. For what of sublime and worthy in the nature of things, does not your Grace comprehend and explain; what of great and noble, that your illustrious Lord has not adorned? For I must not forget the munificent present of his very useful book of Horsemanship, together with your Grace's works upon all the profound as well as politer subjects, which I received of Sir Francis Tapps from both your Graces' hands; but this accumulation ought to be the argument of a fresh and more ample acknowledgment, for which this paper is too narrow. My wife (whom you have been pleased to dignify by the name of your daughter, and to tell her that you look upon her as your own, for a mother's sake of hers who had so great a veneration of your Grace) presents her most humble duty to you, by Madam,

Your Grace's, &c.

*John Evelyn to Dr. Meric Casaubon.<sup>1</sup>*

*Sayes-Court, 15 July, 1674.*

REVEREND SIR,

I am infinitely obliged to you for your civil reply to my letter, but am not a little troubled that it should importune you in a time when you were indisposed. The stone is an infirmity, which I am daily taught to commiserate in my poor afflicted and dear brother who languishes under that torture, and therefore am much concerned when I hear of any that are exercised under that sad affliction: I will therefore beg of you, that no impertinence of mine (for truly that trifle is no other) may engage you to the least inconvenience, and which may prejudice your health. You have already greatly obliged me by the hints you are pleased to send me, and by the notice you are pleased to take of that poor essay of mine on Lucretius, so long since escaping me. You may be sure I was very young, and therefore very rash,

<sup>1</sup> See Casaubon's Letter to Evelyn, *ante*, p. 224.

or ambitious, when I adventured upon that knotty piece. 'Tis very true, that when I committed it to a friend of mine (and one whom I am assured you intimately know) to inspect the printing of it, in my total absence from London, I fully resolved never to tamper more with that author; but when I saw it come forth so miserably deformed, and (I may say) maliciously printed and mistaken, both in the Latin copy (which was a most correct and accurate one of Stephens') and my version so inhumanly depraved, shame and indignation together incited me to resolve upon another edition; and I knew not how (to charm my anxious thoughts during those sad and calamitous times) to go through the five remaining books: but when I had done, I repented of my folly, and that I had not taken the caution you since have given us in your excellent "Enthusiasm," and which I might have foreseen. But to commute for this, it still lies in the dust of my study, where 'tis like to be for ever buried.

Sir, I return you a thousand thanks for the favour and honour you have done me, and which I should have sooner acknowledged, had I not been from home when your letter came to my house: I shall now beg of God to restore your health, not for the satisfaction of my impertinent inquiries, but for the universal republic of learning, and the benefit which all good men derive from the fruits of your worthy labour, who am, &c.

*Dr. Thomas Good to John Evelyn.*

*Baliol College, 13th Dec., 1675.*

MR. EVELYN,

Many years and troublesome are past and gone since you lived gentleman **commoner** amongst us, insomuch as you seem to have forgotten your old college; for you were in Oxford last act, and did not vouchsafe us a visit. The last year I wrote a letter to you, showing how unfortunate our college has been by reason of the late wars, and the dreadful fire in London; besides, you have printed several books, and not bestowed one of them upon our college library; these things I thought fit to signify unto you,

to make you sensible that we did expect more kindness from a gentleman of your parts and ingenuity; you may resent as you please, they are intended out of a respect to you, as some time a member of our college, from him that is

Your friend and servant,

THOMAS GOOD.

*John Evelyn to Dr. Good.*

SIR,

The letter which was left at my house some time since, has been so little out of my thoughts, that I have ever since placed it so in my study as seldom there has passed a day, when I have been at home (which indeed has been very seldom, in regard of much business taking me almost continually from thence for more than these two years past), wherein I have not looked on the inscription as a monitor, obliging me to give you an account of it; and that I have not hitherto done it was not out of any forgetfulness, but because I could not do it so effectually as I desired, by reason of some inconvenient circumstances which I have ever since, and do still lie under; there being due to me little less than 2000*l.*, most of it for rent, which you may believe is no small disorder to me and my family, who have little other dependence. It is not to every one that I would discover this infirmity, but I assure you it has been the only cause why I answered not your letter, having it still in my resolution to gratify your patience so soon as I was in some handsomer condition. This, as I am a Christian, has been the cause of my remissness; which I cannot yet be so disingenuous as not to acknowledge a fault, and, indeed, want of good manners in me, complicated, as you justly reproach me, with my passing by you lately at Oxford without waiting upon you. I have only to say for that, that unless it were for a gentleman of Magdalen College, who was sick, I was not at liberty to make one visit all the time of my stay, tied as I was to attend to those ladies with whom I came down, not for my pleasure, but business at the assizes at Northampton, which hurried me out of the town when I had resolved to wait upon you and make this apology. As to the books

which I have written, I never sent any one that I can tell of, but what were required of me expressly; for though I have had the vanity to publish, and to think some of them might be useful to persons of my little force, I did not think them considerable enough to make any public present of. The honour they have done me in marking them in the Bodleian Catalogue was not only beside my expectation, but beyond my merit or ambition.

Thus, Sir, I have endeavoured to reply to the various periods of your letter with all truth and sincerity; the reproaches you give me are but what indeed I deserve, nor will I farther extenuate the causes of them. I am only sorry that the posture of my affairs does not permit me to make the college a handsome present.

I am, dear Sir,  
Your most humble and faithful servant,  
J. EVELYN.<sup>1</sup>

*Dr. Thomas Good to John Evelyn.*

*Baliol College, Oxford, 2nd March, 1675-6.*

WORTHY SIR,

I do not remember that there was one syllable in my late letter tending to your reproach: it is true I imputed a piece of unkindness to you in passing by your old college and your old friend unsaluted, for which you have made ample satisfaction by your apology, and have given a sufficient testimony that you have not forgotten the place or your education by your free and liberal remembrance of us, for which be pleased to accept of this return of our hearty thanks; and, notwithstanding your modest expressions concerning your ingenious books, if you shall vouchsafe to bestow them upon our library, you will very much oblige our whole society, and especially,

Your very thankful and humble servant,  
THOMAS GOOD.

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn has endorsed this letter (which is without date) as follows: "I now sent him by Dr. Crouch 20*l.*, which was much more than Dr. Good expected, as I since understood from him."

*Dr. John Fell (Bishop of Oxford) to John Evelyn.*

*April 26, 1676.*

SIR,

We must never forget the obligation which my Lord Marshal has laid upon the university in the donation of his Marbles ;<sup>1</sup> and, while we remember that, cannot choose to bear in mind your great kindness in that affair. Having at last finished the account of his and our other monuments, they are all dedicated to my Lord, and would be presented to him by the mediation of the same person who was so instrumental in the gift of them. The bearer hereof is the editor, by whose industry and care the work was done ; and he is ordered by Mr. Vice Chancellor, in the name of the university, to present you with a copy, as a testimony of the sense they have of your favour to them. This is all that I have at present to trouble you with, adding my wishes of all health to you,

I remain, Sir, &c.,

JOHN OXON.

*Anne, Countess of Sunderland, to John Evelyn.*

*February 11, 1677-8.*

I am most confident of your friendly wishes, and value them extremely. For this honour the King has done my Lord,<sup>2</sup> I cannot think it worth the rejoicing much at as times now are ; I have else reason to be glad for what you mention ; I could say much to you of my thoughts of this matter, but it is my waiting day : I pray God to direct my Lord, and prosper him to the good of his country, and to God's glory ; pray for him and me, and

I am sincerely your friend,

A. SUNDERLAND.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, pp. 198—200. All the circumstances of the gifts are detailed in the *Diary*, vol. ii. pp. 32—34. Mr. Howard was now Lord Howard. He was created baron in 1669, and succeeded as sixth Duke of Norfolk in 1677. For private circumstances connected with his life, which gave great offence to Evelyn, see *Diary*, vol. ii. pp. 65 and 125.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Sunderland was appointed Secretary of State at this time.

*Anne, Countess of Sunderland, to John Evelyn.*

March 3, 1677-8.

I believe the news of the Duke and Duchess being gone will surprise you, as it does other people; the King has declared that he commanded his brother to retire. I beseech God it may produce the effects hoped for from it. I am heartily grieved for poor Lady S., who has gone with them, it is so bad weather. I thought myself obliged, on all accounts, to tell you this by letter, which should be longer, but I am not well.

Your very sincere friend,

A. SUNDERLAND.

*Anne, Countess of Sunderland, to John Evelyn.*

Whitehall, 28th October, 1678.

I can never want inclination to give you any satisfaction in my power, but there is yet very little discovery made. On Saturday the Commons made an address to the King to banish all the Catholics to twenty miles from London, which was favourably answered. There were named to go to-night to visit the prisoners in Newgate, Lord Treasurer, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Essex, Lord Clarendon, and the Bishop of London, in order to examine them, and to report to the House; but they could not learn any thing of them; found Coleman very insolent, and not at all inclined to enlighten them. They are to go again to-day, to try for better success. This day the two Houses were much alarmed with Sir Edward Rich, of Lincolnshire, coming when they were sitting, and bidding them begone, or they would all be blown up; upon which there was search made, but nothing found, and he looked upon as a madman. The Commons sent up to the Lords to join with them in making all papists incapable of sitting in either House, but as yet they have done nothing in it. There is a strange consternation amongst all sorts of people. I beseech God to fit us to bear all the sad things we have in prospect prepared for us. Madam Mazarin was named in the House of

Commons to-day for one of the Pope's emissaries: 'twere to be wished that assembly would stick to the weightier concerns of our laws and religion, but God knows what is best for us. When there is any thing new, assure yourself you shall hear from yours very sincerely,

A. SUNDERLAND.

*Anne, Countess of Sunderland, to John Evelyn.*

25th December, 1678.

I should think I was mighty happy were it in my power to show you any friendship; till it is, accept of what I can do, which is very small, but very willingly performed by me. I think, when you left, the business of my Lord Treasurer was afoot, which proceeded to an impeachment, containing six articles: the two first, which they built most upon, was what Mr. Montague's letters furnished, which they divided into two articles, that went under the name of high treason. The treating with the King of France for peace, as they must suppose without the knowledge of the King, because these letters bear date the 25th, and the King's revealed will, declared in Parliament the 20th, was the reason to go on with a thorough war with France; this they say is treason, and therefore impeached him of traitorously to have assumed the regal power to himself by treaties of peace and war by his own counsel: the other was about the breach of act of Parliament in keeping up the army. These were the two of treason; the others are misdemeanors, of great kind, too long to write: but it was their intent the putting in treason to have obliged the Lords to have committed him, and then made no question, but to have proved all upon him; but after a long debate it was not found treason according to the act, and therefore the Lords would not allow of sequestering him of his place, and his Lordship does yet keep the King's ear. Between you and I, I fear he will find he is ill-advised if he thinks to carry it with a high hand; for I believe he will prove a wounded deer, and be very unserviceable to the King in the place he is in: this is, at least, the opinion of wise persons. To-morrow, they say, will be a hot day, and show us much. I am told they mean to move him an enemy to the country,



and that they will never give money while he has the managing of it: if they do that, God knows what will follow, and how far he will be able in such case to carry things. It is out of my province to speak on these matters, but what ought I not to do to save one to whom I have such great obligations. As to the plot, it looks as if God Almighty would bring it all out, whether we will or not, and show us our wilful blindness. The day you went, Bedloe cast his eye upon a man that followed his coach, and on a sudden cried out that they should lay hold of him, for that was the man that he had described to the two Houses, and that he could never find: upon which the man was seized, loaded with chains, and sent to Newgate. Bedloe says, swearing, he was one that killed Godfrey, and that, if he would confess, he could make great discoveries; upon which the Lords obtained his pardon of the King, and went on Monday with it to the dungeon, where they were a considerable time, my Lord Winchester, Lord Essex, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Grey. At their coming away the King went to my Lord Winchester, and asked him what they had discovered; he answered, not any thing, that the fellow seemed to be an idle fellow, and contradicted himself: this very well satisfied the King: but they had entered into a solemn oath not to discover. On Monday they obtained a summons from Secretary Williamson to search Somerset House, where they found all the people, save one, that he had told them, and seized them. This made a great noise yesterday; and this fellow, who is a silversmith, and used to clean the plate of the Queen's Chapel, was brought before the King and Council, and upon search they are now satisfied the murder was done at Somerset House. The King himself begins to believe it; my Lord Bellasis is still named to be the chief in it by this fellow, too; several other very weighty circumstances he told, and several other persons he has named in private to a committee of the House of Commons last night, who were writing what he said two hours at the prison. One thing more I must not omit, which is said, that in the search at Somerset House after the men this fellow accused, they found between fifty and sixty Irish and other priests, but not having a warrant to seize them, they could not. I assure you of my sincere friendship, and am your attached servant,

A. SUNDERLAND.

*Mr. Henry Green (a Florist) to John Evelyn.*

*June 24th, 1679.*

HONOURED SIR,

You may remember, about August last, there was a person with you to desire your opinion about Imbibition of seeds. He adventured to discourse with you about improvements, and entreated your directions about what at that present might tend to best account. You have generously pleased to express yourself on some particulars, and referred him to the Reverend Doctor Beale as one fully acquainted with all the parts of husbandry, and of a most communicative spirit. I addressed that worthy divine, and have found him fully to answer the excellent character you gave of him. I have told him, since, you (for whom he has so high an honour) gave me encouragement to apply to him for advice, which he has nobly obliged me with beyond my expression. I lately hinted, if he had any thing to convey to you, I would be his willing messenger, and put it into your hands, and pay you my humblest duty and acknowledgments for recommending me to so incomparable a master, to whom I owe more than to any man living. I write these few lines to be left with you, together with a letter from the Doctor, in case I should be so unhappy as to miss of you at home, and for your above mentioned signal favour I return you my heartiest thanks. I am, worthiest sir,

Your most humble servant,

HENRY GREEN.

*John Evelyn to the Countess of Ossory.*

*Whitehall, 5th June, 1680.*

MADAM,

I cannot account myself to have worthily discharged my duty to the memory of my noble Lord, without deeply condoling the loss your Ladyship has sustained in the death of that illustrious person: never did a great man go off this earthly stage with more regret and universal sorrow; never had Prince a more loyal subject, never nation a more public loss; and how great my own were in par-

ticular, the uninterrupted obligations of above thirty years (joined with a most condescending and peculiar friendship) may serve to declare, that nothing could have happened to me more calamitous. But all this does but accumulate to your Ladyship's affliction, which were indeed deplorable, had you not, besides the great and heroic actions of his life, the glorious name he has left behind, the hopeful branches that remain to imitate his virtues, the consolation, above all, of his being safe, where he has received a crown brighter than any earthly Prince. It was my duty (as well as honour) to be with him night and day till I closed his eyes, and to join in those holy offices which were so devoutly performed by the Bishop of St. Asaph to the last article, and during all his Lordship's sickness; which was passed through with such Christian patience and resignation, as that alone ought to give your Ladyship exceeding comfort. I am sure it does to me; and your Ladyship is to bless Almighty God for it, who after so many honourable hazards in this wicked world, would have him to a better, and that he is departed hence as a great man and a true Christian should do, though for the present to our infinite loss. And now, Madam, I should beg pardon for entertaining you so long on this mournful occasion, did I not assure myself that the testimony I give your Ladyship of the religious and pious circumstances of his sickness, would afford you some consolation, as well as to show how sincerely devoted I was to his Lordship's service, how much obliged for his constant and generous friendship to me, and how much I am,

Madam, your, &c.

*John Evelyn to Dr. Morley (Bishop of Winchester).*

1 June, 1681.

\* \* \* \* Father Maimbourg has had the impudence to publish at the end of his late *Histoire du Calvinisme*, a pretended letter of the late Duchess of York,<sup>1</sup> intimating the motives of her deserting the Church of England; amongst other things to attribute it to the indifference, to

<sup>1</sup> This letter may be found in a small collection of "Letters of Eminent Persons," 2 vols. 12mo.

call it no worse, of those two bishops, upon whose advice she wholly depended as to the direction of her conscience, and points of controversy. 'Tis the universal discourse that your Lordship is one of those bishops she mentions, if at least the letter be not supposititious; knowing you to have been the most domestic in the family, and one whom her Highness resorted to in all her doubts and spiritual concerns, not only during her former circumstances, but all the time of her greatness to the very last. It is therefore humbly and earnestly desired (as well as indeed expected) amongst all that are concerned for our religion, and the great and worthy character which your Lordship bears, that your Lordship would do right to it, and publish to all the world how far you are concerned in this pretended charge, and to vindicate yourself and our Church from what this bold man would make the world believe to the prejudice of both. I know your Lordship will be curious to read the passage yourself, and do what becomes you upon this signal occasion, God having placed you in a station where you have no great one's frowns to fear or flatter, and given you a zeal for the truth and for his glory. With this assurance I humbly beg your Lordship's blessing.<sup>1</sup>

*John Evelyn to Samuel Pepys.*<sup>2</sup>

*Sayes-Court, 5 June, 1681.*

SIR,

I have been both very sorry and very much concerned for you since your Northern voyage, as knowing nothing of it 'till you were embarked (though I saw you so few days before), and that the dismal and astonishing accident was over, which gave me apprehensions and a

<sup>1</sup> On the margin of this letter is the following note by Evelyn: "This letter was soon followed with the Bishop's full vindication published in print." The latter was entitled an "Answer to a Letter written by a Romish Priest: together with the Letters themselves." Dr. Morley also published a "Letter to Ann, Duchess of York, a few months before her death."

<sup>2</sup> This letter was written after the shipwreck in which the Duke of York escaped so narrowly, as he was returning out of Scotland.

mixture of passions not really to be expressed 'till I was assured of your safety, and I gave God thanks for it with as much sincerity as any friend you have alive. 'Tis sadly true there were a great many poor creatures lost, and some gallant persons with them; but there are others worth hundreds saved, and Mr. Pepys was to me the second of those some; and if I could say more to express my joy for it, you should have it under the hand, and from the heart of,

Sir, your, &c.

*John Evelyn to Mr. William London, at Barbados.*

*Sayes-Court, 27 Sept., 1681.*

SIR,

I find myself so exceedingly obliged for the great civility of your letter (abating only for the encomiums you are pleased to bestow upon me, and which are in no sort my due), that having nothing to return you but my thanks and acknowledgments, I was not to delay that small retribution, for so many useful and excellent notices, as both your letter and the papers enclosed have communicated me. I have, indeed, been formerly more curious in your culture of trees and plants, and blotted a great deal of paper with my crude observations (and some of them I have had the vanity to publish), but they do in no degree amount to the accurateness of your design, which I cannot but applaud, and wish you all the success so excellent an undertaking deserves. I do not know that ever I saw a more pertinent and exact enumeration of particulars, and if it please God you live to accomplish what you have drawn the scheme of, I shall not doubt to pronounce it the most absolute and perfect history that we have anywhere extant of either our own, or other plantations. So that I cannot but highly encourage, and augur you all the prosperity imaginable; and I shall not fail, in order to it, to impart your papers to the Royal Society, who I am very confident will be ready to do you any service; although I do not see that your design is any where defective. And I persuade myself that you will be curious to adorn your work with true and handsome draughts of the animals, plants, and other things that you describe in the natural part. This I am bold to mention,

because most of those authors (especially English) who have given us their relations, fill them with such lame and imperfect draughts and pictures, as are rather a disgrace than ornament to their books, they having no talent that way themselves, and taking no course to procure such as can design; and if now and then you sprinkle here and there a prospect of the countries by the true and natural landscape, it would be of infinite satisfaction, and imprint an idea of those places you pass through, which are so strange to us, and so desirable. Gaspar Barlaeus (in his elegant History of Brazil) has given an incomparable instance of this; in which work the landscapes of divers parts of that country are accurately exhibited and graven in copper, besides the chorographical maps and other illustrations: but, sir, I beg your pardon for mentioning a thing, which I am sure you have well thought of, and will provide for. In your account of plants, trees, fruits, &c., there are abundance to which we are here utter strangers, and therefore cannot but be desirable to the curious. I am told there is newly planted in Barbados an orange of a most prodigious size: and such an improvement of the China as by far exceeds these we have from Portugal, which are of late years much degenerated. As for flowers, I think I have heard that the *narcissus tuberosus* grows wild, and in plenty with you. I have not the impudence to beg for myself any of those rarities you mention, but wish with all my heart I had anything of my own worthy your acceptance. I had at the beginning of last spring some foreign and exotic seeds, which I imparted to my friends, and some I sowed and set, but with very little success; and, as rightly you complain, there is no trust in our mercenary seedsmen of London for anything. In the meantime concerning nutmegs, cinnamon, cloves, and those other aromatics you so reasonably covet, I fear it will be a very difficult province to obtain such of them from the East Indies, they being mostly in possession of the Hollanders, who are (you know) a jealous people, and as I have been informed, make it capital to transport so much as a single nutmeg (I mean such a one as being set would produce a tree) out of their country. The late Sir John Cox, who had often been at Nova Batavia, told me he could not procure one handful

but such as were effete and deprived of their sprouting principle, upon any terms; much less could he obtain a plant; and yet I have been told by a confident broker about the Custom-house (whose name occurs not), and who has himself been in the Indies more than once (pretending to curiosities), that he brought away two or three plants of the true nutmeg tree belonging to a certain Dutch merchant; I suppose for the learned Dr. Munting of that country, who has brought up both nutmeg and cinnamon plants in his garden in Holland, but to what improvement I cannot tell. It were not to be despaired but that some subtle and industrious person (who made it his business), might overcome this difficulty among some of their plantations, and why not? as well as that a countryman of ours, who some years since brought home the first heads of saffron out of Greece (whence it was death to transport it) in the hollow head or top of his pilgrim staff, if what our Hollingshed writes be true. Some such contrivance or accident will doubtless at last enrich our western and propitious climate with those precious deficiencies; as it has done sugar, ginger, indigo, and other beneficial spices and drugs; and I know not whether the Jamaica pepper be not already comparable to many of those we have enumerated. I am sure it gratifies the taste and smell with most agreeable qualities, and little inferior to the oriental cinnamon. There is a walnut in Virginia whose nuts prosper very well with us, but we want store of them. It is, in the meantime, deplorable that the Bermudas cedar, of all others the most excellent and odoriferous, is (as I am told) almost worn out for want of propagation: if it will thrive in other countries, 'tis pity but it should be universally cultivated. But, sir, I tire you. The *Hortus Malabaricus*<sup>1</sup> presents us with the most stupendous and unheard-of plants in that elaborate work; the cuts being in copper, are certainly (of any published) the most accurately done; nor are their shapes and descriptions less surprising. Sir, the Royal Society have lately put their Repository into an excellent method, and it every day increases through the favour and benevolence of sundry benefactors, whose names are gratefully recorded. If anything incur to you of curious (as

<sup>1</sup> Published at Amsterdam in twelve volumes folio.

certainly there daily do, innumerable), you will greatly oblige that assembly of virtuosi in communicating any productions of the places you travelled through, upon the occasion of the return of vessels from those parts. The particulars they collect are animals and insects of all sorts, their skins and skeletons, fruits, stones, shells, swords, guns, minerals, and whatever nature produces in her vast and comprehensive bosom. Sir, your letter came to me from Mr. Harwell, the 23d of Sept., and by the same hand and favour I return you the hearty thanks, and acknowledgments of,

Sir, your, &c.

*John Evelyn to Samuel Pepys.<sup>1</sup>*

*Sayes-Court, Dec. 6, 1681.*

SIR,

In compliance with your commands, I have already transmitted to you the two large sea-charts, and now I send you the sheets I have long since blotted with the Dutch War, for which I should now make another apology (besides its preface) were it not that you well understand the prejudices I lay under at that time, by the inspection of my Lord Treasurer Clifford, who could not endure I should lenify my style, when a war with Holland was the subject: nor with much patience suffer that France should be suspected, though in justice to truth, as evident as the day, I neither would, nor honestly could, conceal (what all the world might see) how subdulously they dealt and made us their property all along. The interception of De Lyonne's letters to his master, p. 266, is sufficient to make this good: and I am plainly astonished it should not long since have opened our statesmen's eyes: unless it be, that we design to truckle under France, and seek industriously the ruin of our country. You will, sir, pardon this severe reflection, since I cannot think of it without perfect indignation. As to the compiler's part, it is not easy to imagine the infinite fardles of papers, treaties, declarations, relations, journals,

<sup>1</sup> The original of this letter is in the possession of Samuel Pepys Cockerell, Esq., who kindly contributed it, with several other letters by Evelyn.



original letters, and other volumes of print and writing, &c. which I was obliged to read and peruse (furnished, and indeed imposed on me, from the secretaries of state and others) for this small attempt, and that which was to follow. I am only sorry that I was so hasty to return some pieces to my Lord Treasurer, which I might honestly have kept, and with better conscience than his carrying them away to Devonshire, *unde nulli retrorsum*.

I had drawn a scheme of the entire work down to the Treaty of Breda, and provided the materials; but the late Lord Treasurer Danby<sup>1</sup> cutting me short as to some just pretensions of another nature I had to his more particular kindness, I cared not to oblige an ungrateful age; and perhaps the world is delivered by it from a fardle of impertinences.

Clifford (his predecessor) was, with all his other imperfections, a generous man, and, I verily believe, of clean hands: I am sure I was obliged to him: the other had been sometimes so to me and mine, but that is all past. Clifford had great failings, but was grateful and firm to his friend.

As to your other queries, I have not anything relating to the Prize Office; and for that discourse wherein I did attempt to show how far a gentleman might become learned by the only assistance of the modern languages, (written at the request of Sir Samuel Tuke for the Duke of Norfolk) to my grief, I fear I never shall recover it; for, sending it to the person I named sometime since, he tells me he cannot find it; and so, for aught I see, it is lost. There is a list in it of authors, and a method of reading them to advantage, besides something in the discourse which would not have displeased you; nor was it without some purpose of one day publishing it, because it was written with a virtuous design of provoking our court fops, and for encouragement of illustrious persons who have leisure and inclinations to cultivate their minds beyond a farce, a horse, a whore, and

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Viscount Dumblaine, afterwards Earl of Danby and Duke of Leeds. He married the Lady Bridget, second daughter of Montague Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, Lord Great Chamberlain of England, and died at Easton in Northamptonshire, the seat of his grandson, the Lord Lempster, on his journey to his house in Yorkshire, July 26, 1712, in the 81st year of his age.

a dog, which, with very little more, are the confines of the knowledge and discourse of most of our fine gentlemen and beaux. I will desire Sir James to make another search for it, when next I see.

In the mean time the particulars which here I send you are,

The battle of Lepanto; a description of the Armada in [15]88, I suppose authentic.

A paper written in French, touching the severity of their Marine Laws.

Trajan's Column, with Alphonso Ciaconius's notes, referring to the bas-relief by the figures. Such as concerns ships and gallies, &c., you will find by the figures 57, 243, 260, 153, 24, 236, 239, 152, 155, and especially 303, 235, where he speaks of copper or brass instead of iron-work; and the best season for felling of timber; and there is, as to other notices, subject for a world of erudition beyond what Ciaconius has touched, which would deserve an ampler volume.

A Discourse concerning the Fishery and Duty of the Flag.

A large volume of Sir R. Browne's Dispatches from 1641 to 1644, &c., during his public ministry and character in the French court. Besides which I have two folios more that continue it longer.

I also send you the Journal of Martin Frobisher and Captain Fenton.

That of Drake I cannot find as yet, so many papers and things there are to be removed and turned over in my confused study.

Item, a Map of an Harbour, whose name I find not to it.

Also an old Map of a Sea-fight.

Also a packet of original Letters, belonging to the former of my Lord Leicesters, in number fourteen, which are all I have remaining.

With a Declaration of the old Prince of Orange, William of Nassau, who was assassinated at Delft.

The Earl of Leicester's Will.

Another packet of Letters and other matters, and Transactions of State relating to the late times, in number eighty-eight, and of which I have thousands more that you

may command sight of, but these I think are most material.

A particular of wages due to the Deputy, army, and other state officers and affairs relating to Ireland, anno 1587, 1588.

A packet of thirty-eight papers containing Instructions and matters of State to several public ministers abroad, &c.

Item, another packet of thirty-three original letters to and from great persons during the late rebellion here.

A Scheme of the action of the Hollanders at Chatham, 1667, when they burnt our ships, and blocked up the Thames.<sup>1</sup>

Order of Council of State (then so called) for the apprehension of Charles Stewart, his present Majesty, so named by the regicides.

Lastly, a Relation of his Majesty's action and escape at Worcester, when he came out of Scotland with his army, being as far as Sir Richard Browne wrote out of the Queen Mother's letters at Paris; that which he took from his Majesty's own dictating (when he, after that escape, came into France at Paris) was sent to Mons. Renodaut, and was published by him in the Weekly Extraordinary, Anno 1651, where you'll find it in French among the volumes of his Gazettes. I am sorry the original was not retrieved from him.

Thus, Sir, you see how diligent I have been since I came home, to answer your queries, as I shall in all other your commands as far as is in the power of,

Sir, your, &c.

These papers,<sup>2</sup> maps, letters, books, and particulars, when you have done with, be pleased to take your own time in returning.

<sup>1</sup> This "Scheme" is a pen and ink sketch by Evelyn, preserved with Pepys' Official Correspondence in the Bodleian Library. An accurate fac-simile copy was made, and published in Pepys' Diary and Memoirs.

<sup>2</sup> Evelyn has here written in the margin—"Which I afterwards never asked of him."

*Dr. Edward Tyson to John Evelyn.*

*London, 15th March, 1681-2.*

HONOURED SIR,

I lately received the enclosed from Dr. Plot at Oxford, who desired me to transmit it to you, as also to acquaint you that he intends to come to town on the 22nd, against which time it is desired, if it may be, that the answers to the proposed queries of Mr. Anthony Wood may be ready. I had hopes that I might have seen you at the Society, but not having an opportunity of delivering it to you there, I was informed it might safely reach your hands this way; which, when it does, it is only farther to present you with Dr. Plot's service, as also of

Your most humble servant,

EDWARD TYSON.

*John Evelyn to the Bishop of Oxford (Doctor Fell).*

*Sayes Court, 19th March, 1681-2.*

MY LORD,

It cannot but be evident to your Reverend Lordship, to how great danger and fatal consequences the 'Histoire Critique,' not long since published in French by Père Simon, and now lately translated (though but ill translated) into English, exposes not only the Protestant and whole Reformed Churches abroad, but (what ought to be dearer to us) the Church of England at home, which with them acknowledges the Holy Scriptures alone to be the canon and rule of faith; but which this bold man not only labours to unsettle, but destroy. From the operation I find it already begins to have amongst divers whom I converse with, especially the young men, and some not so young neither, I even tremble to consider what fatal mischief this piece is like to create, whilst they do not look upon the book as coming from some daring wit, or young Lord Rochester revived, but as the work of a learned author, who has the reputation also of a sober and judicious person. And it must be acknowledged that it is a masterpiece in its kind; that the

man is well studied in the oriental tongues, and has carried on his project with a spirit and address not ordinary amongst critics; though, after all is done, whether he be really a Papist, Socinian, or merely a Theist, or something of all three, is not easy to discover; but this is evident—as for the Holy Scriptures, one may make what one will of them, for him. He tells the world he can establish no doctrine or principles upon them; and then, are not we of the Reformed Religion in a blessed condition! For the love of God, let our Universities, my Lord, no longer remain thus silent: it is the cause of God, and of our Church! Let it not be said, your Chairs take no notice of a more pernicious plot than any that yet has alarmed us. Whilst everybody lets it alone, men think there's nothing to be said against it; and it hugely prevails already, and you will be sensible of its progress when it is too late to take off the reproach. I most humbly therefore implore your Reverend Lordship to consider of it seriously; that the pens and the Chairs may openly and on all occasions assert and defend the common cause, and that Oxford may have the honour of appearing the first in the field. For from whom, my Lord, should we expect relief, if not from you the Fathers of the Church, and the Schools of the Prophets? It is worthy the public concern to ward the deadly blows which sap the roots, and should by no means be abandoned to hazard, or the feeble attempts of any single champion, who, if worsted, would but add to the triumph of our enemies, Papists and Atheists. My Lord, he who makes bold to transmit this to your Lordship, though he be no man of the Church, is yet a son of the Church, and greatly concerned for her; and though he be not learned, he converses much with books, and men that are as well at Court as in town and the country; and thinks it his duty to give your Lordship an account of what he hears and sees, and is expected and called for from you, who are the superintendents and watchmen that Christ has set over his Church, and appointed to take care of his flock. Sir John Marsham's book<sup>1</sup> should likewise be considered farther than

<sup>1</sup> "Chronicus Canon Ægyptiacus, Hebraicus, et Græcus, cum Disquisitionibus Historicis et Criticis," fol. Lond. 1672. Marsham had travelled into France, Italy, and part of Germany; he was a lawyer, and had held the office of one of the Six Clerks in Chancery. He suffered,

as yet it seems to have been, and the obnoxious passages in it not put off to prefaces and accidental touches only ; whilst neither to that, nor yet to Spinoza (made also vulgar), we have had any thing published of express, or equal force in a just volume, fitted either for domestic or foreign readers. I know that the late Bishop of Chester,<sup>1</sup> Dr. Stillingfleet, Huetius, and some few others, have said abundantly to confute our modern Atheists ; but as these start new and later notions, or rally and reinforce the scattered enemy, we should, I think, march as often out to meet and encounter them. For the men of this curious and nicer age do not consider what has been said or written formerly, but expect something fresh, that may tempt and invite them to consider, that for all the bold appearances of the enemy, they are no stronger than heretofore, and can do us no more hurt, unless we abandon and betray ourselves and give up the cause. It is not, my Lord, sufficient to have beaten down the head of the hydra once, but as often as they rise to use the club, though the same weapon be used, the same thing repeated ; it refreshes the faint, and resolves the doubtful, and stirs up the slothful, and is what our adversaries continually do to keep up and maintain their own party, whenever they receive the least rebuke from us :—*fas est et ab hoste doceri*. Nor, my Lord, whilst I am writing this, do I at all doubt of your Lordship's great wisdom, zeal, and religious care to obviate and prevent this and all other adversaries of our most holy faith, as built upon the Sacred Scriptures of the Prophets and Apostles, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone. But if the excess of my affection for the University (which I have sometimes heard perstringed, as not taking the alarm so concernedly upon these occasions) have a little too far transported me, I most humbly supplicate your Lordship's pardon for my presumption, and for my zeal and

during the Civil Wars, as a partisan of King Charles the First, but on the Restoration was restored to his office, and soon after created a Baronet. He was one of the greatest antiquaries and most learned writers of his time. Father Simon calls him the Great Marsham of England. He wrote the Preface to the second volume of the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, besides the *Diatriba* above mentioned. Sir John was ancestor of the present Earl of Romney.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Wilkins.

good wishes to the prosperity of our Zion, your Lordship's blessing,

Who am, my Reverend Lord,  
Yours, &c.

*The Rev. Thomas Creech<sup>1</sup> to John Evelyn.*

*Oxford, 8th, 1682.*

SIR,

This brings you my most humble thanks for your kind and obliging letter, which discovers a noble temper, and truly generous, that can bestow praise and commendation when my vainest hopes could scarce expect pardon. You were pleased to direct to me Fellow of Wadham College; a good-natured mistake, and I believe you wish that my condition: but I can boast no such thing, being yet a boy scarce able to reckon twenty, and just crept into a bachelor's degree. I am sensible how much I want of being correct, nor would the necessary exercise of the House, or my own severer studies, permit me to take longer time than two months for the completing it; so that the shortness of the time and the weakness of my own genius, make me justly fear that it wants not its imperfections and lies too open to censure. Your charitable hand may remedy this, and if your more useful studies would permit you to look it over and observe the faults, none should more gratefully acknowledge the benefit than, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

THOMAS CREECH.

*John Evelyn to Samuel Pepys.*

*Sayer-Court, 19 Sept., 1682.*

SIR,

In answer to your queries, I will most ingenuously declare my thoughts upon second meditation since I pub-

<sup>1</sup> Creech was at this time nearly three-and-twenty, so that his plea in abatement for the errors of his 'Lucretius' (to the second edition of which, already in preparation, the letter refers) is somewhat overstated on the score of juvenility. He took his master's degree in the year following the date of this letter, and obtained a fellowship, not at Wadham, but at All-souls.

lished my Treatise of Commerce, and what I have been taught, but was not there to speak in public without offence. I will therefore reply in the method you seem to hint, and then say what I have concerning our pretence to dominion on the seas. To the first :

Boxhornius has written a history of the Hanseatic Towns, where you will find in what condition and credit Holland was for traffic and commerce, and in the Danish Annals. It should be inquired when the English staple was removed into Brabant, being 100 years since, and now fixed at Dort. How far forth Charles the Fifth pursued or minded his interest at sea? As to Henry the 4th of France, 'tis evident he was not negligent of his interest there, by his many projects for trade, and performances at Marseilles; all that Richelieu and his successors in that ministry produced was projected by their Great Henry, as is plain out of Claude B. Morisot his preface. And now :

To our title of *Dominion* and the Fishery (which has made such a noise in this part of the world), I confess I did lately seek to magnify, and assert it as becomes me *pro hic et nunc* (to speak with logicians), and as the circumstances you know then required. But between friends (and under the rose as they say), to tell you really my thoughts, when such like topics were used sometimes in Parliament, 'tis plain they were passed over there upon important reasons. To begin with the very first. Supposing the old Britons did prohibit foreigners to come into their country, what infers that to any claim of dominion in the *Narrow*, but a jealousy rather over their proper coasts? Nor read we that they ever practised it over the Gauls. The Chinese, we find, forbade all to enter their country: are they, therefore, Lords of the Oriental seas? As for King Arthur (abating what is fabulous, *viz.* his legendary dominion), the *Comes Litoris Saxonici*, &c., stretched to Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland, infers either too much or nothing. Have we, therefore, any right of claim to those realms at present? Why then to the seas? Again, admit the most, may not dominion be lost or extinguished? Was not his rather a momentary conquest or excursion, rather than an established dominion? Was it not lost to the Danes? Had they not all the characters of domination imaginable—Lords of our





J. Stephensons

Henry the Fourth



seas, Lords of our shores too, and the tribute of *Danegelt* from England and Ireland both? If ever there were a real dominion in the world, the Danes must be yielded to have had it: and if their title cannot be extinguished by subsequent revolutions, I greatly question whether ours will ever be evinced. In short, the story of King Edgar is monstrously romantic, and the pretended deed I doubt will appear but spurious. Truly, if foreign chronicles had been as much stuffed with the renown of this prince as with King Arthur, I should give more credit to it. In the mean time, what they report of Athelred is totally against us, since 'tis plain he paid the *Danegelt* as a tribute to them, and settled it to the end. One may query whether the Scots seas, and Scotland to boot, be not a fee to England; for with as much reason we might challenge it, if the producing rolls, records, and acts of Parliament, and of Statutes to that purpose were of any importance; because we can show more to the purpose than in the other case: but how would then that nation take it, and what become of their laws about fishing? 'Tis declared in our laws that we are the Lords of the *Four Seas*, and so adjudged in our courts, as to those born upon those seas; and yet the Parliament of Scotland can impose a tax on our fishermen, which is a shrewd argument against us. Who ever read that the Kings of England prohibited any to fish on the coast of Scotland? Or charged them with usurpation for taking toll and custom for the herring-fishery? The truth is, the licences (which I speak of in my book, from Scarborough) were only to fish on the Dogger-bank. Such English as were to fish in the Scottish seas about Orkney, and Shetland, Iceland, and Fero, &c., did take licences to fish from the Kings of Norway, at Bergen and Northbarum; and this jurisdiction and sovereignty undoubted of the Norwegian Kings, is recognised by our own Parliament in a statute of 8 Hen. 6. c. 2, and by innumerable treaties betwixt the two crowns, even within a century of years; and if so, consider how feeble a proof is that famous roll *pro hominibus Hollandiæ*, and how it is to be limited in itself (by the history and occasion that caused it) to the Narrow or Channel only. 'Tis also to be considered that the Danes protested at Breda, that the cession of the Scots fishery about Orkney and Shetland was never made to our King

James upon his marriage of Queen Anne (as our tradition is), nor any time before to any Scottish King; and supposing that there were any such authentic deed, it were better to fix the fishery (we contend about) even in the Dutch, than either permit it to be regulated by the decrees of a Scotch parliament, or transfer it to that nation. Now as to the great trade and multitude of English vessels, by the history of the Hans Towns, their privileges and power in England, one shall find, that for the bulk our navies consisted most of hired ships of the Venetians, Genoese, and Hanseatics, till Queen Elizabeth, though her father Henry the Eighth had a flourishing fleet. The right of passes, and petitions thereupon, were formed upon another part of the *Jus Gentium*, than our pretended dominion of the seas; which (to speak ingenuously) I could never find recognised expressly in any treaty with foreigners. And to return to the fishery, that of the Dutch fishing without licence, the *intercursus magnus* (so boasted) was a perpetual treaty, and made as well with all the people as the princes of Burgundy; and so as to be obligatory, though they rejected their governors, as we see most of them did, and as perhaps they might according to the *lætus introitus*. And that the Dutch are still, and by Queen Elizabeth were so declared to be, a *pars contrahens*, after their revolt and abjuration of Spain, does as much invalidate that proceeding of King James, and Charles the First, who both signed that *intercursus*, and were in truth included thereby though they had not signed it.

But besides all this, the nature of prescription would be inquired into as well when it makes against us, as for us; and, therefore, it should be demanded whether Queen Elizabeth did not first assert the *mare liberum* in opposition to the Danes, and whether his present Majesty has not done it at Jamaica against the Spaniard; pray consider the seal of that Admiralty. To speak plain truth: when I writ that Treatise, rather as a *philological* exercise, and to gratify the present circumstances, I could not clearly satisfy myself in sundry of those particulars, nor find really that ever the Dutch did pay toll or took licence to fish in Scotland after the contest, from any solid proofs. Indeed (as there I relate), they surprised Brown who came to exact it, and de-

tained him in Holland several months ; but I think they never paid a penny for it, though the papers I have perused speak of an *assize herring* : nor did I find that any rent (whereof in my 108th page I calculate the arrears) for permission to fish, was ever fixed by both parties ; and so cannot properly be called a settled rent. This should, therefore, be exquisitely inquired into ; and perhaps, both for these and many other particulars, a thorough search in his Majesty's Paper Office may afford clearer light, if there have any due care been taken to collect and digest such important matters. As for the years 1635 and 1637, you cannot but espy an intrigue in the equipping those formidable fleets ; and that they were more to awe the French than terrify Holland (see how the times and interests change ! but no more of that, 'tis now a tender point) I fancy were no difficult matter to prove ; and that any licences were taken in those years, I could never be assured of, that of 1636 being but a single act of force on some particular men, the States never owning them in it ; and you know the Admiral Dorp was cashiered for not quarrelling it with our Northumberland, and our conduct and licences flatly rejected in 1637, when Capt. Field came. Lastly :

When King James fixed his chamber, did he not either renounce the English sovereignty of the seas, or violate therein his league with Spain (as that nation urged, pleading that the British seas were *territorium domini regis*) ? but he did not the latter, wherefore I am not single in this declaration. In a word, the entire argument of this fishery is too controvertible to be too peremptorily decided by the pen, and upon many other accounts (of which the plenty and wantonness of our full-fed unfrugal people, which deters them from hard labour, is not the least), a project wholly useless as circumstances be, and therefore might with much more benefit, ease, and facility, be supplied by increasing our fishery at Newfoundland. Finally :

As to the commerce in general of this nation. From all that I could observe during my short being of that noble and honourable Council, and informing myself as I was able by books and discourses of experienced persons, I say after all this, I considered it a very vain thing to make any (the most probable, certain, or necessary) proposal about trade,

&c. Not that it might not be infinitely improved, if princes and people did unanimously, and with a true public spirit, and as our natural advantages prompt us, apply themselves honestly and industriously about it; but for that, as things now are, and have hitherto been managed since the renowned Queen Elizabeth (for that *encomium* I must give her), the whole advantage this nation receives thereby is evidently carried on more by ancient methods and the sedulity of private men, than by any public encouragement; and as to the present, it certainly languishes under insupportable difficulties.

And thus, Sir, I choose to convey you my second more digested thoughts, of a point which in your excellent design and work cannot escape the ample handling as one of the most considerable, when you come to speak of the importance of our shipping and trade, or pretence of dominion, &c. And I do it, you see, with all self-denial imaginable, (and not without some reproach) after what I have published to the contrary; by which you may conclude how suspicious wise men should be of other histories and historians too, however confident and specious soever, unless it were almost demonstration, and that the authors had no interest of their own to serve, and were not influenced by their superiors, or the public cry. Let this ingenuous confession commute for my faults in that Treatise, and be put amongst the retractions of,

Sir, yours, &c.

*The Rev. Thomas Creech to John Evelyn.*

*Oxford, 6th May, 1683.*

HONOURED SIR,

What you have been pleased to read, to like, and to commend, I now humbly beg you to accept—a small return, I must confess, for that kindness you have shown, and for that reputation for which as long as life, I must stand indebted. It comes more confidently to wait on you than at first, having something that may commend it since it presents you with your own, and with the most hearty thanks that gratitude after so great obligations can possibly return.

I must beg young Mr. Evelyn to accept one; and if utmost endeavours can attain it, I hope more fully to manifest the just respects of, Sir,

Your much obliged and humble servant,  
 THOMAS CREECH.

*Robert Berkeley to John Evelyn.*

*Spetchley, 14th April, 1684.*

THE greatness of your civilities occasions you this trouble, and I don't know whether I am to make my apology for it, or to beg your pardon. Your kind entertainment at your renowned villa (where you possess all that can be wished for here) challenges my thanks, and the further favour of your letter adds a double obligation. Let this, dear sir, offer what poor return I can make you; and entreat of you to receive to yourself and most excellent Lady, my humble service. I have not yet tried any experiments out of your papers, but I hope this summer to give you some account of them. It would be soon essayed with Mr. Boyle's pump, whether or no it may give such a vacuum as to preserve fruit and flowers in their natural; it would be a thing of good use if it may be effected in quantity. I fear I shall lose by the late frost most of my Cypress, Ilex, and Alaternus; the Laurels will lose their leaves only, and the Bay trees, I presume, will spring at root; the Holly, Juniper, Arborvitæ, Pine, and Yew have escaped; but I do not hear of any Rosemary alive in these parts. I have not lost any of my Greens in my Conservatory; the Orange and Lemon trees are as fresh as ever I saw them, being secured by keeping them underground, which I find the best way to preserve them in our climate during a severe winter. I shall be glad to know how your greens have escaped, especially those in your wilderness, where they are so agreeable with the pleasing variety of your forest trees; I could dwell on this subject were it not to divert your thoughts from a fairer idea of it. Be pleased to admit me into the number of those that love and honour you for your virtues. I remain, Sir, your most affectionate and humble servant,

R. BERKELEY

*Sir Robert Southwell to John Evelyn.*

*King's Weston, near Bristol, 3rd Nov., 1684.*

HONOURED SIR,

Since my retirement hither I have been so much in the mortar as to multiply walks and walls, and have begun to be a planter. Your fine Holly-hedges tempted me to an essay for the like in a length of above 300 feet, but the last winter and summer gave me a severe rebuke, killing, as I fear, half the roots; the rest are alive, and many of them with leaves; I will persist to cultivate with care and patience till all be restored and in a way of growth.

My next desire is to abound in hedges of Yew; I would plant it against the walls of two large courts, and in other places, so as now and hereafter to extend it five or six hundred yards and more. My seat is somewhat bleak, and therefore I choose this green as that which no cold will hurt, and I am told it will grow as much in three years as Holly in five. Now seeing I need so much, it would have been good husbandry to have begun with seeds, and to have raised my roots, but this I omitted, and you note in your book that they peep not till the second year, wherefore, calling on a gardener who has a nursery of them, he demands at the rate of twelvepence for every root of a foot high. Pray cannot you put me into better hands, and where to be supplied on such reasonable terms as I may find it easy to pursue this desire of having stores of Yew. Next I desire to know how far asunder I may plant these roots, so as in time to touch and close into a hedge; and whether I may not plant Philareas between them, which are cheaper, and grow fast, and may be cut away as the others grow up, and capable of spreading to fill their room. This I chiefly propose in the two courts, where I would have the walls lined with this future tapestry of Yew: but here I meet in opposition the opinion of the country of its noxious quality to cattle, who will be browsing the greens they can come at; and if this be experimentally true, then I must be at the charge of railing in where it is possible the cattle may come at it. I have a nursery of Fir from seed of two and three years' growth: I am thinking



in April to transplant them, and desire to know if the distance of ten feet be not sufficient for this naked tree. In the next place, I desire to know if these trees will, by their dropping, endanger the Holly hedge, which I have set, and which is to grow up close to them.

Pardon, I pray, the impertinences of a young planter, who having the honour of your book, and that in gift, is encouraged to bring his doubts and scruples to you. My son gives you his most humble duty, and I am ever, Sir,

Your most affectionate servant,

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

*Robert Berkeley to John Evelyn.*

*Spetchley, 21st March, 1684-5.*

SIR,

So much kindness, and so undeserved, would not have suffered me thus long to have been silent, had not our late catastrophe so confined my thoughts, as not immediately to recollect my obligations to my friends; but as I was sending this to kiss your hands, I had an account of the sad news of your daughter's death, which has given too great an addition to my trouble not to be much concerned for you, knowing your loss to be irreparable. Sir, if the entreaties of a friend can enforce the resolves of so great a philosopher as Mr. Evelyn, suffer me amongst the number of yours to use what arguments I may to mitigate the extremity of your sorrows, and I shall only with due submission offer these:—If any person deservedly may be allowed to be perfectly happy in himself, whether or no he is abstracted from such notions as are common to sense; in the exterior, likewise, if that party possesses more continued blessings than possibly any other does enjoy, may he complain without ingratitude? If not, then dear Mr. Evelyn is really happy still, and makes many others so, whilst your health is not denied you: which I pray God preserve. My wife is likewise extremely troubled for your good lady: she joins in our most humble services.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient and devoted servant,

R. BERKELEY.

*From the same to the same.*

*Spetchley, 12th September, 1685.*

HONOURED AND MOST DEAR SIR,

I cannot enough acknowledge my debt to your last obliging entertainment, and to your former letter, which was extremely kind: be pleased here to receive my most hearty wishes for your health, which I should be very joyful to hear of: we have been passionately concerned for your misfortunes. So great is my apprehension, as if Providence would not suffer such perfect happiness on earth, to be possessed without alloy proportionate to render all your enjoyments in the next world, answerable to those which you have received in this. How great must they then be, and what are we to expect who come so far short of your deserts, dear Mr. Evelyn? None of us are here exempt from the greatest sorrows and the highest disappointments, which I shall hereafter more steadfastly look upon as a mark of the Almighty's favour, since so great examples of virtue as you have been in our age, are so excessively afflicted. I pray God give so entire a resignation to His will, that you may have yet greater contentment than you have hitherto found. It is my great unhappiness that I cannot pay my duty to you as I would, in condoling with you at Sayes-Court; and the more I think of Mr. Evelyn, the more I am perplexed in a fatal necessity in depriving me of one of my greatest satisfactions, which a nearer distance would make me happy in. I still hold my resolution for travel as soon as I can get at liberty from my engagements here. I am in all sincerity, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and most devoted servant,

R. BERKELEY.

*John Evelyn to Samuel Pepys.*

*Sayes-Court, 23rd Sep. 1685.*

SIR,

I were very unworthy of your late and former favours should I not render you some assurances, that I am often meditating on them; and that I shall ever (accord-

ing to my small force and capacity) obey your commands. Without more ceremony, then—I am in the first place to give you an account of Colours. But you will be better pleased to receive it from the learned Gisbertus Cuperus's *Apotheosis, vel consecratio Homeri*,<sup>1</sup> in his curious conjectures upon an antique sculpture: where, speaking of the rhapsodists that were used to sing the ballads of Ulysses' Errors and Maritime Voyages, they were wont to be clad in blue; when his Iliads and fighting Poems, in red; and were so superstitious, as always to cover those books or rolls in parchment of those two colours. He pretends that one Oenomaus first invented distinctions of colours in the *Ludi Circenses*, where green was the ensign of combatants by land, and blue at sea: so as when those who were clad in green gained the prize, they looked on it as presage of a fruitful harvest; if the blue coats prevailed, successful expeditions and exploits at sea: the first, it seems, concerned the husbandman, the other the mariner. He farther observes, that when there was any commotion or rebellion in the ports of Italy or Gaul, the general of Horse carried a blue cornet, for as much as that generous creature was produced by Neptune's trident, and first managed by that sea god; and that whoever signalised his courage on that element, was honoured with a flag of the same colour; which Suetonius gives a remarkable instance of, in the life of Octavius Augustus: *M. Agrippam in Sicilia, post navalem victoriam, cæruleo vexillo donavit*, after the naval victory obtained against young Pompey. It were ostentation to cite more authors, Staius, Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch in Vit. Themist. &c. Enough to give you an impatient desire of that excellent entertainment Cuperus will afford you, not on this subject only, but in a world of other choice and curious erudition.

Sir, I do not remember you charged me with any other particular of this sort; but as I am both disposed and esteem myself very happy in serving you, though but as a pioneer to dig materials for a more skilful hand to square and polish and set in work, so, if in my desultory course of reading, and among the rubbish, I light on anything which

<sup>1</sup> Printed at Amsterdam in 1683, 4to.

is worthy your notice, and may contribute to it, reckon that you have in me a ready and faithful servant, acquired by many obligations, but, I assure you, by none more than that singular love of virtue, and things worthy an excellent person, which I discover and highly honour in you.

In the notes of Isaac Vossius upon Catullus, *sive utrumque Jupiter simul secundus incidisset in pedem*, &c. he has many learned observations about Navigation, particularly that of sailing to several parts opposite to one another by the same wind, *ijsdem ventis in contrarium navigatur prolati pedibus*, as Pliny expresses it; and it was (you may remember) on this hint that I informed you Vossius had by him a treatise *Περὶ Ταχυπλοΐα*. I inquired of him (when last I was at Windsor) whether he would publish it; to which he gave me but an uncertain answer. In the meantime you will not be displeas'd at what he tells us of a certain harmony produced by the snapping of carters' whips, used of old at the feasts of Bacchus and Cybele; and that the Tartars have to this day no other trumpets, and are so adroit as at once to make the whip give three distinct claps, and that so loud as to be heard very far off; and then speaks of a coachman at Maestricht, who plays several tunes with his lash. To a lover of music and harmony I could not omit this scrap, though I know you will laugh at me for it, and pay me with the tongs and gridiron. But ere I leave Dr. Vossius, I dare say you have perused what he writes in his late Opusculum, touching the reformation of Latitudes and Eclipses; and his asserting the Mediterranean and other places to be much larger than our Geographers report. He has something also of the North passage to the Indies, of the construction of gallies, the Pico Teneriffe, &c.; of all which you best are able to judge, and doubtless have formed the remarks thereon. Whilst I was running on, comes Mr. Dummer to give me a visit; and I am so charmed with his ingenuity, that I look upon it as a new obligation to you; and if you find I cultivate it for my own sake a little, you will let him understand (by all that I am to speak to you of him upon this short taste) how much I wish him the improvements of your favours, who am for so many myself,  
Sir, your, &c.

*Samuel Pepys to John Evelyn.**Thursday night, 2nd Oct. 1685.*

SIR,

Very sorry I am that I was not in the way to enjoy you to-day, being gone (the only time I have been able to do it this summer) to make a visit to good Mrs. Hewer at Clapham. But I have two reasons to desire you will give me your company to-morrow noon, first because we will be alone, and next I have something to show you that I may not have another time.

Your most obedient servant,

S. PEPYS.

<sup>1</sup> To this letter Evelyn subjoins the following note: "That which was showed me were *two papers* attested by his present Majesty's hand to be a true copy of the originals, which some day before he had showed Mr. Pepys privately:--That his late brother, Charles the Second, was of long time since a Roman Catholic. The papers contained several *points* of religion, labouring to cast heresy, schism, &c. on the Church of England, but in my judgment without any force or reason, and a thousand times confuted." To which may be appended an extract from Dr. Stanier Clarke's *Memoirs of James the Second*:

"Some few days after the late King's death, his Majesty, looking into the papers he had left behind him, found two relating to Controversy, one in the strong box, the other in the closet, both writ in his own hand: they were short but solid, and shewed that though his conversion was not perfected till a few hours before his death, his conviction was of a longer date. The King thought fit to show them one day to the Archbishop of Canterbury in his closet, nobody being by, who seemed much surpris'd at the sight of them, and paused almost half a quarter of an hour before he said anything; at last told the King, he did not think his late Majesty had understood controversy so well, but that he thought they might be answered: 'If so,' said the King, 'I pray let it be done gentlemanlike and solidly, and then it may have the effect you so much desire, of bringing me back to your Church;' to which the Archbishop replied, 'It would perhaps be counted a disrespect in him to contradict the late King;' but his Majesty reassured him in that point, by telling him the change it might produce in himself (if answered effectually) was of that consequence as to out-balance any other consideration; and therefore desired he might see a reply, either from him or any other of his persuasion: but though he, my Lord Dartmouth, and others, were several times remind'd of this matter, and earnestly press'd to it, never any formal reply was produced during his Majesty's reign in England. It is true there was something of an answer published

*From Robert Berkeley to John Evelyn.*

*Spetchley, 4th January, 1685-6.*

SIR,

Amongst the number of your friends there's none more heartily congratulates the late honour you have received in His Majesty's service, which must be to the great satisfaction of all that are so happy as to be known to Mr. Evelyn, and renew our hopes of the prosperity of the court you live in: nothing more conducing thereunto than the conduct and integrity of good and able ministers. But I wish that your necessary attendance may not hinder or divert you from finishing your grand design, which you were pleased to show me, in which you will leave future ages indebted to you, as well as oblige the present and raise up a monument to your perpetual memory. This may seem like compliment from one that bears so well a respect towards you; yet when I consider how useful (though elaborate) this work will be, and that it is not in the power of anyone to perfect it, pardon me, sir, in thus pressing the most ingenious Mr. Evelyn, though for a public good: you have already highly endeared your country by several tracts from your own hand, which I must own are all of great use and advantage. My wife with me give our most humble service to your most excellent lady, the most accomplished of her sex.

I remain, Sir,

Your most obliged and faithful servant,

R. BERKELEY.

by an unknown hand, but the drift of it was rather to prove that the papers were not the late King's (which was a libel in reality upon the present) than any reply to the arguments of it, and it is probable the Archbishop despaired of answering it so effectually, as to bring back his Majesty to their Communion, whereas the publishing a reply would have owned and published the papers too: and he had reason to apprehend, that the authority and arguments of their dying Prince would influence more persons to that religion, than his answer would persuade to relinquish it." Vol. ii. p. 8. See also the *Diary*, vol. ii. pp. 247—249.

*From Henry Earl of Clarendon<sup>1</sup> to John Evelyn.*

*Dublin Castle, 7th Aug. 1686.*

SIR,

The last packet brought me yours of the 20th past, for which I return you many thanks, and hope you do believe I am always most happy to hear from you. I thank you for speaking to Mr. London to go to Swallowfield;<sup>2</sup> it would be pity that quiet retreat should any way suffer for want of his directions: you know what the place affords, and if it be convenient to you and any of your friends to divert yourselves there, you will be very welcome, and may command the fish-ponds and all else there; everything will be better for your looking upon it. If you enquire after this kingdom, I doubt you will wonder what we are doing. The truth is, here is a great man who storms, foams, swaggers, swears and rants at any rate and at all sorts of people, he thinks to overturn governments and nations by his look and his wind, which he finds not quite so easy as he expected;<sup>3</sup> but, however, he frights the honest industrious English husbandmen and farmers, the improvers of this and of all other improvable countries. Many of these men are gone and many more are packing up to follow, some for England and some for the plantations, where they think they can thrive most and be most secure in what they rent or buy. It would really grieve a man of public spirit, which I hope I do not want, to see such a noble flourishing country as this, by God and nature designed to prosper, like to be stopped in its career of growing rich itself, and of filling the King's coffers to as great a degree as he pleaseth to permit. Certainly there is not so great an instance to be given of the improvement of any country under the sun, in so short a time, as has been of this in the compass of eighteen years; for in that period the whole land of the kingdom is intrinsically risen to treble the value it was then; the King's revenue in that time much more than

<sup>1</sup> Viceroy of Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> A seat belonging to Lord Clarendon, about six miles south-east of Reading, in Berkshire, which he possessed in right of his second wife, Flower, widow of Sir William Backhouse, Bart.

<sup>3</sup> The allusion is to Lord Tyrconnel, of whom see Macaulay's *History*, vol. ii. pp. 48—51.

doubled. To tell you of the trade to and from all parts of the world, is so wonderful that I doubt I should scarce be believed; to give you one instance, let me tell you that the exports from hence into England alone, of the native product of Ireland, has amounted to yearly above the sum of one hundred and seventy-two thousand pounds upon a very moderate value: this and some other particulars of trade I can make out by undeniable proofs, if you will promise me they shall be seriously considered. Is it not pity a check should be given to this growing prosperity of a country? Such is the temper of the English here (generally speaking) who carry on and manage five parts of six of this trade, that they will sacrifice all to show their loyalty to the King; indeed I must always say I never came among people who gave greater demonstrations of duty and obedience to their Prince than his subjects here; they desire to serve him, and to mind nothing but their labour that they may thrive under his government and increase his revenue. I could fill a volume upon this subject, and I doubt I have sent some sheets where they are not considered; but that is a word only to yourself; I believe you may guess to whom I mean. I have tired you enough for the present: I heartily wish all happiness to you and your excellent lady, and am, with great esteem, Sir,

Your most affectionate and most humble servant,

CLARENDON, C.P.S.

*From Robert Berkeley to John Evelyn.*

*The Hague, 16th Aug. 1686.*

I PRESUME before this, Captain Warburton has given you some account of our voyages. After we had the honour of their company in his yacht, we tided down to Gravesend, where we lay at anchor that night, and stayed there till the evening after, when we hoisted sail, and the next day about five of the clock in the afternoon got into Margate, when the wind turning to N.E., kept us there for four days; but after we had a very fine gale, and in fourteen hours we landed on the island of Walcheren; the next day, by the



favour of Captain Warburton, we passed through most part of Zealand to Dort, the first town on that side of Holland, being seventy-two miles; from thence we went the next day to Rotterdam, where the curiosity of the place detained us three days, and afterwards we passed through Delpht to this place, where we safely arrived the 2nd inst., and are now settled here for most part of this next winter; finding the place extremely pleasant; provisions cheap, and our lodgings reasonable enough, considering they are good, and near the Court. I should have given you a further account of our travels, but I know that you are from several hands better informed. I have not yet had time to give you so particular account of their method of gardening as you may expect. I was the other day at the Princess's Villa, given her lately by the Princess of Friesland, which is capable of being made very agreeable both for shade and water, the ground within the inclosure being about twenty acres, and the garden already walled of large extent, which the Princess is now improving with the house, whose middle room is much taken notice of for its good paintings and proportions. Since, I have been at Mr. Bentinck's, where there is a great variety of gardening, and the plantations very large; but I find little to be admired after the conservatory, which is indeed grand, built semi-circular, with a fair room well painted in the middle, where the Court is often entertained in prospect of the most beautiful greens that I have seen: the garden has three descents to an oval fountain: in the house where the greens stand in the winter two rows on each side, with a fine walk of twelve feet between them: these two wings are about sixty yards distant from each other when you enter the garden: in the house were two large stoves on each side and vents atop, to keep them in what temperature of heat the season may require; there is, moreover, an engine to remove the cases, of what weight soever, into their places with little trouble. Besides these I do not remember anything worth communicating to you, except their double espaliers, which I presume may be of good use, bearing fruit on each side, the posts being large for that purpose, and to allow such ample room between that the fruit ripens exceedingly well. The plantation abounds with Hornbeam, which, spread on frames of wood

makes their arbours: the aviary is about forty yards in length, answering a pleasant pond, where there is a variety of the lesser water-fowl. The water-works will be pleasant when finished, yet I have seen much finer in England. And now, dearest sir, after all I have said on this subject, I must tell you in justice to my own reason, and more from the sincerity of a friend, that your gardens and wilderness are much more pleasing and agreeable, being far better designed having the advantage likewise of good gravel and finer turf, (here only sand and grass walks) with greater variety of forest trees. If I find anything hereafter worthy your notice, you are sure of the trouble of an account of it.

I am ever, Sir,

Your most devoted and devoted servant,

R. BERKELEY.

*John Evelyn to the Countess of Sunderland (Lady Anne Spencer).*

*Sayes-Court, 13 Decemb. 1667.*

MADAM,

I am not unmindful of the late command you laid upon me, to give you a catalogue of such books as I believed might be fit to entertain your more devout and serious hours; and I look upon it as a peculiar grace and favour of God to your Ladyship, that, amidst so many temptations, and grandeur of courts, the attendants, visits, diversions (and other circumstances of the palace, and the way you are engaged in), you are resolved that nothing of all this shall interrupt your duty to God, and the religion you profess, whenever it comes in competition with the things of this world, how splendid soever they may appear for a little and (God knows) uncertain time. Madam, 'tis the best and most grateful return you can make to Heaven for all the blessings you enjoy, amongst which there is none you are more happy in, than in the virtue, early and solid piety of my Lady Anne, and progress of your little son. Madam, the foundation you have laid in those two blessings will not only build, but establish your illustrious family, beyond all the provisions you can make of gallant and great

in estimation of the world ; and you will find the comfort of it, when all this noise and hurry shall vanish as a dream, and leave nothing to support us in time of need. I am persuaded you often make these reflections, from your own great judgment and experiences of the vicissitudes of things present, and prospect of future, which is only worth our solicitude.

I am, &c.

*John Evelyn to the Viceroy of Ireland (Lord Clarendon).*

*Sayes-Court, Sept. 1686.*

MY LORD,

I had ere this given your Excellency my most humble thanks for yours of the 7th past, but that I was expecting the event of some<sup>1</sup> extraordinary things, then in suspense ; and when I have said this, I need not tell your Lordship what I am assured you have received from better hands, nor make any further reflections on it, than to acquaint your Excellency that I know of no new commissions which your Lordship desires to understand the meaning of, and that make (it seems) no less noise with you than they do here. The character your Excellency gives of the huffing great man<sup>2</sup> is just. How the noise he makes will operate I know little of ; what it does with you (and would everywhere do else) is sufficiently evident ; but God is above all, and your Lordship's prudence, courage, and steady loyalty, will, if it not surmount all malevolence, purchase you the estimation of all good subjects, and, I doubt not, but of his Majesty also. I am plainly amazed at what your Excellency tells me of Ireland, which country we have seen given twice conquered into his Majesty's father's and brother's (our late Sovereign's) hands, at no small expense of blood and treasure ; and therefore question not but his present Majesty does both see, and well consider, the infinite importance of cherishing its improvements and tranquillity.

<sup>1</sup> The Commission of Ecclesiastical Affairs, which suspended the Bishop of London, &c., and gave great offence to all the nation. — J. E.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 281.

My Lord Teviot, I think, has quite abandoned us; 'tis near four months since we have received any assistance from him at the Seal; so as I have not been able to make any excursion as yet this summer, and when I shall now make my flight to Swallowfield, I am uncertain. I have again been to enquire out my Lord Cornbury; but his Lordship is still so employed 'twixt the Court and his military charge, that I cannot expect the happiness I promised myself of accompanying him thither, and to go without him would be a melancholy thing. The ladies are still at Tunbridge, tempted by the continuance of this Paradisian season; whilst we are here mightily in the dark, and curious (if lawful) to understand, whether a certain new Countess came lately over hither with his Majesty's knowledge and permission. I tell the inquisitive I know nothing of it, but that I am sure your Excellency does nothing save what becomes you, and with good advice. Now that Buda is taken, all our eyes are on Hamburgh and Denmark. I pray God give peace to Christendom, and continue it in little England, with all prosperity and blessing on your Excellency and illustrious family: these are the assiduous prayers of, my Lord,

Your Excellency's, &c.

*Robert Ball to John Evelyn.*

*Leghorn, 30th January, 1687-8.*

SIR,

You may wonder that you have not heard from me sooner, but I have not been at all unmindful of you, for I have now sent you a pretty big box of acorns of the cork tree, and in it you will find two or three sorts of seeds of evergreens that grow about Leghorn, which I think are them you desired. I could not get the olives for this occasion, we shall see to send them you by next; but olives here are propagated by slips, and grafted. The box is included in a bill of lading amongst other things.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

ROBERT BALL.

*From Sir Henry (afterwards Lord) Capell to John Evelyn.*

*Kew, 19th October, 1688.*

SIR,

Besides the favour of the acorns, which I received in their season, I have lately received other seeds with the mention of other roots from your garden, for all which roots I give you many thanks. I have ordered my gardener to lay aside such things as my garden could afford, and they are put up and left at my Lord Clarendon's, according to your directions. I heartily wish they may any ways be answerable to your garden, for I assure you I am your faithful friend,

HENRY CAPELL.

*John Evelyn to his Son.*

*Anno Mirabil. London, 18th Dec., 1688.*

SON,

I just now received the narrative of the Prince's march, and the political remarks you have made upon the occurrences where you have been. My Lord Clarendon would gladly have conferred with you on several points seasonable at that juncture; but all have now (it seems) submitted, and the bells and the bonfires proclaim as much joy and satisfaction as those are capable of, who have beheld so many changes and revolutions, without being able to divine how all this will conclude at last, and remembering that precept of the wisest of kings, (Proverbs ch. xxiv. v. 21) which I need not repeat to you. It will be no news (I perceive) to you, to acquaint you with his Majesty's late recess, nor of his being stopped at Feversham, &c. But of his coming back to Whitehall, and what has since intervened, you may not yet have heard. On Friday last there went thither my Lord Middleton, Earl of Aylesbury, Lord Feversham, Sir Stephen Fox, and Mr. Grahame, where the rabble had detained the King (the vessel wherein he was embarked with Sir Edward Hales, and Ralph Sheldon, which were all his attendants,

coming in for want of ballast), till the news of it being brought to the Lords of the Council, those Lords and gentlemen I named were sent to persuade his Majesty to return, or if not prevailing, to conduct and wait upon him with two troops of horse, to what other port or place he should please to go. The King, at last induced to come back to London, arrived at Whitehall on Sunday evening, went to mass at his chapel on Monday, three priests officiating; the usual number of Roman Catholics, and a world more, filling the bedchamber and all the rooms with extraordinary acclamation. In this manner his Majesty went thence to dinner (a Jesuit saying grace), and all things seemed to pass in such order, as the eclipse the Court suffered, by his Majesty's four days' absence, was hardly discernible; all the clouds (as we thought) were vanishing, and a bright day again appearing. So soon as he was retired, he sent my Lord Feversham with a letter under his own hand to invite the Prince of Orange to St. James's: the message was accepted, but the messenger arrested and made prisoner at Windsor; upon which politicians make reflections. But 'tis pretended that a general of an enemy ought not by the law of arms to come into the quarters of his antagonist without a trumpet and a passport: others say, that his Highness was much displeas'd at the Earl's disbanding his Majesty's forces under his command, without disarming them, and unpaid, as thereby leaving them in danger of seeking some desperate resolution, of disturbing the measures he had taken; and there are who believe upon some other account, which time will discover. Tuesday morning came the Marquis of Halifax (who with the Lord Godolphin had been sent commissioner to the Prince) from Windsor, to let his Majesty know the Prince would be the next day at St. James's; but withal (foreseeing it might be dangerous to have his army quartered about the town, so necessary to his safety, whilst the King's guards were so near), he desires his Majesty that he would make choice of Hampton Court, or some other place about the distance, to repair to, for the avoiding jealousies and inconveniences which might happen between the guards of different interests. You will easily believe this was not very kindly taken, after so generous an invitation: and that it was the more

surprising for its coming to him at one o'clock in the morning, when he was weary and fast asleep. The King upon this rises, and goes immediately to council, where several things being proposed (but what I undertake not to say) are altogether rejected: and whilst by this time White-Hall and all its environs were crowded with Dutch soldiers, his Majesty put himself into his barge, accompanied with my Lord Aylesbury (now in waiting), the Lords Dumbarton, Arran, and one or two more, followed with three other barges and small boats, filled with a Dutch guard, and a troop of horse by land, steering their course towards Rochester again, from whence he so lately had returned. Thus have you the second recess, or something more *dismally boding*; which, whilst I myself, with Sir Charles Cotterell and Sir Stephen Fox, beheld from one of the windows of the new buildings, *vix tempero à lachrymis*. I should have told you that the Prince being yesterday at Sion, sent Sir Robert Howard and Henry Powle with a letter to the city, acquainting them with his approach, with other compliments of course. This was read before the Lord Mayor and Common Council, and was answered with all submission and respect, and with an invitation that his Highness would honour their city by vouchsafing to lodge in it, rather than at St. James's. On this there stood up an alderman, and moved that an address might first be made to congratulate his Majesty's gracious return to White-Hall. But the proposal was not approved of, one of them saying, *they had given a good pail of milk, and that this were to kick it over again.*

Thus, Son, I have given you as minute an account of the *Proteus* here as I am able for the present. The hero is now at St. James's, where I have seen him, and several of my old acquaintance. I dined at the Earl of Clarendon's, whom I did not find altogether so well satisfied as I expected, considering that his son my Lord Cornbury took so considerable a stroke in his turn. I wish he do not *πρὸς κέντρα λακτίζειν*.—By what I collect, the ambitious and the covetous will be canvassed for places of honour, and rich employment; and that my Lord will withstand the market, and neglect if not slight his applications, upon confidence of his near relation, and the merits of my Lord his son, if not upon other principles. If none of this happen,

and that success do not quite alter the principles of men in power, we are to suspect *Astrea* upon earth again. But as I have often told you, I look for no mighty improvement of mankind in this declining age and catalysis. A Parliament (legally called) of brave and worthy patriots, not influenced by faction, nor terrified by power, or corrupted by self-interest, would produce a kind of new creation amongst us. But it will grow old, and dissolve to chaos again, unless the same stupendous Providence which has put this opportunity into men's hands to make us happy, dispose them to do just and righteous things, and to use their empire with moderation, justice, piety, and for the public good. Upon the whole matter, those who seek employment, before the grandees are served, may suspend their solicitation, the Queen having ('tis said) carried away the Great Seal: most of the writs being burnt by his Majesty, it will cost time, and excogitation of expedients, how legally to supply them, if his Majesty should design to travel again, or the door (which I fear most likely) be shut after him. These and sundry other difficulties will render things both uneasy and uncertain. Only I think Popery to be universally declining, and you know I am one of those who despise not prophesying; nor, whilst I behold what is daily wrought in the world, believe miracles to be ceased.

Sir Edward Hales and Obadiah (his old tutor) are both in gaol at Maidstone. Chief Justice Herbert, Robert Brent, and Peters above all, are not yet heard of. Poor Roger (for want of better observation) is carried to Newgate, and every hour is pregnant of wonders.

*John Evelyn to the Countess of Sunderland.*

*Sayes-Court, 22nd Decem<sup>r</sup>, 1688.*

MADAM,

The busy and wondrous age I have lived in, the not altogether confinement of myself to morose conversations in the world, the tincture I early received from generous and worthy parents, and the education they gave me, disposing (at least inciting) me to the love of letters,



and a great regard to Religion, as the end and scope of all accomplishments, wisely and prudently considered (not that I have pursued this glorious and only happy course, to my sorrow and reproach be it confessed, but what I ought to have done), does now and has long since taken up my thoughts about that sovereign good which all the thinking part of mankind has in all ages and times been searching after, to acquiesce and rest in; and in pursuance of this great concern, I have preferred the recess of near thirty years, during which, by mean compliances, and in a vicious age, one might probably have arrived to something which they call (though not very properly) a *figure* (but I, an empty *cipher*) in the world, to all other advantages whatsoever; and upon the foot and sum of all (for I do often cast it up), I have found nothing solid, nothing stable, and worth all this hurry, disquiet, and expense of time, but the pursuit of moderate things for this life, with due and modest regard to quality, and the decent circumstances of that maintained and procurable by worthy, open, and honourable wages, in a virtuous, but to be neglected and despised as base and ignoble, in a false and vicious age. For, besides acquisitions so obtained are ever procured by low and servile arts, they are of no durance longer than the favourite shall prostitute his conscience; and sacrifice all sentiments of genuine and real greatness, which will recur some time or other upon generous minds seduced, if once they ever come to recollect themselves. It were a most happy thing if young persons (and next to a miracle 'tis they should not) did believe the experience that almost 7000 years' forefathers, who once were young, have told their children, and the wisest books recorded, and the perpetual events of things declared it; that piety, sincerity, justice, temperance, and all that series and chain of moral virtue, recommended to us, as well by the wiser heathen as by God himself, and the very dictates of nature, are the only means of obtaining that tranquil and happy state a prudent man would choose, even in this life only, a religious and truly wise in that to come; and he was both great and wise, and well experienced, who pronounced it: I have seen an end of all perfection, but thy commandments are exceeding broad; ample in all dimensions; in a word, immortal.

Madam, this topic is as large as the world. This book, I say, of all the philosophers, the precepts of all the divines, the histories and records of all ages. The experience of all mankind, every day's vicissitude proclaims it aloud; and never was it more articulate and conspicuous than in this conjuncture, present, and approaching revolution. And it is an eternal truth, and can never be otherwise, that true honour and happiness, and the things which we seek (would consummate our felicity and bound our further pursuits), is not to be found in the things which pass away like a dream when we awake; but in a brave and generous soul, that having those advantages by birth or laudable acquisition, can cultivate them to the production of things beneficial to mankind, the government, and eminent station in which God has placed him. This is great indeed, and truly noble. The fruit of it is a present good, the memory and contemplation of it a lasting pleasure, and a glorious recompense. But what's all this to your Ladyship, who knows all I can say in this, or any other subject? It is then nothing to inform and teach your Ladyship, but an account of my most retired thoughts; and an idea of the passion I have, that you may, from the yet remaining hopes of your illustrious family (in whom there already appear such fair impressions and noble characters of virtue), find always something to alleviate your past sufferings and unexpected traverses in your present circumstances. Do not therefore with much anxiety afflict yourself at what is past, farther than to improve your experience and exercise your virtue by its documents. But look forward at present and always upwards for the time to come, and to things possible and permanent, which will bring peace at the last; and those will God keep in perfect peace whose minds are stayed in him. Suffer nothing then to abate of your courage and Christian fortitude; you know who is a present help in trouble, and you will do nothing without consulting him, and you will need no other in this world to bring you safe out of them all. Remember that One (who yet suffered much greater) found by experience (as so will your Ladyship I am persuaded with joy) how good it was that he had been afflicted. And verily, this is the best use we should make of all God's methods and dis-

pensations of this sort ; and it is, by the suffrage and observation of all holy persons, a greater indication of God's paternal care and favour, than a continual current and succession of temporal prosperity. This your Ladyship will find to be the tenor of those divine oracles you so assiduously read and meditate on, and which will fill your heart with more real joy and inward consolation than you could ever have derived from all other helps and friends, princes and great men, in this wretched, perishing world.

The tiresome mortifications I have gone through for above fifteen years past, being entangled in a trust ; besides that of the late Viscountess Mordaunt (of which I am but newly delivered), my own tedious suit in Chancery ; with the burden of no few years upon me, and domestic cares (requiring some indulgence), considered ; your Ladyship is pleased to accept of my son, who is disposed to serve you, if you command it, and that my Lord Godolphin be one in the trust : because, though his Lordship should not be so active in the industrious part, he will be of great advantage to the safe and prudential : which is, I assure your Ladyship, of great moment in confidences of this nature.

I am, Madam, yours, &c.

*John Evelyn to Lord Spencer.*

MY LORD,

Having now tempted and sufficiently provoked your Lordship in Plautus, Cicero, Pliny, Seneca, Lipsius, &c. (for your Lordship is master of all styles) I give it over. On my word, your Lordship has tamed the shrew, and it is more than time for me to leave off the pedant, and write henceforth in my mother tongue.

And now I think on it, I cannot a little wonder that whilst there are extant so many volumes of letters, and familiar epistles in the politer modern languages, Italian, Spanish, and French, we should have so few tolerable ones of our own country now extant, who have adorned the part of elegance, so proper and so becoming persons of the nobility, quality, and men of business, and education too, as

well as lovers and courters of the fair sex. Sir Francis Bacon, Dr. Donne, and I hardly remember any else who have published any thing of considerable, and they but gleanings; or cabal men, who have put many things in a heap, without much choice or fruits, especially as to the culture of the style or language, the genius of the nation being almost another thing than it was at that time. James Howell published his 'Ho-Elianæ,' for which he indeed was laughed at (not for his letters, which acquainted us with a number of passages worthy to be known, and had never else been preserved,) but which, were the language enlightened with that sort of exercise and conversation, I should not question its being equal to any of the most celebrated abroad. When, therefore, your Lordship shall think fit to descend so low as to believe it not unworthy your reflections (you who are so perfect a master in the learned tongues), how would you embellish your native language, set an emulous example to others, revive the dire and mournful age, and put it out of debt by the product of a native flock of our own, and, as I said, the most useful.

I am, &c.

*John Evelyn to Samuel Pepys.*

*Sayes-Court, 12th August, 1689.*

SIR,

I was on Wednesday last (afternoon) to kiss your hands; but finding you abroad, and myself obliged to return that evening, that I might receive the Countess of Sunderland, who sent me word she would call at my house the next morning early before her embarkment for Holland, I do now write, what I should have said to you, if time had permitted; and that is to let you know, that upon your late communicating to me your desire of adorning your choice library with the pictures of men illustrious for their parts and erudition, I did not in the least suspect your intention of placing my shallow head amongst those heroes, who, knowing my unworthiness of that honour, will, in spite of your good opinion of

Mr. Kneller for his skill of drawing to the life, either condemn his colouring, that he made me not blush, or me for impudence that I did not. But this is not all: for men will question your judgment, or suspect you of flattery, if you take it not down; for in good earnest, when I seriously consider how unfit I am to appear in the class of those learned gentlemen, I am perfectly ashamed, and should say with much more reason than Marullus (after a recension of the famous poets)

Nos, si quis inter cæteros locat Vates,  
Onerat, quam honorat verius.

'Tis pity and a diminution, so elegant a place and precious collection should have anything in it of vulgar, but such as Paulus Jovius has celebrated, and such as you told me you were procuring; the Boyles, the Gales, and the Newtons of our nation: what, in God's name, should a planter of colewort do amongst such worthies? Setting him aside, I confess to you I was not displeas'd with the fancy of the late Lord Chancellor Hyde, when to adorn his stately palace (since demolished) he collected the pictures of as many of our famous countrymen as he could purchase or procure, instead of the heads and busts of foreigners, whose names, through the unpardonable mistake or (shall I call it) pride of painters, they scorn to put to their pieces; imagining it would dishonour their art, should they transmit anything valuable to posterity besides faces, which signify nothing to the possessor (unless their relations were to live for ever, and always in being), so as one cannot tell whether they were drawn from any of their friends or ancestors, or the picture of some porter or squalid chimney-sweeper, whose prolix beard and wrinkled forehead might pass him for a philosopher. I am in perfect indignation at this folly, as oft as I consider what extravagant sums are given for a dry scalp of some (forsooth) Italian painting, be it of Raphael or Titian himself; which would be infinitely more estimable, were we assured it was the picture of the learned Count of Mirandola, Politian, Guicciardini, Machiavel, Petrarch, Ariosto, or Tasso; or some famous pope, prince, poet, or other hero of those times. Give me Carolus Magnus, a Tamerlane, a Scanderbeg, Solyman the Magnificent,

Matt. Corvinus, Lorenzo, Cosimo, Medici, Andrea Doria, Ferdinando Cortez, Columbus, Americus Vespucius, Castacani Castruccio, and a Sforza; the effigies of Cardan, and both the Scaligers, Tycho Brahe, Copernicus, and Galileo. I say, give me the portraits of an Isabella of Aragon or Castile, and her four daughters; Lucretia d'Este (to whom our Queen is related), Victoria Colonna, Hippolita Strozzi, Petrarch's Laura, Anna Maria Schurman, and above all, Helen Cornaro, daughter of a procurator of St. Marco (one of the most illustrious families of Venice), who received the degree of Doctress at Padua for her universal knowledge and erudition, upon the importunity of that famous University prevailing on her modesty. She had been often sought in honourable marriage by many great persons, but preferring the Muses before all other considerations, she preserved herself a virgin, and being not long since deceased, had her obsequies celebrated at Rome by a solemn procession, and elogy of all the witness of that renowned city. Nor may I forget the illustrious of our own nation of both sexes: the Westons, Moores, Seymours, Sir J. Cheke, Ann Countess of Oxon (whose monument is in Westminster Abbey), the late Mrs. Philips, and Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter to the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, to whom the great Des Cartes dedicates his books, with a world of more renowned characters, famous for arms and arts: rather than the most beautiful courtesan or prostitute of them all, who has nothing to commend her but her impudence, and that she was a painted strumpet. Did it ever prejudice the glory of the inimitable Holbein for putting the names of our great Duke of Norfolk, Henry the Eighth when less corpulent, Edward the Sixth and Treasurer Cromwell, Jane Seymour, Anne Bulleyn, Charles Brandon, Althea Talbot Countess of Arundel, Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas More and his learned daughters, Sir Brian Tuke, Dr. Noel, Erasmus, Melancthon, and even honest Frobenius, among innumerable other illustrious of that age for learning and other virtues? I ask if this were the least diminution to the fame of one who really painted to the life beyond any man this day living? But, in truth, they seem from the beginning jealous of their own honour, and afraid of being forgotten: hence we find ΓΑΛΥΚΩΝ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΕΙ

insculpt on the Farnesian Hercules, and *Michael Angelo fecit, P. P. Reubens pinxit, Marc. Antonio calavit, &c.* There is not that wretched print but wears the name of no-artist, whilst our painters take no care to transmit to posterity the names of the persons whom they represent; through which negligence so many excellent pieces come after a while to be dispersed amongst brokers and upholsterers, who expose them to the streets in every dirty and infamous corner. 'Tis amongst their dusky lumber we frequently meet with Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, the Countess of Pembroke, Earls of Leicester and Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, Cecil, Buckhurst, Walsingham, Sir Francis Bacon, King James and his favourite Buckingham, and others (who made the great figure in this nation), of John Huss, Zisca, Luther, Calvin, Beza, Socinus, William and Maurice Princes of Orange, Charles the Fifth, Philip the Second, Francis the First; the Dukes of Alba, Parma, Don John of Austria, and Count Egmont; authors of sects, great captains and politicians (famous in our history in other countries), flung many times behind the hangings, covered with dust and cobwebs. Upon this account it is, men curious of books and antiquities have ever had medals in such estimation, and rendered them a most necessary furniture to their libraries; because by them we are not only informed whose real image and superscription they bear, but have discovered to us, in their reverses, what heroical exploits they performed; their famous temples, basilicæ, thermæ, amphitheatres, aqueducts, circuses, naumachias, bridges, triumphal arches, columns, historical and other pompous structures and erections by them: and which have been greatly assistant to the recovery of the ancient and magnificent architecture, whose real monuments had been so barbarously defaced by the Goths and other truculent invaders, that without this light (and some few ruins yet extant justify those types) that so useful order and ornament of columns and their concomitant members were hardly to be known by the text of Vitruvius, and all his learned commentators; and till Daniel Barbaro, Leon Alberto, Raphael, M. Angelo, and others raised it out of the dust, and restored that noble art, by their own and

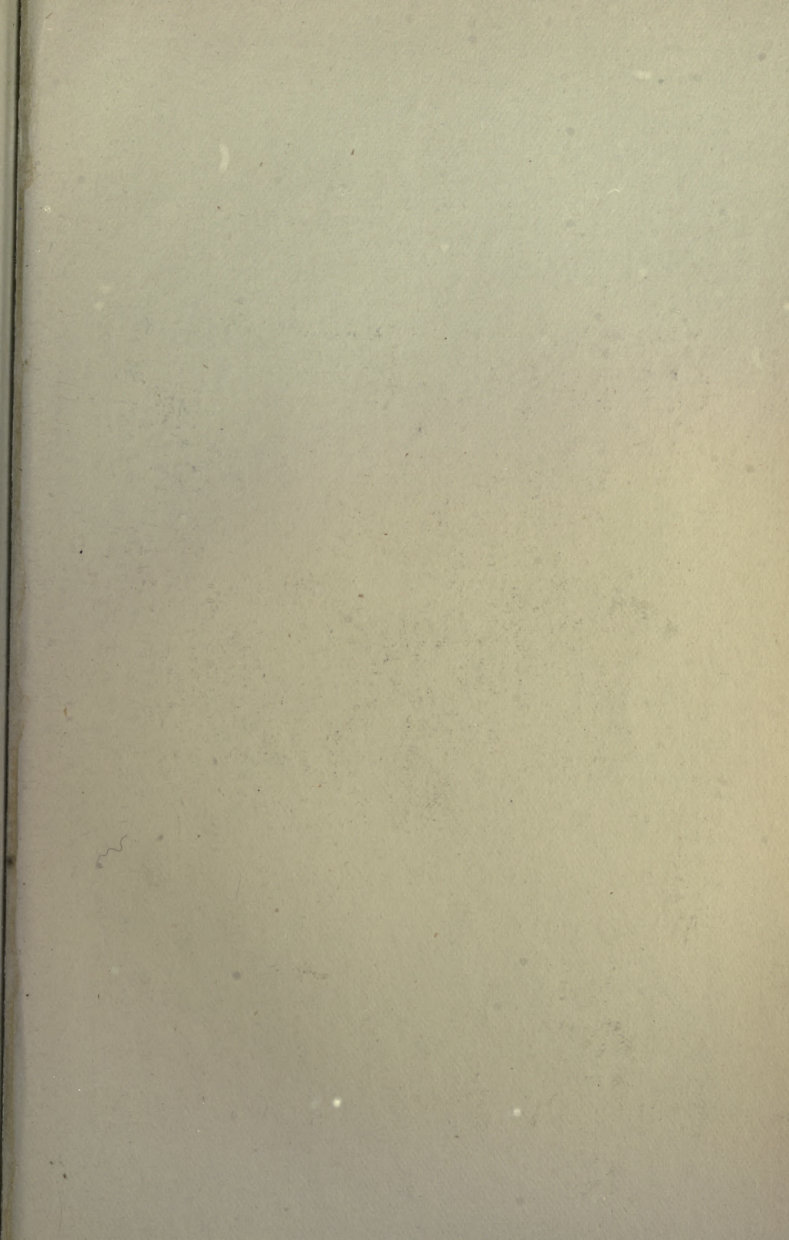
other learned men consulting and comparing the reverses of medals and medallions: besides what they further contribute to the elucidation of many passages in history, chronology, and geography. So as I do not see how Mr. Pepys's library can be long without this necessary adjunct. It is amongst the medals we meet the ancient legislators, Lycurgus, Solon, Numa, &c. There we find Orpheus, Linus, and the old bards; and there is mention of *nummus Homericus* by Strabo, and (if I well remember) by Aristotle himself too; as there is still extant those of the brave Hector and Achilles: so as among them we may see what kind of persons were Aristides, Themistocles, Epaminondas, Miltiades, Alexander, and Cyrus, Darius, &c. The grave philosophers Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, Zeno, and Demosthenes, show their faces to this day revered in our medals. Those of the Hebrew represent to us the rod of Aaron and pot of manna, and show how Judah was led captive. We come by medals to understand the ancient weights and measures, and the value of moneys; you will see there when it was that princes assumed the radiant crowns, and what the diadem was. I might proceed to the Punic Hannibal, Juba, &c., to the consular and imperial of the Romans from Romulus, the Scipios, Catos, down to this age of ours, if after Pertinax, and decline of that empire, sculpture and all good arts had not fallen with it. You will therefore be curious of having the first Cæsars, the great Julius (after his Pharsalian victory) being the first honoured with having his effigies, old, lean, and bald as he was, in medal, or rather in money, which are rare to procure, in gold or small copper. There are of these and the other emperors with Greek inscriptions also. Who is not delighted to behold the true effigies of the famous Augustus, cruel Nero, and his master Seneca? Vespasian, Titus, Nerva, Trajan, Antoninus, Severus, the great Constantine and his devout mother Helena? For we have in medals the beautiful Cleopatra and her paramour; Drusilla, Livia, Julia, Agrippina, Antonia, Valeria, Messalina, Octavia, Poppæa Sabina, all of them Augustas; and sundry more of the fair sex who ruled the world. I have seen a series of the popes from St. Peter; and amongst the reputed heresiarchs, that medallion of John Huss and



Jerome of Prague's martyrdom, with the memorable inscription *Post centum annos vos Cito*, which fell out at the appearing of Martin Luther exactly at that period. But, Sir, I am sensible I have quite tired you by this time with medals; and therefore I will say nothing concerning those observations in the filing, sharpness, and due extant varnish and other marks, necessary to be critically skilled in, to prevent the being cheated and imposed upon by copies and counterfeits for antique and original, (though yet all copies if well dissembled, stamped, or cast, are not to be rejected); because you will, both for this and all the rest, consult Fulvius Ursinus, Goltzius, Monsieur St. Amant, Otto, Dr. Spon, Vaillant, Dr. Patin, and (*instar omnium*) the most learned Spanhemius in that treatise *De præstantiâ et usu Numismatum Antiquorum*. You will likewise make use of your friends Dr. Gale, Mr. Henshaw, Hill, and Mr. Justell, upon whose skill and judgment you may rely, though even the most skillful may now and then be mistaken: but you shall be sure not to be paid with trash, such as I do not (as I said) call the Antiquo Moderno if well imitated. These persons, your friends whom I mentioned, will I am sure be ready to assist you in this laudable curiosity. And if they can be purchased together, as accidentally they sometimes may, it will save you a great deal of pains, and enrich you at once. But otherwise, they are likeliest met withal amongst the goldsmiths, and casually, as one walks the streets on foot, and passes by the stalls. Mr. Ashmole, our common friend, had collected all the ancient and modern coins of this kingdom, which were very rare, together with several medals of our British, Saxon, and other kings, upon occasion of births, coronations, marriages and other solemnities. I know not whether they escaped the burning of his study at the Middle Temple. But for the most accurate ordering and disposing of medals, so as one may more commodiously take them out of their repositories, Mr. Charlton,<sup>1</sup> of that society has a peculiar method, as he is the most elegant, and rarely furnished in all his other collections. In the mean time the curious of this sort of erudition (I mean of medals) were formerly, and I believe at present, very few in England. For besides Sir Robert Cotton, Mr. Selden, Sir Simon

<sup>1</sup> See *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 270.

D'Ewes, Sir Thomas Hanmer of Hanmer, Sir William Paston, and the late Mr. Hervey, I find hardly any. That great lover of antiquity, Thomas Earl of Arundel, had a very rich collection as well of medals, as other intaglios, belonging to the cabinet he purchased of Daniel Nice at the cost of ten thousand pounds, which, with innumerable other rarities, have been scattered and squandered away by his Countess when she got that treasure to Amsterdam, whilst my Lord was in Italy, where he died. Abundance of them she bestowed also on the late unhappy Viscount Stafford, her beloved son; and such as remained, Lely, Wright, and the rest of the painters, panders and misses, have cheated the late Duke of Norfolk of. The same fate befel a noble collection of medals belonging to the then curious Sir Simon Fanshaw, of Ware Park; they were after his decease, thrown about the house (as that worthy gentleman his son, Sir Richard, Lord Ambassador in Spain, from whom I had the relation, has told me) for children to play at counter with: as were those elegant types of Sir Henry Savill's, at Eton, which that learned knight procured with great cost for his edition of St. Chrysostom; and as it commonly fares with such curiosities where the next heir is not a virtuoso. So vain a thing it is to set one's heart upon anything of this nature with that passion and mania, that insatiable earl whom I mentioned did, to the detriment of his estate and family;—*mediocria firma*. The medals in our university libraries are not yet at all considerable, though Obadiah Walker were an industrious promoter of it, and not unskilful in them. Mr. Ralph Sheldon, of Weston, in Warwickshire, left a very handsome collection both of gold, silver, and copper, ancient and modern, part of which were bequeathed to a sister of my Lady Tukes, who not long since offered to have sold them. I brought M. Justell to see them, but they were much overvalued, and whether she have since disposed of them I never enquired. At present, I know of none who can show a better chosen set of medals than the Earl of Clarendon, to whose late father (after all this tedious parenthesis) I return, and have a mind to entertain you a while longer with what I had begun, where I spake of his purpose to furnish all the rooms of state and other apartments with the pictures of the most illustrious





SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

OB: 1618.

of our nation, especially of his Lordship's time and acquaintance, and of divers before it. There were at full length, and as I doubt not but you well remember to have seen, the great Duke of Buckingham, the brave Sir Horace and Francis Vere, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, the great Earl of Leicester, Treasurer Buckhurst, Burleigh, Walsingham, Cecil, Lord Chancellor Bacon, Ellesmere, and I think all the late Chancellors and grave Judges in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, and her successors James and Charles the First. For there was Treasurer Weston, Cottington Duke Hamilton, the magnificent Earl of Carlisle, Earls of Carnarvon, Bristol, Holland, Lindsey, Northumberland, Kingston, and Southampton; Lords Falkland and Digby (I name them promiscuously as they come into my memory); and of Charles the Second, besides the Royal Family, the Dukes of Albemarle and Newcastle, Earls of Derby, Shrewsbury, St. Alban's, the brave Montrose, Sandwich, Manchester, &c.; and of the coif, Sir Edward Coke, Judge Berkely, Bramston, Sir Orlando Bridgman, Geoffrey Palmer, Selden, Vaughan, Sir Robert Cotton, Dugdale, Mr. Camden, Mr. Hales of Eton. The Archbishops Abbot and Laud, Bishops Juxon, Sheldon, Morley, and Duppa: Dr. Sanderson, Brownrigg, Dr. Donne, Chillingworth, and several of the clergy, and others of the former and present age. For there were the pictures of Fisher, Fox, Sir Thomas More, Thomas Lord Cromwell, Dr. Nowel, &c. And what was most agreeable to his Lordship's general humour, old Chaucer, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, who were both in one piece, Spenser, Mr. Waller, Cowley, Hudibras, which last he placed in the room where he used to eat and dine in public, most of which, if not all, are at the present at Cornbury in Oxfordshire; together with the library, which the present Earl has considerably improved, besides what books he has at Swallowfield not contemptible; and the manuscript copies of what concerns the Parliamentary Records, Journals and Transactions which I have heard both himself and the late unfortunate Earl of Essex, (who had also the same curiosity) affirm cost them 500*l.* transcribing and binding, and indeed furnish a pretty large room. To complete and encourage this noble and singular collection, I sent his Lordship a list of the names following: Cardinals Pole and Wolsey; Gard-

ner Bishop of Winchester, Crannier, Ridley, old Latimer, Bishop Usher, Mr. Hooker, Occham, Ripley, John Duns, Roger Bacon, Suisset, Tunstal Bishop of Durham (correspondent with Erasmus), Tompson, Venerable Bede, if at least to be met with in some ancient office or mass-book, where I have seen some of those old famous persons accurately painted either from the life or from copies: Sir John Cheke, Sir Tho. Bodley, Smith, Jo. Berkeley, Mr. Ascham, Sir Fulke Greville, Buchanan, Dr. Harvey, Gilbert, Mr. Oughtred, Sir Henry Wotton (I still recite them promiscuously and not like a herald), Sir Francis Drake, Sir Richard Hawkins, Mr. Cavendish, Martin Frobisher, &c.: some of which his Lordship procured, but was; you know, interrupted, and after all this apparatus and grandeur, died an exile, and in the displeasure of his Majesty and others who envied his rise and fortune—*tam breves Populi Romani amores!* But I shall say no more of his ministry, and what was the pretence of his fall, than that we have lived to see great revolutions. The buffoons, parasites, pimps, and concubines, who supplanted him at Court, came to nothing not long after, and were as little pitied. 'Tis something yet too early to publish the names of his delators, for fear of one's teeth. But time will speak truth, and sure I am the event has made it good. Things were infinitely worse managed since his disgrace, and both their late Majesties fell into as pernicious counsels as ever Princes did: whilst, whatever my Lord Chancellor's skill, whether in law or politics, the offices of State and Justice were filled with men of old English honour and probity: less open bribery and ostentation; there was at least something of more gravity and form kept up (things, however railed at, necessary in Courts); magnificence and ancient hospitality in his Majesty's houses, more agreeable to the genius of this nation than the open and avowed luxury and profaneness which succeeded, *à la mode de France*, to which this favourite was a declared enemy upon my certain knowledge. There were indeed heinous matters laid to his charge, which I could never see proved; and you and I can tell of many that have fallen and yet suffer under that calamity.

But what's all this, you'll say, to our subject? Yes, he was a great lover at least of books, and furnished a very

ample library, writ himself an elegant style, favoured and promoted the design of the Royal Society; and it was for this, and in particular, for his being very kind to me both abroad and at home, that I sent *Naudeus* to him in a dedicatory address, of which I am not so much ashamed as of the translation. There be some, who, not displeased with the style of that epistle, are angry at the application. But they do not consider that great persons, and such as are in place to do great and notable things, whatever their other defects may be, are to be panegyrised into the culture of those virtues, without which 'tis to be supposed they had never arrived to a power of being able to encourage them. *Qui monet ut facias*—you remember the sequel. And 'tis a justifiable figure; nor is it properly adulation, but a civility due to their characters. As for the translation, it has been so insufferably abused at the press, that the shame any uncorrected copy should come abroad has made me suppress as many as I could light on, not without purpose of publishing a new edition, and which now perhaps might be more seasonable, since the humour of exposing books, *sub hasta* is become so epidemical, that it may possibly afford some direction to gentlemen who are making collections out of them. Besides, the first impression is, I hear, pretty well worn out, and I should be very unfortunate if it should miscarry twice, or meet with such another accident as happened, it seems, to the blotted manuscript at Oxford: the circumstances whereof I will not now trouble you withal.

And so I have done with my Lord Chancellor. But not so soon with my worthy friend Mr. Pepys, to whose learned and laudable curiosity of still improving his choice collection I should not advise a solicitous expense of having the pictures of so many great persons painted in oil, which were a vast and unnecessary charge; though not so extraordinary a one to my Lord Chancellor as one may imagine, because, when his design was once made known, everybody who either had them of their own or could purchase them at any price, strove to make their court by these presents; by which means he got many excellent pieces of Vandyke, and other originals of Lely, and the best of our modern masters' hands. But if, instead of these, you think fit to add to your title-pages, in a distinct volume, the heads and

effigies of such as I have enumerated, and of as many others as either in this or any other age have been famous for arms or arts, in *taille douce*, and with very tolerable expense to be procured amongst the printsellers, I should not reprove it; I am sure you would be infinitely delighted with the assembly, and some are so very well done to the life, that they may stand in competition with the best paintings. This were a cheap and so much a more useful curiosity, as they seldom are without their names, ages, and elegies of the persons whose portraits they represent: I say you will be exceedingly pleased to contemplate the effigies of those who have made such a noise and bustle in the world, either by their madness and folly, or a more conspicuous figure by their wit and learning. Nor would I yet confine you to stop here, but to be continually gathering as you happen to meet with other instructive types. For under this class may come in, battles, sieges, triumphs, jousts, and tournaments, coronations, cavalcades, and entries of ambassadors, processions, funeral and other pomps, tombs, trials, and executions; stately edifices, machines, antique vases, spoils, basso-relievos, intaglios, and cameos taken from achates, onyxes, cornelians, and other precious stones; ruins, landscapes, if from real subjects, not fancies which are innumerable and not necessary, but such as relate to history, and for reasons specified more at large in my Treatise on Chalcography. Your library being by this accession made suitable to your generous mind and steady virtue, I know none living master of more happiness, since besides the possession of so many curiosities, you understand to use and improve them likewise, and have declared that you will endeavour to secure<sup>1</sup> what with so much cost and industry you have collected, from the sad dispersions many noble libraries and cabinets have suffered in these late times: one auction, I may call it diminution, of a day or two, having scattered what has been gathering many years. Hence it is that we are in England so defective of good libraries among the gentlemen, and in our greatest towns:

<sup>1</sup> This Pepys subsequently did, by bequeathing his books and collection of prints to Magdalen College, Cambridge, where they now are, under the name of the Pepysian Library, still in the original book-cases and presses, placed in a room which they exactly fit.



Paris alone, I am persuaded, being able to show more than all the three nations of Great Britain; those of Mem'ius, Puteanus, Thuanus, Cordesius, Seguire, Colbert, Condé, and others innumerable of bishops, abbots, advocates, anti-quaries, and a world of learned persons of the long robe; besides the public libraries at St. Victoire, the Sorbonne, and, above all, that of Mazarin (now, with Richelieu's and sundry others, swallowed up in the present King's), far exceeding anything we can show at home, though we have as much (if not greater) plenty and variety of the best books as any country in the learned world. But, as I said, they are in private cabinets, and seldom well chosen, unless in the Universities, where, if one may judge by the few productions of so many learned men as are there at leisure, they signify very little to the learned world. This great and august city of London, abounding with so many wits and lettered persons, has scarce one library furnished and endowed for the public. Sir John Cotton's, collected by his noble uncle, is without dispute the most valuable in MSS., especially of British and Saxon anti-quitities; but he refuses to impart to us the catalogue of this treasure, for fear, he tells me, of being disturbed. That of Westminster is not much considerable: still less that of Sion College. But there is hope his Majesty's at St. James's may emerge and be in some measure restored again, now that it comes under the inspection of the learned Mons. Justell, who you know was owner of a very considerable one at Paris. There are in it a great many noble manuscripts yet remaining, besides the Tecla; and more would be, did some royal or generous hand cause those to be brought back to it, which still are lying in mercenary hands for want of two or three hundred pounds to pay for their binding; many of which being of the Oriental tongues, will soon else find Jews and chapmen that will purchase and transport them, from whence we shall never retrieve them again. For thus has a cabinet of ten thousand medals, not inferior to most abroad, and far superior to any at home, which were collected by that hopeful cherisher of great and noble things, Prince Henry, been embezzled and carried away during our late barbarous rebellion, by whom and whither none can or is like to

discover. What that collection was, not only of books and medals, but of statues and other elegant furniture, let the learned library-keeper, Patritius Junius, tell you in his notes ad Epist. S<sup>t</sup> Clementis ad Corinthos: "Quem locum," (speaking of St. James's) "si vicinam pinacothecam bibliothecæ celeberrimæ conjunctam, si numismata antiqua Græca ac Romana, si statuas et signa ex ære et marmore consideres, non im'erito thesaurum antiquitatis et ταμειδῶν instructissimum nominare potes," &c.

Were not this loss enough to break a lover's heart? The Royal Society at Gresham College has a mixture, though little apposite to the institution and design of that worthy assembly, yet of many excellent books and some few MSS., given them at my instance by the late Duke of Norfolk, which is but a part of that rare collection of good authors which, by the industry and direction of Francis Junius, the learned son of the learned Patrick, Mr. Selden, and the purchase of what was brought at once out of Germany, was left neglected at Arundel House before it was demolished and converted into tenements. I now mention Mr. Selden. There is a fragment of that great antiquary's library at the Middle Temple; but his manuscripts and best collections were bequeathed to the Bodleian at Oxford, to which both himself and especially Archbishop Laud were the most munificent benefactors; though with all these, so poor in manuscripts that they were ashamed to publish their catalogue with that of the *impressorum*, but which might have been equally enriched with any perhaps in Europe, had they purchased what was lately offered them by the executors of Isaac Vossius, though indeed at a great price, who have since carried them back into Holland, where they expect a quicker market. I wished with all my heart some brave and noble Mæcenas would have made a present of them to Trinity College in Cambridge, where that sumptuous structure (designed for a library) would have been the fittest repository for such a treasure. Where are our Suissets, Bodleys, Lauds, Sheldons, bishops, and opulent chancellors? Will the *Nepotismo* never be satisfied.—*Sed præstat motus componere.* The next to that of the Bodleian are the libraries of Magdalen Coll., Christ Church, University, and Baliol, which last is furnished

with divers considerable MSS., and lately (through the bounty of Sir Thomas Wendie) with a number of other curious books. But to return again nearer this City. That at Lambeth, replenished at present with excellent books, ebbs and flows, like the Thames running by it, at every prelate's succession or translation: there is at present a good assembly of manuscripts in a room by themselves. The Bishop of Ely has a very well-stored library; but the very best is what Dr. Stillingfleet, Dean of St. Paul's, has at Twickenham, ten miles out of town. Only that good and learned man (Dr. Tenison) of St. Martin's near you, has begun a charity, for so I reckon it, as well as that of his two schools, &c., worthy his public and generous spirit, and the esteem of all who know him. Our famous lawyer Sir Edward Coke purchased a very choice library of Greek and other MSS., which were sold him by Dr. Meric Casaubon, son of the learned Isaac; and these, together with his delicious villa, Durdens, came to the possession of the present Earl of Berkeley from his uncle Sir Robert Cook. He has sometimes told me he would build a convenient repository for them, which should be public, for the use of the clergy of Surrey; but what he has done or thinks to do herein, I know not. Why is not such provision made by a public law and contribution in every county of England? But this genius does not always preside in our representatives. I have heard that Sir Henry Savill was master of many precious MSS., and he is frequently celebrated for it by the learned Valesius, almost in every page of that learned man's annotations on Eusebius and the ecclesiastical historians published by him. The late Mr. Hales, of Eton, whom I mentioned, had likewise a very good library; and so had Dr. Cosin (late Bishop of Durham), a considerable part of which I had agreed with him for myself during his exile abroad, as I can show under his own hand;<sup>1</sup> but his

<sup>1</sup> The following letter from Dr. Cosin to Evelyn is probably here alluded to:—

SIR,—I have here set the prices (which I paid) to the books which you have added. But there be four or five of them (marked with - +) which I desire to keep, because I have written some notes in them of my own. The remainder of the whole sum (as you will see at the foot

late daughter, since my Lady Garret, thought I had not offered enough, and made difficulty in delivering them to me 'till near the time of his Majesty's restoration, and after that, the Dean, her father, becoming Bishop of that opulent see, bestowed them on the library there. But the Lord Primate Usher was inferior to none I have named among the clergy for rare MSS., a great part of which being brought out of Ireland, and left his son-in-law, Sir Timothy Tirrill, was disposed of to give bread to that incomparable prelate during the late fanatic war; such as remained yet at Dublin were preserved, and by a public purse restored and placed in the college library of that city. I have already mentioned what Isaac Vossius brought over, that had been his learned father's, and many other manuscripts which Isaac had himself brought from Queen Christina out of Sweden in recompense of his honorary, whilst he was invited thither with Salmasius, Des Cartes, Blundel, and

of the enclosed paper) will be 105*l*. And truly, sir, I thought I had prevented any further motion of abatement, by the large offer that I made to you, of putting your wife's confident [friend] (for it concerns her only) to lose the third part of what her friend paid: specially considering that she is now forced to pay very near 200*l*. for the library, besides what it cost at first. I do not conceive that it will be any great charge to you to have them brought to London, where they will be subject to less hazard than in other places, and to no more there than all other worldly things are in all other places besides. If you consider their number, I desire you would be pleased to consider likewise, that they are a choice number, and a company of the best selected books among them all. When these and others of the like sort are gone, I have good hope, that those who come to buy the remainder and the worst of them all, will not desire to have above a third part of the price abated them; and therefore the better sort (such as you have chosen) might in reason go at a better rate; and indeed I have advised her, not to abate above a fourth part for the most of them, and for some to hold them at the same or a greater price than they cost; as for example, there is in your note—Pliny's Natural History, in English, priced at 36*s*. which is worth 3*l*.; Camden's Errors priced at 5*s*. 6*d*. for which I have seen 20*s*. given; Paulus Jovius at 20*s*., which sells now in Paris at 4 pistoles, and Pol. Vergil at 10*s*., which sells here for 10*l*.; William Malmesbury at 15*s*., for which they demand here 30*l*.; and Asser. Menev. &c, at 14*s*., which they will not part with here nor elsewhere abroad for 20*l*. In regard whereof I made account, that you would rather have said the abatement had been too large than too little, which was made and offered so freely by your humble servant,

*This 18th of July, 1651.*

T. C.

others, by the heroic and royal errant. But those birds, as I said, have taken their flight, and are gone. I forbear to name the late Earl of Bristol's, and his kinsman, Sir Kenelm Digby's, libraries; of more pomp than intrinsic value, as chiefly consisting of modern poets, romances, chemical and astrological books; for I had the Catalogue in my possession before they were disposed of, put into my hands by my Lord Danby, then treasurer, who desired me to give my opinion of them, which I faithfully did. As for those of Sir Kenelm's, the Catalogue was printed, and most of them sold in Paris, as many better have lately been in London. The Duke of Lauderdale's is yet entire, choicely bound, and to be sold by a friend of mine, to whom they are pawned; but it comes far short of his relation's, the Lord Maitland's, which was certainly the noblest, most substantial, and accomplished library, that ever passed under the spear, and it heartily grieved me to behold its limbs, like those of the chaste Hippolytus, separated and torn from that so well chosen and compacted body. The Earl of Anglesey's, and several others since, by I know not what invidious fate, passed the same fortune, to whatever influence and constellation now reigning malevolent to books and libraries, which can portend no good to the future age.

And now I have in good earnest done with libraries; but yet not quite with Mr. Pepys. For I mention none of all these as if I thought it necessary every private gentlemen's study should be made common, but wish we had some more communicative and better furnished with good books, in one of the greatest cities of the universe (London); and for that end that a stately portico were so contrived at the west end of St. Paul's, as might support a palatine, capable of such a design; and that every company and corporation of the City, every apprentice at his freedom, (assisted at first by a general collection throughout the nation, a copy of every book printed within the City and Universities,) did cast in their symbols for a present stock and a future ample fund. But this we are to expect when kings are philosophers, or philosophers kings, which I think may happen not in this but in Plato's revolution. All that I shall add concerning gentlemen being furnished with competent libraries, and for most

part residing in town, is, how obliging a thing it were, and of infinite effect to the promoting a noble and useful conversation of learned gentlemen, if, as there is a Society for the Improvement of Natural Knowledge, and which was fit should be first, since things were before words, so there was an academy for that of art and improvement of speaking and writing well: of which sort there are (you know) some in Paris, and almost in every considerable city of Italy, which go under the devices of *La Crusca*, *Humoristi*, *Insenati*, &c.; as that of the *Beaux Esprits* in France, set up by the late great Cardinal de Richelieu for the polishing and enriching of the language, publishing those many accurate pieces which it has from time to time produced. It is in these assemblies, where a select number of learned men, persons of the first quality, not only come to hear, but esteem it an honour to have their ingenious exercises pass the test and censure of so many civil and polished wits. And all the apparatus for this is only the use of one competent room in the gentleman's house, where there are chairs and a table, where the person who declaims, being seated with a little more eminency, like the Roman rostrum, and choosing his subject in prose or verse, recites or reads his composures before the company. This, for being but one half day or afternoon in the week, and retiring in due hour, is of very little inconveniency to the master of the house. Here it is, I say, gentlemen and scholars bring their essays, poems, translations, and other oratorious productions upon a thousand curious subjects. Here they give law to words and phrases, and the *Norma loquendi*. These pass censure and bring authors to the touch, reject or entertain, and endenizen exotics, &c. I need not enlarge to Mr. Pepys the benefit and nobleness of such assemblies, who has himself seen what illustrious persons used to honour Mr. Justell; how many great dukes and blue ribbons, ambassadors, as well as bishops, abbots, presidents, and other learned men and travellers, this brought together into conversation the most humane and obliging in the world; and how exceedingly to be wished some noble and worthy gentleman would give a diversion so becoming and usefully entertaining as it would be. We should not then have so many crude and fulsome rhapsodies imposed upon the English world for genuine wit,

language, and the stage, as well as the auditors and spectators, would be purged from things intolerable. It would inflame, inspire, and kindle another genius and tone of writing, with nervous, natural strength, and beauty, genuine and of our own growth, without always borrowing and filching from our neighbours. And indeed such was once designed since the restoration of Charles the Second (1665), and in order to it three or four meetings were begun at Gray's Inn, by Mr. Cowley, Dr. Sprat, Mr. Waller, the Duke of Buckingham, Matt. Clifford, Mr. Dryden, and some other promoters of it. But by the death of the incomparable Mr. Cowley, distance and inconvenience of the place, the contagion, and other circumstances intervening, it crumbled away and came to nothing. What straw I had gathered towards the bricks for that intended pyramid (having the honour to be admitted an inferior labourer), you may command and dispose of, if you can suffer my impertinences; and that which I have not showed you, the plan I drew and was laying before them for that design; which was, I said, the polishing of the English tongue, and to be one of the first intentions and chiefest subjects of the Academicians.

And now for shame have done! Methinks I hear you cry out, "What a ramble has Mr. Evelyn made! what a deal of ground for so little game!" Well, you see what the setting up an empty noddle has produced, what a deal of ink is run to waste. And indeed I had been criminally unanswerable of detriment to the public as well as to your own repose, should I have dared to debauch you with so tedious and intemperate a scribble, whilst you were not (*tuo jure*) your own man. But if for all that, this prove an affliction also, as I have cause to apprehend it may, the only expedient to rid yourself of such impertinents will be to assume your late busy and honourable charge again; when no man can be so impudently uncivil as to expect you should read his long letters, when he considers how many you will then be obliged to write.

*Samuel Pepys to John Evelyn.<sup>1</sup>*

30th Aug., 1689.

HONOURED SIR,

I shall never be anxious about pardon for not doing what I ought, where what I ought, is what I can't. And such is the giving a due answer to the inestimable honour and favour of your letter of this day: and so much the less estimable, by that alone for which you would censure it, its length: as containing, in less than five pages, what would cost me five volumes reading, from any other hand but Mr. Evelyn's. And yet some answer you shall (in time) have to it, and the best I can give you; namely, by my endeavouring to leave no one syllable unpractised of what you have had the goodness to teach me in it, and lies within the reach of my pate and purse to execute.

Let this, I beg you, suffice to be said upon it at the first view. For though I could hardly find time to take breath till I had gone through it, yet I won't promise to have done reading it this month. One word only I would now say to you upon your first words, about the place I have been bold in dooming your picture to, namely, that besides forty other reasons I had (founded upon gratitude, affection, and esteem), to covet that in effigy which I most truly value in the original, I had this one more, that I take it for the only head living I can hope to invite most by after it, of those few whose memories (when dead) I find myself wishing I could do aught to perpetuate. Among which fills a principal place, the most excellent Mr. Boyle, concerning whom I lately bespoke your favour, and dare now be the bolder in doing it again, from my having heard that he has newly been prevailed with by Dr. King, to have his head taken by one of much less name than Mr. Kneller, and a stranger, one Causabon.

I am ever,  
Your most obedient servant and honourer,  
S. PEPYS.

<sup>1</sup> This letter is printed from a MS. Copy preserved in the Bodleian Library.



*John Evelyn to Samuel Pepys.*<sup>1</sup>

Deptford, October 4th, 1689

SIR,

I had newly been reading Aristotle's book  $\pi\epsilon\pi\lambda\tau\eta\varsigma$   $\mu\alpha\nu\tau\iota\alpha\tilde{\eta}\varsigma$ , &c. or Divination by Dreams (which follows his other Treatises 'De Animâ, Memoriâ, and Reminiscentiâ'), when the very night after, methought Mr. Pepys and I were, among other things, discoursing in his library about the ceremonious part of conversation, and visits of form between well-bred persons: and I distinctly remember, that I told him (what is true and no dream) that the late Earl of St. Alban's (I mean uncle to H. Jermyn, the present Earl of Dover) took extraordinary care at Paris, that his young nephew should learn by heart all the forms of encounter, and Court-addresses; such as the Latins would express by *verba honestatis*; and the French if I mistake not, who are masters in these civilities to excess, *l'entregent*; as upon occasion of giving or taking the wall, sitting down, entering in or going out of the door, taking leave at parting; *l'entretien de la ruelle*, and other encounters; *à la cavaliere* among the ladies, &c. In all which never was person more adroit than my late neighbour the Marquis de Ruigny. And indeed the Italians and Spaniards exceed us infinitely in this point of good breeding. Nay, I observe generally that our women of quality often put us to "O Lord, Madam!" when we have nothing to fill up and reply; but *quorsum hæc?* (little patience).—I was never in my life subject to night visions till of late, that I seldom pass without some reverie, which verifies that of St. Peter (cited from the prophet), "That your old men shall dream dreams;" and so you will shortly give me over for a dotard, should I continue to interrupt you thus with my impertinencies. I will only tell you, that my wife, who is of a much sedater temper, and yet often dreaming, has now and then diverted me with stories that hung as orderly together as if they had

<sup>1</sup> This letter is in prosecution of a former one of 26th August, 1689.

been studied narratives, some of which I had formerly made her write down for the prettiness of them, very seldom broken, or inconsistent (such as commonly are mine), but such as the Peripatetic means, where he says *Quieto sanguine fiunt pura somnia*; comparing those other extravagant and confused dreams to the resemblances which the circles of disturbed and agitated waters reflect, that blend and confound the species, and present us with centaurs and terrible spectres, whilst the calmer fountain gives the entire image (as it did with Narcissus's in the fable), and entertain us with our waking thoughts. What could be more explicit of the cause of this variety of dreams which he, as well as Hippocrates, and others from them, attribute to the crasis and constitution of the body and complexions domineering, with other perturbations affecting the fancy. But leaving these to the Oneirocritics, I shall make use of it no further, than to let you see how often you are in my best and sereneest thoughts. *Amici de amicis certa sæpe somniant, ἑρωτικὸς ἐν ἑρωτῇ.* And if the subject of my wild phantasm (which was a dialogue with you about forms of speaking upon ceremonious occasions), naturally leading me to something which I lately mentioned, where I spoke of academies and the refining of our language, have not already quite worn out your patience, I would entertain you here with a copy of what I sent our Chairman<sup>1</sup> some years since, as an Appendix to my former letter, and as you enjoined me.

\* \* \* \* \*

So much for this, and I fear too much, now I see how I have blurred: but 'tis not worth the writing fairer.

Sir, I stayed at Lambeth with his Grace till past four, being to return with the Bishops, and go home, as I was engaged that evening: I called at your house, but you were gone forth, they told me, in your coach, which made me conclude it was not to Lambeth, when I should have been sorry not to have waited on you.

<sup>1</sup> The observations referred to by Evelyn, will be found already printed in this volume, pages 159—162, having been written twenty-four years earlier than the present letter. They are inserted in a copy of the communication to which he here alludes, addressed to Sir Peter Wyche, Chairman of a Committee appointed by the Royal Society to consider of the Improvement of the English Tongue.

I have now gotten me a pair of new horses ; but they are very young, and hardly broken to the coach as yet : so soon as I may trust them, and that the weather be a little settled, I shall not fail of waiting on you to Mr. Charleton's, and those other virtuosos.

*John Evelyn to the Countess of Sunderland.*

*Sayes-Court, 25th July, 1690.*

MADAM,

I had prepared a letter, to congratulate my young Lord and the ladies, and all the illustrious family's happy arrival and return to Althorp, when just as I was writing came the sad tidings of the death of that excellent lady, your daughter, the Countess of Arran, which struck such a damp in me that I was forced to break off from a grateful subject, to condole with your Ladyship, and those whom I thought it my obligation to endeavour the comforting : and this was the more afflicting, that after such assurances of her Ladyship's perfect recovery, upon which I was meditating to write to you, this fatal news should dash our hopes again without any reserve. But so is the will of God, and this the constitution of all things here : no true satisfaction, no permanent felicity to be found on this side heaven : whatever other circumstances of happiness, as far as we can reckon any such thing in the power of this world to give us, may seem to promise of more lastingness and stability, 'tis all but a seeming, a mere show and false appearance ; for either the things which we hope to enjoy are taken from us and perish in the fruition, or we are taken from them when we think ourselves most secure. Surely if in this life anything were desirable, the having and the leaving virtuous and gracious children behind us (such as might be examples of virtue, adorn and improve the age), were to be esteemed the most valuable of blessings. But as such blessings are rare, so when God bestows them they are soonest taken from us again. They can no more live in so corrupt an age, than a healthful body in a vitiated air. What then are we to do when we lose them ? Not con-

sider them as lost, but happily absent. Madam, you know how easy 'twere to say abundance of fine things on this subject, no topic more fruitful; but what's all this? The wound is deep and in a sensible part, and though time and reason mitigate the present smart, I cannot say it has healed what I oftentimes suffer when the loss of some dear children and friends come into my thoughts. One only consideration remains, that as I said they are so far from being lost or dead, that they live and are now immortal, and would not for all the world be with us again. Why then grieve we for them? Why, plainly for ourselves, whom we love more than God, whose will it is we should part with them and whatever He pleases to take from us here, and depend on Him alone, who alone will never fail, never forsake us, but give us that which shall never be taken from us. Live we then, Madam, in this religious indifference and resignation. But still God has not left your Ladyship without those blessings. He has but in part eclipsed, and rather borrowed for a while than taken them away. Besides my Lord your husband, whom you have seen restored, and which to see so, you esteemed so great a mercy; you have a daughter and a son, who are and ought to be all that you can wish or desire in children. And him will Almighty God preserve; in both you will see the fruits of the pious care and reward of your submission to the will of God, and receive all the discipline you have past through as a greater mark of His favour and love, than if you had never suffered the least check or diminution of your former prosperity. This I am so well persuaded of you feel already, however now by this lugubrious accident as by others sometimes interrupted, that you would not exchange your inward consolation, for the return of all those external fugitives you once enjoyed, to be deprived of this. Madam, this is a secret known only to those who feel it, which, since I am sure you do, I leave you to that God who gives it, who is your stay, your refuge, and may He be all that you can want and desire to supply this loss, and more than you can wish.

*John Evelyn to the Countess of Sunderland.**Deptford, 4th August, 1690.*

As for the "Kalendar" your Ladyship mentions, whatever assistance it may be to some novice gardener, sure I am his Lordship will find nothing in it worth his notice but an old inclination to an innocent diversion, and the acceptance it found with my dear (and while he lived) worthy friend, Mr. Cowley, upon whose reputation only it has survived seven impressions, and is now entering on the eighth with some considerable improvements, more agreeable to the present curiosity. 'Tis now, Madam, almost forty years since first I writ it, when horticulture was not much advanced in England, and near thirty since first it was published, which consideration will, I hope, excuse its many defects. If in the meantime it deserve the name of no un-useful trifle, 'tis all it is capable of.

When many years ago I came from rambling abroad, observed a little there, and a great deal more since I came home than gave me much satisfaction, and (as events have proved) scarce worth one's pursuit, I cast about how I should employ the time which hangs on most young men's hands, to the best advantage; and when books and severer studies grew tedious, and other impertinence would be pressing, by what innocent diversions I might sometime relieve myself without compliance to recreations I took no felicity in, because they did not contribute to any improvement of the mind. This set me upon planting of trees, and brought forth my "Sylva," which book, infinitely beyond my expectation, is now also calling for a fourth impression, and has been the occasion of propagating many millions of useful timber-trees throughout this nation, as I may justify (without immodesty) from the many letters of acknowledgment received from gentlemen of the first quality, and others altogether strangers to me. His late Majesty Charles the Second, was sometimes graciously pleased to

take notice of it to me, and that I had by that book alone incited a world of planters to repair their broken estates and woods, which the greedy rebels had wasted and made such havoc of. Upon this encouragement I was once speaking to a mighty man, then in despotic power, to mention the great inclination I had to serve his Majesty in a little office then newly vacant (the salary I think hardly £300) whose province was to inspect the timber-trees in his Majesty's forests, &c., and take care of their culture and improvement; but this was conferred upon another, who, I believe, had seldom been out of the smoke of London, where, though there was a great deal of timber, there were not many trees. I confess I had an inclination to the employment upon a public account, as well as its being suitable to my rural genius, born as I was at Wotton, among the woods.

Soon after this, happened the direful conflagration of this city; when, taking notice of our want of books of architecture in the English tongue, I published those most useful directions of Ten of the best authors on that subject, whose works were very rarely to be had, all of them written in French, Latin, or Italian, and so not intelligible to our mechanics. What the fruit of that labour and cost has been (for the sculptures, which are elegant, were very chargeable), the great improvement of our workmen, and several impressions of the copy since, will best testify.

In this method I thought properly to begin with planting trees, because they would require time for growth, and would be advancing to delight and shade at least, and were therefore by no means to be neglected and deferred, while building might be raised and finished in a summer or two if the owner pleased.

Thus, Madam, I endeavoured to do my countrymen some little service, in as natural an order as I could for the improving and adorning their estates and dwellings, and if possible, make them in love with these useful and innocent pleasures, in exchange of a wasteful and ignoble sloth which, I had observed, had so universally corrupted an ingenuous education.

To these I likewise added my little History of Chalco-

graphy, a treatise of the perfection of Painting, and of erecting Libraries, . . . . . Medals, with some other intermisses which might divert within doors, as well as altogether without.

*Henry Bemde to John Evelyn.*

25th October, 1690.

SIR,

The last night arrived Colonel Fitzpatrick, with the express from Kinsale: the new fort was surrendered upon honourable terms, marching out three regiments with bag and baggage, drums beating, colours flying, with an article for the governor, Sir Edward Scott, to have a passport to be transported beyond sea within any time during three months; they left great store and 109 pieces of cannon. The Duke of Berwick, with 1500 horse, was upon the march with a design to relieve it, but Lieut.-General Ginkel having notice, had like to have been in the rear of them with 3000 horse and 1000 dragoons, but of this they had notice, and did return to Limerick, burning many villages and the Lord Orrery's house, which cost but lately 40,000*l*. The building was the noblest palace in Ireland. The Duke of Berwick sent twice to Maxwell not to fire it, but could not prevail. The Duke of Grafton is certainly dead; has made his will, by which the Lords Godolphin and Lichfield are executors. The King continues his pension to the young duke. To-morrow an ambassador from Portugal has audience of the King, which is an acknowledgment, and brings him into the Confederacy, and it is thought all the Italian princes will follow his example. The Turks now growing so powerful in Hungary, have taken Belgrade, and it is feared Tekely has defeated Prince Louis of Baden; the not having made a peace when time served is wholly imputed to the treachery of the Jesuits. The Breda, a third-rate ship, lying in Kinsale road, having twenty-five prisoners of war and many other passengers, designing for England the next day, was by an unhappy accident, blown up, all

perishing but the captain, who cannot live, he is so bruised. The King goes next month for Holland.

I am, sir, your affectionate servant,  
H. BEMDE.

*Robert Berkeley to John Evelyn.*

*Spetchley, 1st January, 1690-1.*

WHEN I consider the honour Mr. Evelyn has done me in his hortulan Kalendar, I must blush at my own unworthiness, and be more than ever sensible of my defects in that which he is so great a master of. I confess I was always a lover of gardening, by reason I find in it a constant expectation of something new, without the remorse which most if not all the pleasures of this life are mixed with. And in this diversion I have here, at my poor villa, for some time entertained myself, buried, as 'twere, in oblivion of my friends, till I found myself living in your works, which are celebrated not only in your own country, but in those parts where I have observed the most curious in their plantations and gardens. The daily experience of this age testifies the universal benefit you have done mankind, in discovering to us several secrets in the mystery of that art, which before we were altogether ignorant of. Give me leave, my dear sir, to admire you in your garden, whilst you are raising those cedars which will eternise your memory; so that we shall see a most pleasant verdure in the midst of winter, and the most curious plants preserved in their natural vigour, and all the variety of nature, in a perpetual spring. If there is a paradise here on earth, doubtless you enjoy it with your Flora, who excels not only in those qualities which render a rural life most agreeable, but in most other virtues and ornaments of her sex. You have made me your debtor to future ages; and the best return I can pay you in this, will be to own on all occasions that I am, with the greatest deference and respect, sir,

Your most obliged and obedient servant,  
R. BERKELEY.



*From John Evelyn to Anthony à Wood.*

*Sayer-Court, 29th May, 1691.*

SIR,

Having lately received an account from Mr. Aubrey (as formerly by the Specimen and Proposals you have published) of the progress of the intended History (*Athenæ Oxonienses*), and that you desire to be informed who one Mr. Wells (some time since of Deptford) was: the best light I can give you will be from the inscription upon his wife's monument in that parish-church. Of what county, or family of that name, he originally was, I cannot say; but it might haply be conjectured by the arms, had not the clerk (whom I ordered to send me the inclosed note) forgotten that circumstance. Thus much only I can add, that Mr. Wells the husband married into a very ancient and worthy family of the Wallengers and Gonstones, of which the last (namely Benjamin) had been treasurer of the Navy Royal during the reigns of Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queens Mary and Elizabeth, a place of greatest trust and honour. And to these two families my wife has a near relation.—But to return to Mr. Wells. He was the author of a book of Shadows or Dialing, an excellent mathematician, well acquainted with Mr. Gunter, Gelibrand, Doctor Gilbert, Mr. Oughtred, and other famous mathematicians of his time: I have several horoscopes and other schemes of his, among my papers. He had two sons (whom I well knew), whereof the eldest succeeded in his father's office of Storekeeper in the Naval Arsenal, a place of good credit, and requiring extraordinary application. His second son, Ben. Wells, Physician, formerly fellow of All Souls in Oxon, a very good scholar, lately deceased at Greenwich, leaving only two daughters.

This, sir, being all I can at present learn of Mr. Wells, I take opportunity to superadd something which more immediately concerns myself. 'Tis some time since that Dr. Plot, communicating to me your noble design, required me (as from yourself) to give him some account of my own family, &c.: what then I writ I do not now so well approve of: and divers circumstances since that intervening both as

to my fortune (which may possibly transfer my hitherto abode here at Sayes Court in Kent to the seat of my ancestors in Surrey), and honourable charge which his late Majesty conferred on me, of one of the Commissioners of the Privy Seal, seems to require some other account from me than that which Dr. Plot exacted of me, which I desired he would entreat you to manage, not as written by me in my own person (which were a vanity insupportable), but that you would use the sponge, as you thought fit, and as becomes the modesty of one who has no other ambition in this, than that (if needs you will take notice of an inconsiderable man), though I can contribute little to your worthy labour, I may yet endeavour that the honour you intend me, and the glorious university who is pleased to own me, may not suffer through your too great civility, or reproach me of presumption, or ingratitude. I am,

Sir, yours, &c.

SIR,

If I may be so bold I should esteem it a great favour, if at least you have prepared anything concerning me, that you would transmit me a copy thereof before you print it.

*From Sir Richard Bulkeley to John Evelyn.*

*London, 13th April, 1692.*

SIR,

It is from your great sense of religion, and love to learning, that I have been moved to give you the trouble of this; and it is from that also that I hope for my pardon for this, which otherwise were a great presumption. Although you have lived so long in the world as to know the vanity of learning in itself, and that almost all its satisfactions are calculated only for the meridian of this short life, yet you cannot but know that in some particulars it may be instrumental in promoting the glory of God; and that you may contribute in some measure to make it so, is the intent and end of this. The bearer hereof is the son of a poor widow

in London, who, by the charitable care of Dr. Gale, has attained to so great a degree of learning, that upon the public examination at Paul's School he was chosen (with a small exhibition of 10*l.* a-year which the Mercers' Company do allow) to go off to Cambridge. But his learning (of which you will presently be the judge) is much short of his parts and his industry in his studies, and those are yet abundantly of his piety. I have known him a considerable time, and have found in him so deep a sense of religion, and such a pure, meek, humble, and resigned soul, of which in discourse I could give you evident testimonies, that I am fully persuaded he might become a very useful labourer in the Lord's vineyard; but here he sticks, and without the assistance of some Mecænas he cannot subsist at Cambridge. I hope you will pardon the great freedom I have taken in giving him this opportunity of applying himself to you for a charity of, I think, the best and the most useful sort.

I rest, sir,  
Your most humble servant,  
RICHARD BULKELEY.

*From the Bishop of Lincoln (Dr Tenison) to John Evelyn.*

*Buckden, October 3rd, 1692.*

SIR,

Though I have had here a great deal of good company, yet I must own that I still wanted your conversation, especially upon the happening of the earthquake. None in Buckden (that I can hear of) were sensible of it, but it was discerned in divers neighbouring towns, and many have complained to me of a giddiness in their heads which it caused for a while. In the fens, nigh Ely, some turf-diggers were much surprised by it, whilst they perceived the ground to tremble in an unusual manner, and the water to come of a sudden a foot deep into dry pits, and by and by to sink down again.

Since this earthquake, I mused a little upon the nature of earthquakes in general, whilst I was upon the road to

Cambridge, and I here send you my conjectures, to no other end than that I may draw from you some better thoughts upon the subject. My conceit is this. I imagine that the cause of thunder in the clouds is much the same with that of quaking in the earth, the discharge of a nitro-sulphurous matter. I know nothing in nature which goes off with such force, and moving with such speed, as that does; and in this earthquake it must have been something of mighty force to make it so general, and of wonderful celerity to cause it in so many very distant places about the same hour.

If I be not much mistaken in the last earthquake which destroyed Smyrna, a sulphurous flame broke out of the earth and did dreadful execution above-ground; and in this it was here said, that by many persons in London a sulphurous stench was smelt, and by some in Northamptonshire whilst they were hunting; and (if I well remember) the places most subject to earthquakes, as those nigh to Constantinople, abound with sulphur both in the air and in the earth. This nitro-sulphurous matter may be sometimes kindled in the earth by lightning striking into some deep cavity impregnated with that body, and, I think, in the late earthquake in Jamaica, there happened just before it a mighty tempest in the air. Whilst I mention Jamaica, give me leave to transcribe a few words out of Palmer's Almanack, in his observations on September last. "We wish well," says he, "to the island of Jamaica, for if  $\sphericalangle$  be their horoscope, it cannot be of pleasant consequence to that people." Here, though he is too late by some months, and speaks not particularly of an earthquake, yet his singling out of that island this year has something of oddness in it, though nothing of prophecy. But to return to the matter from which I digressed. Sometimes the lightning may kindle the sulphur in the earth and cause an explosion, and by that an earthquake; sometimes some other causes in the bowels of the earth may set it on fire, and then, if it happens in a place where there is little communication by subterraneous caverns, the earthquake may be of less extent and the sulphurous flame may break out as in Vesuvius. But if it happens where there is great store of

nitro-sulphurous matter, and a great communication by long and various channels, perhaps it may be the first matter and by it which it immediately kindles, and so in succession make a very forcible and speedy and general concussion. I doubt not but that there are quantities of nitre and sulphur everywhere in the air and earth, but more especially towards the central parts of the earth, as also that there are innumerable very deep caverns in the earth by which the parts of it have communication. That which made this earthquake, whatsoever it was, moved in passages under the sea, being felt by us and by those beyond the seas that encompass us.

This is the sum of the fancies which came into my head whilst I was passing from Buckden to Cambridge. It may be, if I had slept all the way in my coach, I might have dreamt as philosophically as I now write: however, it will turn to my benefit if the effect of it be a letter of more judicious reflections from so knowing and worthy a friend as yourself to, Sir,

Your very obliged faithful servant,

THOMAS LINCOLN.

*From John Evelyn to the Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Tenison).*

*Sayes-Court, 15th October, 1692.*

MY LORD,

Whatsoever my opinion had been concerning the cause of earthquakes, I am sure it had become me to have submitted to your Lordship's better judgment. But, indeed, I have long had no other sentiments of it than what I find confirmed by your Lordship with so great reason, by so many experiments, and pregnant instances of the irresistible effects of nitre, which no chains can bind. An experiment which was long since made at Gresham College, was enough to convince one. They prepared a ball of solid iron, about the thickness of a pretty cannon bullet, which was hammered both hot and cold, to render it as hard and tough as possible. In this they drilled a small hole to the

centre, and after having dropped in a few grains of gunpowder, and stopping them up by forcing in a screw, exceedingly well riveted at the top, they set it on a pan of charcoal, in a large quadrangle of the College, which no sooner thereby heated, but with a terrible explosion it broke the ball into a thousand pieces. Now though this was common gunpowder, yet, 'tis not the sulphur, but the nitre, which operates with this perniciousity, and breaks all bands whatsoever. The sulphur and coal which enter into the composition and blacken the corns, are only (your Lordship knows) in order to its speedy kindling, adding little else to its force. The consideration whereof frees me from all questionings of the being and power of spirits (I mean intellectual ones), and of creatures and beings invisible. The dire effects of compressed and incarcerated air, when the turnkey fire (sulphur) unlocks the prison-doors, are not to be expressed but with astonishment; nor pass I by a windmill without wonder, to see a stone of that magnitude, and so ponderous, and of so many tons weight, whirled about with that swiftness by something which we do not see, and sometimes hardly feel, for a very little breath will set it going. Indeed it was to this pent-up vapour, that the ancient meteorologists attributed those cholics and convulsions of the earth; but they did not dream of nitre, which, though no more than air contracted, has so much the more violent operation when expanded, as inclines me to think it has raised all the famous fires we meet with, and not only the volcanos at present burning (such as Hecla, Vesuvius, Ætna, Stromboli, &c.) but perhaps most of the mountains of the world, which I fancy might have been thrust up by the force of subterranean fires. Powdered alabaster, chalk and sand being put into a vessel, and set on the fire will, (when hot) boil and bubble up to some pretty and odd resemblances of such protuberances. Nor is it unlikely that where the hills are highest, the caves are as profound underneath them; and that there are vast ones under those Alps and Sierras from whence our rivers derive their plentiful streams, and have their supplies from some such capacious cisterns and *hydro phylatia* as Kircher mentions. Besides these, may there not also be many dry and empty *cryptas*, sometimes above, and sometimes beneath these water receptacles, where Vulcan

and the Cyclops are perpetually at work? And that in process of time, the fire arriving at a bed of nitre and sulphur, blowing up all incumbrances, not only causes these concussions, but frequently spew out great quantities of water? 'Tis evident that the very glebe and soil all about Naples is natural fuel, where I have in many places taken up *sulphur vivum*, both under and above the surface. All the ground both under that noble city and country about it, sounds hollow like a tub. The hot baths, natural stoves, and other extraordinary things of this kind through all that territory, are the effects of subterranean fire, which, feeding on the bituminous and other unctuous and inflammable matter, (which it copiously finds), when it comes once to meet with a stratum of nitre it forces up all above and about it, and makes that prodigious havoc, however thick, deep, and heavy, be the incumbent weight or matter. Thus did Vesuvius, A.D. 1630, and now since (more terrible) at Catania, ejecting stones and huge rocks of monstrous bulk; belching out flames and scattering ashes some hundred leagues distance from the eruption. Now when this nitre has done its execution, and one thinks it quite at rest, (for so it seemed to be for about a thousand years, nay I think ever since the elder Pliny perished there<sup>1</sup>) emitting only a little smoke, it was all this while, it seems, lurking till it came to another stratum, and then up went all again; and thus 'tis evident have been made those deep and dreadful *calderras* both of Vesuvius and Etna. Whether at first these fires were kindled by lightnings from without (as your Lordship well conjectures), or from coruscations within, or by the collision of pyrites and other stones of the arched caverns, the prepared matter soon conceives a kindling, which breaking into a flame, rarifies the stagnant air that bursts those rocky bars, which, till it breaks out, puts oftentimes a country in those paroxysms and ague fits which we call earthquakes. The noise, explosion, and inconceivable swiftness of its motion, affecting so distant places in the same moment almost of time, shows through what recesses, long extended channels and hollow passages (as in

<sup>1</sup> "For in this confidence they built cities and palaces, and planted vineyards and places of pleasure.—J. E."

so many mines), this sulphurous nitre lies in train, ready for the *linstock*. These furnaces are doubtless the laboratories where minerals are concocted into metals, *fluors* sublimated, salts and juices condensed into precious stones, the several ferments imparting various qualities to earths and waters, and promoting vegetation. Nay, who knows (and I pray God we may never know) whether local Hell be not the central fire; or whether this vast terraqueous globe may not one day break like a grenado about our ears, and cast itself into another figure than the deluge did according to the ingenious Doctor's<sup>1</sup> theory?

But, my Lord, from philosophising and conjecture I am rambling I know not whither, when all that I would signify is my full assent to your Lordship's reasoning; verily believing the cause of earthquakes to proceed from the ingredient mentioned, mutually enkindled, and then, in searching vent, tears all up, where it finds the obstacle and shaking all about it. 'Tis observable that Egypt and the lower regions seldom feel these concussions, whilst the mountainous countries are most obnoxious, as most cavernous; especially in hot climates. Sad instances of this are the yet ruins of Old Antioch, Smyrna, &c., and in our days Ragusa, Benevento, Smyrna again, and that terrible one of Jamaica, which had its operation, and was felt as far as England but a few days since. All the mountainous countries of Sicily and Greece and along Dalmatia's side are hollow, perhaps for thousands of miles, even under the very sea itself; as I believe from Vesuvius to Etna, and thence to other further remote mountains and volcanoes, perhaps as far as Iceland, China, and the Andes of Peru, which are full of *picos*, whereof Potosi (that inexhaustible magazine of silver and other metals) seems to be no other. Those furious ravages may also probably have made so many rugged rocks, cliffs, hiatuses and peloponesuses, and have separated those many islands, and scattered, nay, as it were, sowed about the ocean, and divided from the continent; and what if raised in the very sea itself, as the Terceras were, and Teneriffe in the Grand Canaries, not to insist on the new mountain near the Baiæ: So that, my Lord, I am in no distress at all to

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Burnet of the Charter-House.



solve this phenomenon, at least to my own satisfaction. But when all is said, though all proceed from natural causes, yet doubt I not their being inflicted and directed by the Supreme Cause of causes, as judgments upon a sinful world; and for signs of great calamities, if they work no reformation: if they do, of chastisements. Upon these accounts I look on them as portentous and of evil presage, and to show us that there is no stability under heaven, where we can be safe and happy, but in Him alone who laid the foundations of the earth, the Rock of Ages that shall never be removed, when heaven and earth shall pass away.

As to our late earthquake here, I do not find it has left any considerable marks; but at Mons 'tis said it has made some demolitions. I happened to be at my brother's, at Wotton, in Surrey, when the shaking was, and at dinner with much company; yet none of us at table sensible of any motion. But the maid who was then making my bed, and another servant in a garret above her, felt it plainly, and so did my wife's laundry-maid here at Deptford: and, generally, wherever they were above in the upper floors, they felt the trembling most sensibly, for a reason I need not explain to your Lordship. In London, and particularly in Dover Street (where my son's house is), they were greatly affrighted. But the stories that go about in this neighbourhood, by many who are lately returned from Jamaica, are many, and very tragical. I doubt not at the next meeting of Gresham College (which will now shortly be after their usual recess during summer), we shall have ample and authentic histories and discourses on this subject from several places of their correspondents. I cannot, in the meantime, omit acquainting of your Lordship with one very remarkable, which we have received here from credible hands: that during this astonishing and terrible paroxysm, multitudes of people, running distractedly out of their tottering houses, and seeing so many swallowed up and perishing, divers of them espying the minister of the town at some distance ran and compassed him all about, desiring him to pray for them, as immediately he did, all falling on their knees, when, all the ground about them suddenly sinking, the spot only upon which they were at prayer remained a firm and steady island, all the rest of the con

tigious ground turning into a lake, other places into gulphs, which drowned and buried all that stood upon them, and which were very many. And now, my Lord, 'tis time to implore your pardon for this tedious paper, together with your blessing.

*From John Evelyn to his Brother.*

*Dover Street, 5th Jun.<sup>1</sup>*

DEAR BROTHER,

The occasion of my writing at present, is from a visit made me this evening from Sir Richard Onslow. After the common civilities were passed between us, he informed me that his coming to me at this time, was to desire I would acquaint you with the late Chief Baron Montague's intention of disposing of Baynard's, and his offering it to him as lying so conveniently to his estate in that part of Surrey. But that he should be very tender in dealing for it, if it should in any sort be to the prejudice of one, for whom he had so great a respect, and which he would endeavour to preserve to our family. I told him, that I was sure you would own this expression as a signal instance of his great civility, as became you. As for Baynard's, I presumed he could not but know the injury had been done you by my sisters, in taking that estate so unhandsomely from you, without any colour of justice or cause given. Sir Richard, however, pressed me to write to you about it, and that you please to let him know your convenience, and whether with your good liking, he might be encouraged to proceed with Mr. Montague; for that he had promised to return him a positive answer within ten days. I assured him I would write to you by the very first opportunity, and that I did not question but you would speedily command me to wait on him with your answer, and, in all events, acknowledge this great mark of his friendship and neighbourly respect. What safe title Mr. Montague could

<sup>1</sup> The date of this letter is uncertain; but it seems most likely to belong to 1692, when Evelyn was residing in Dover Street.

make to what he came so surreptitiously by, I would not undertake to determine; but I believe you would not wish so good and worthy a friend as Sir Richard Onslow to deal for an estate which, being detained fraudulently, might possibly create him any trouble or misunderstanding between so good and ancient neighbours: and whatever reply you think fit to make, let it, I pray, be so written, that I may show Sir Richard the whole letter; or rather (which I suppose he will receive as a greater respect) write to himself, and I will wait on him with it. I wrote to you the last week in answer to a former of yours at large. I pray God give you ease of your infirmity, and believe me to be, my dear brother, &c. &c.

*From Sir Dudley Cullum to John Evelyn.*

*Hampstead, 5th Jan., 1692-3.*

SIR,

I cannot but think myself obliged, in gratitude, to give you an account how well your late invented stoves for a green-house succeeds (by the experience I have had of it), which has certainly more perfection than ever yet art was before master of. I have perused your directions in laying my pipes (made of crucible earth), not too near the fire-grate, which is nigh upon or better than sixteen inches above, and by making a trench the whole length of my house under the paving (for the air to issue out and blow the fire), of a convenient breadth and depth (that is eighteen inches both ways, covered with an arch of brick), leaving a hole open under the fire-grate almost as wide, and at the other end of the trench having a square iron plate answerable to that of my paving, to take off and put on, with a round hole at each corner of about three inches diameter, with a lid to slide open and shut upon every one of them (as you may have seen upon some porridge-pot covers), so that by opening any one of these holes, or all of them more or less, or by taking off the whole plates, I can release such a quantity of air out of the house to blow the fire, so as to increase or diminish the blast; and as you were pleased by letter to inform me concerning

distributing the air at its admission more equally through the house, I have inserted my pipes into a channel all along the wall at the end of the house; with these several overtures you mentioned, all which, sir, I assure you prove most admirably well, and by this free and generous communication of yours, you must have highly obliged all the lovers of the recreation, as well as,

Sir, your most faithful servant,

D. CULLUM.

*From Robert Berkeley to John Evelyn.*

*Spetchley, 20th April, 1693.*

I HAD before this made my acknowledgments to Mr. Evelyn for the favour of his acceptable present, but I was willing to read some part of the book, which you have done the honour to translate<sup>1</sup> and let be published under your name, for which you are so far from needing an apology, that both Monsieur Quintinye himself, and the rest of our gardeners of this age, must take their original from you, and all the ingenious that study universal gardening will confess it. Monsieur Quintinye is very curious in his tract of fruit-trees, which le Sieur Le Gendre, curé d'Hernonville, has been before in his *Manière de cultiver les Arbres Fruitiers*, and Monsieur Morin, in his *Traité pour la Taille des Arbres*. I find likewise much of his observation in Monsieur Laurent's *Abrégé pour les Arbres nains*, dedicated to Monsieur Quintinye; and in the *Jardinier Royal*, with the *Nouvelle Instruction pour connoître les bons Fruits selon le mois de l'année*, by Monsieur Claude St. Etienne. Monsieur Quintinye is very curious likewise in his *Légumes*, and in his distinction of fruits, and seems to exceed the former in his particular direction in the ordering of them. But he is most to be admired in his method of pruning, or rather, his anatomy of fruit-trees, which is one of the most difficult parts of gardening, and has not before attained to that perfection. I give you many thanks for the vines, which were very well

<sup>1</sup> Treatise on Orange Trees.

put up, and came safe hither. I am highly indebted to these and your former favours, particularly the great honour you have done me in your *Kalendarium Hortense*. Your disposition to oblige all the world, must occasion a continuance of your favours to one who is most unworthy of them. I can only beg of you freely to dispose of me, having a just right of prescription in whatever I may render you any service; being with due regard to our patron, and with sincere affection,

Sir, your most humble servant,

R. BERKELEY.

P.S. These herein-mentioned, with the *Remarques nécessaires pour la Culture des Fleurs*, by Monsieur P. Morin, and the *Théâtre de Jardinage*, with the *Jardine Potager*, by Aristote, I have bound together in six tomes, with the *French Gardener*, which might be yet of some use in their version, by reason there are remarks in gardening not yet in English. Is the *Jardinier du Pays-Bas* translated into English? These, with submission, I refer to you, who have so much obliged the public with your former translations, and much more with your own works, many of them already extant, and the rest we must hope for from your manuscripts not yet known but to your retirements.

*From John Evelyn to Mrs. M. Tuke.*

DEAR COUSIN,

Knowing how much you are in the confidence of my daughters, and have opportunities of seeing a gentleman who sometimes made his court at Somersethouse, for whom I really have great respect, and would not he should think it has at any time been lessened by some misunderstanding I hear of: that, therefore, I may take off all mistakes and prejudices, by a free *éclaircissement* of particulars, I will first begin with Sir Lawrence Staughton. Long after Mr. B. had, as I believed, given over all intentions of making any further application here, my brother Glanvill proposed Sir L. S. to us, and when I came (at the beginning of summer last)

to Wotton, my brother Evelyn then spoke very earnestly to me about it. In the meantime, Mr. B. desired to know, whether if by the end of the Michaelmas Term (then ensuing) he had a hearing and determination of his suit in Chancery to his advantage, he might be admitted to proceed again, which my wife returned an answer to. That term expiring, and nothing done by which he could well settle any present jointure (without much hazard), I could not imagine that the admitting one visit only (for it was no more) of a gentleman who made no address until the end of November, was to be rejected, Mr. B. being himself uncertain of bringing his concerns to any conclusion, as I was informed from his own lawyer. In this circumstance could I do less than propose Sir L. S. to my daughter, or more for Mr. B. than (when I found her uneasy) to desire him not to make any addresses, in as fair and decent a manner as I could. That I acquainted my brother Evelyn how unhappy I was, beset so with difficulties, is but what I thought myself obliged to do to those who proposed him to us, when Mr. B. had desisted. I must in the meantime own, that Sir Lawrence was a person whom I could not but see to be every way suitable to my circumstances, so near the place where I am likely (with God's blessing) to continue our family, and to whom we formerly had a near relation, and which would have renewed a considerable interest in the country, with such other inducements as might have made a less indulgent father to have used authority in these encounters, where there was no exception. But I have been so far from doing it, that I have, since all this, again utterly rejected a proposal of another person of great estate, and every way qualified beyond any reasonable exception, to gratify inclinations of what I all along, and as far as I am able, have set apart for my daughter's portion to be accepted of, as it would have been by those I mentioned, who yet did offer a very ample jointure and indisputable settlement. As, therefore, to the addition of 500*l.* more, which I understand by you is insisted on, it is what I could never promise positively, because it may never be in my power: but as it is not twice that sum which I could stick to give to make my daughter happy, so I must not oblige myself by covenant, and make

that a debt on my estate which I do in kindness only, if God shall me able. The present estate hanging over me, being so many ways encumbered; and what I now possess, so settled as I cannot reasonably charge it; nor is there reason I should, since by the method of even a Smithfield bargain, there ought to be a proportionable addition of 50*l.* per annum to the jointure of 200*l.* a-year, which is worth a thousand pounds. Many other things I could say upon this article, but I will not tire a fair lady, whose friendship and prudence I rely on for my justification, and if need be, for reconciliation, to make use of this paper as you think convenient. If the pretended lover outweigh the five hundred pounds, there will need, I think, few words to the bargain.

I am, Dearest Cousin, &c.

*From John Evelyn to Dr. Plot.*

*Sayes-Court, 27th August, 1693.*

WORTHY DOCTOR,

Our common and excellent friend, Mr. Pepys, acquaints me, that you would be glad to know upon what I am at present engaged relating to *Coins*, there being (it seems) a design of publishing something about that subject as they concern the money of this nation. It is true indeed (and as I remember to have told you) that I had blotted some sheets upon an argument of that nature, but without the least reference to current money, ancient or modern, but on such *Medals* as relate purely to something historical, which does not at all interfere with other coins, unless it be such as our *Spur-royal*, as they call it, being a single stamp of gold, and, as you know, suggesting something of our story here in England, besides its intrinsic value, upon which account I may have occasion to mention it. For the rest, I meddle not with them. But this prompts me to send my request to you for the assistance you promised, by imparting to me what you had of this kind, which might contribute to what I am now preparing, and by which you will very much oblige,

Sir, yours, &c.

*From John Evelyn to Lord Spencer.*

*Deptford, 4th September, 1693.*

MY LORD,

Though I have not the opportunity of waiting on your lordship so often as I ought and should do, was I perfectly at my own disposeure (which by reason of many impediments in my circumstances of late I neither have been, nor as yet am), yet my worthiest thoughts and inclinations are never absent from you; and I often revive myself with the meditation of your virtues, and some very few noble young persons more, when that of the sad decadence of the age we live and converse in interposes its melancholy prospect.

I was with great appetite coming to take a repast in the noble library which I hear you have lately purchased (and by the catalogue I have seen, must needs be a very chosen collection), when at the same time I understand you are taking a journey with resolution of making a tour about England, thereby joining to books and paper-descriptions, experience; and to speculation, the seeing of the things themselves. It has certainly been a great mistake and very preposterous in our education, the usually sending our young gentlemen to travel abroad, and see foreign countries, before they have seen or known anything of their own. Your lordship remembers who says it, *Ne sis peregrinus domi*; and therefore worthily done, and memorable in my Lord Treasurer Burleigh, to hinder the Council, who in those days it seems used to give passes to travel, from granting them to any who had not first seen and could give a good account of their own country. Your lordship, therefore, has taken the best and most natural method; and I know not what can now be added to the rest of your accomplishments, but the continuance of your health, which I shall pray may attend all your motions, who am,

My lord, your, &c.



*From Dr. Plot to John Evelyn.**Threadneedle Street, London, 2nd October, 1693.*

HONOURED SIR,

According to your desire, I have looked out all the historical medals I have in my possession, which I have laid aside for your use, whenever you please to call for them. In the meantime I must beg a favour of you in behalf of the University of Oxford, who are now publishing a tract of Plutarch's concerning education, and would gladly add another of St. Chrysostom, published in France by Combesis, in Greek, could they meet with the book. Paul's Churchyard and Little Britain have been searched for it without success, nor is there now any hopes left but in you, who it seems have translated it into English, wherefore they presume you must have the Greek copy, which they promise themselves (upon my importunity) you will be pleased to accommodate them with. Wherein you are also desired to be very speedy, because they design to have both tracts out before Christmas. Our common and most excellent friend, Mr. Pepys, told me this day he hoped to see you this week, with whom, should I be out of town (as I guess I may on Wednesday and Thursday, in quest of some Roman antiquities now under my consideration), I desire you would leave the book; wherein you will very much oblige the whole University, and amongst them more particularly,

Your most humble and obliged servant,

ROB. PLOT.

*From Robert Berkeley to John Evelyn.**Worcester, Oct. 26th, 1693.*

SIR,

In my last I think I did not justice to Monsieur Quintinye, having not then been so well acquainted with his book, which is the best of any of that kind (I presume) in

the extent of it; but in the general, doubtless your works are much more preferable as comprehending the universal art of gardening; and were they printed, as they are wished by all who have any knowledge of them, would be the most celebrated in the world, and remain as a rule to govern us in future ages; which I hope you will consider of, both in duty to yourself and your country, that what you have not time to digest into the requisite order, whilst you live, you will leave them in such hands as shall see them published. I should highly recommend Mr. Bentley to you, if you were a stranger to him or to his merit. I believe there is nothing in your power you can deny him, being a lover and patron of all virtue and learning. I entreat of you and your excellent lady to accept my most humble services.

I am, with real affection,

Your most faithful friend,

R. BERKELEY.

*From James Quine to John Evelyn.*

28th March, 1694.

MOST HONOURED SIR,

These are from him who lately made you the late visit, and was troublesomely curious concerning Milton, the greatest man that ever rose in civil poetry, nor know I any greater in prose: let Shakspeare live, and let Mr. Cowley not die, wherein he is chaste, but not compared. But still may we not say that poetry has been for the most part divorced from its proper use and end, and obliged to contract strange marriages with vanity and vice, and spend itself in flattery and lying, in confounding the good and the bad, in emptiness and debauch, in saying all that it can say, without any regard to truth or virtue or honour, and that her fall is equal to that of the son of the morning. It is long, excellent sir, that I have honoured and very much loved your name, your character, your genius, and your writings, and the solid and the obstinate friendship you seem to me to have held with virtue and religion in the midst of a crooked and a foolish generation; though never till last summer, at

my Lord of Canterbury's (my old and most honoured friend and acquaintance), had the honour and the happiness to be acquainted with you, if yet I enjoy it, or if yet you permit it. However, I shall presume to write myself, Sir,

Your meanest servant,

JAMES QUINE.

*From the Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Tenison) to John Evelyn.*

5th April, 1694.

GOOD SIR,

I received yours, and with it the MSS. I am glad you go on with your work. I forgot to show you a gold medal coined at the coronation of James I.

This morning the Earl of Pembroke sent a letter to me, which sets forth that a fiery exhalation coming from the sea into Montgomeryshire, hath travelled far by land and burnt such hay, stubble, and straw as hath stood in its way. It has fired the straw of some houses, and by that the houses themselves, but of itself it is languid and burns not wood or any compact body. It hath spread itself many furlongs in both breadth and length. The hand he had it from, he assured me, was good; perhaps to you this is not an original, to me it is. God bless yourself and family.

I am, Sir,

Your assured servant,

THOMAS LINCOLN.

*From Sir Dudley Cullum to John Evelyn.*

Hampstead, 14th May, 1694.

I OUGHT long since to have given you thanks for the favour of your letter, had I not a desire to see my plants removed from their winter quarters ere I satisfied your request of hearing how it agreed with them. As for my stove, at one time this winter it had fire day and night for a fortnight together, and found the heat managed with a great deal of ease, and, notwithstanding the closeness of

the place, yet, by the admission of that air you advised, gave such a freedom of breathing as one would have thought himself abroad in the open air in April, when in January all things then without doors were freezing very hard. As for my orange-trees, they looked as well as I could wish; and other plants carried a complexion as in summer, such as myrtles, Spanish and Indian jessamines, oleanders, with some of less worth, which endured their winter quarters extremely well. My green-house is about fifty-eight feet in length, fourteen in breadth, and ten high; my orange-trees were full of blossom-buds all the winter, and have had some blown in April, as in the most usual and natural season. Pray, Sir, pardon this tedious relation from

Your humble servant,

D. CULLUM.

*From John Evelyn to the Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Tenison).*

*Wotton, 29th May, 1694.*

MY LORD,

It is none of the least mortifications, that besides other circumstances obliging me to be at this distance from my old abode, I cannot have the opportunity of waiting on your Lordship and receiving those advantages and improvements which I always returned with whenever I came from my Lord of Lincoln. We are here in no unpleasant solitude. Some good books which I find here, with a cart load which I brought along with me, serve to alleviate the tediousness of sitting still; but we know nothing of new, but what our friends from your side impart to us. Mr. Pepys sent me last week the Journal of Sir John Narbrough and Captain Wood;<sup>1</sup> together with Mr. Wharton's Preface to his intended History of the Life of Archbishop Laud.<sup>2</sup> I do not know whether I might do the learned editor (for it seems he only publishes a MS. written

<sup>1</sup> Entitled, "An Account of several late Voyages and Discoveries to the South and North, towards the Straits of Magellan, the South Seas," &c. 8vo. 1694.

<sup>2</sup> Printed in two folio volumes in 1695—1700.

by that great prelate of his own life) any service, by acquainting him with a passage relating to that person, namely, the jubilee which the sacrifice of the Bishop caused among some at Rome; it being my hap to be in that city, and in company of divers of the English fathers (as they call them), when the news of his suffering, and the sermon he made upon the scaffold, arrived there; which I well remember they read, and commented on, with no small satisfaction, and (as I thought) contempt, as of one taken off who was an enemy to them, and stood in their way: whilst one of the blackest crimes imputed to him was (we may well call to mind) his being Popishly affected. I know not, I say, whether the Memoirs may be of any import to Mr. Wharton, with whom I have no acquaintance: I therefore acquaint your Lordship with it, and in the forms almost that I have mentioned and subjoined to my Discourse of Medals under that of this Archbishop's figure, which, together with my copy, I have now sent Benjamin Tooke to print (as he desires) if it be worth his while. I add nothing more but that of my wife's humble service to you and my Lady, and that there is still a part of our small family at Sayes-Court, where my daughter Draper and husband are the young economists, and all of us concerned to beg your Lordship's blessing and prayer especially.

Your, &c.

I should rejoice to hear how Mr. Bentley proceeds with the library at Whitehall. I hope your Lordship will mind him of the Sermons he owes us and the public; I hear nothing of the Bishop of Chichester, who is likewise in our debt.

*From John Evelyn to Edmund Gibson<sup>1</sup> (afterwards Bishop of London).*

*Wotton, 31st May, 1694.*

SIR,

To the notes and papers you desired of me, I have since endeavoured to inform myself in those parti-

<sup>1</sup> "The learned person who published the Saxon Chronicle, and was now setting forth a new edition of Camden's Britannia, with additions. —J. E."

culars you mentioned, and which I presume are come to you; and now, by this letter from a friend of mine, well acquainted with the trustees of Dog Smith (as he is called), I send you the particulars of that extraordinary benefactor to this county. You may please to take notice, that besides what I writ to you of George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, and his brother Robert, Bishop of Salisbury, he had at the same time Moris, another brother, who was Lord Mayor of London; all sons of the same clothier, and natives of Guildford. Also that Hammond, whom I mentioned, was not only a benefactor to the school there, but founder of a fellowship at Baliol College, Oxon. John de la Haye died about three hundred years since, about whom and other particulars expect in my next, for I would not retard the printer longer than is necessary, who remain,

Your, &c.

*From John Evelyn to Mr. Benjamin Tooke (Printer).*

*Wotton, 2nd June, 1694.*

MR. TOOKE,

*Tarde, sed tandem.* At last I send you the copy you have so long expected; never the worse, I hope, for coming no sooner. I wish it may answer the pains I have taken in compiling: for it would amount to the value of many Medals. I was indeed unwilling it should escape from me without something more than an ordinary treatise. It will therefore require a more than ordinary supervisor. You tell me, such a one you have; if not, pray make use of the poor man I directed to you, who is also acquainted with my hand, and will be ready to assist you. There being abundance of writers on this subject in all other polite European languages, and but one very short and partial one in ours, will I hope render this the more acceptable, and give ferment to the curious. I expect attacks from some peevish quarter, in this angry age; but so it make for your interest, and satisfy equitable judges, I shall not be much concerned.

The Medals which are here sent you, pray take care of,

and deliver but one by one to your graver, nor supply him with any other till he returns you that he is graving with the plate. You will find I have marked the paper, wherein you must keep the plates, and apply to the pages as directed by which you will avoid mistakes, easily fallen into without some such method. Such as you are to have from the Earl of Clarendon, Dr. Plot, &c. I will take care to procure you by the time these are despatched. As for the graving, so the contours and outlines be well designed, I am not solicitous for the hatching (as they call it), since we have laudable examples of the other in Grutor, Spanheim, and other excellent authors. Mr. White, if he have leisure, will be your best man; and for the volume, I should think a thin moderate folio, with a fair letter, most desirable. As for the title, epistle and preface, I shall provide you in good time, and as I see cause; only I pray take special care of the insertions and paragraphs which I have marked [. When all this is finished, I purpose a very accurate index. This being all at present, I wish you good success, and am,

Your, &c.

*From the Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Tenison) to John Evelyn.*

*Bukden, 19th June, 1694.*

GOOD SIR,

Your letter dated May 30th, came not to me till June 17th at night. It was the comfortablest letter I received that post; all the rest were filled with ill news from Brest and out of Flanders, the latter of which I have reason to think is false. That passage of yours relating to Bishop Laud is very remarkable, and touches the main point. I am glad your Book of Medals is coming out, and that that passage is inserted: for Mr. Wharton has done all he intends by writing that preface which he sent to me. The book is all Bishop Laud's own, so that he neither adds nor alters, unless in the margin, and I believe the book is by this time all printed off: however, I will write to him into Kent next post. I'm sure my letter will be very agreeable to him upon the account of the insertion. I have had

lately sent to me six little pieces of coin (all of a sort) found in an urn by a ploughman, nigh Mildnall, in Norfolk. At a court held by the Dean and Chapter of Ely, it was presented as treasure trove, they being the Lords. One of the Prebends sent them. The inscription is not very legible especially by my eyes, but they seem to be coin stamped by W. Rufus, or about that time. Please to give my wife's and my own hearty services to Mrs. Evelyn.

I am your affectionate friend

T. LINCOLN.

There is a book in 12mo, called *Religion and Reason* lately printed for Rogers in Fleet Street, which may perhaps give you an hour's good diversion.

*From James Quine to John Evelyn.*

9th January, 1694-5.

HONOURED SIR,

Though I have been obliged to you, and that for the charming manner of the obligation (so natural to yourself and easy) more than the matter, yet I hope I have not lost the friend in you when I most want it. If I know myself and the value I had for you, I think I would cheerfully have served you, had it lain in my power, in a hundred times the sum, and have been abundantly recompensed in the pleasure of serving you. Farewell, excellent man, and forgive this trouble from him who has cultivated poverty, and found it a greater treasure than riches, and which, if Suetonius may be credited, was, with a happy retirement, the biggest ambition of Augustus, and a fortune he preferred to that of the Roman Empire. But it has its agonies and its pressures which he never knew, in which he himself would have had recourse to a friend, when an honourable industry had failed of its reward; which is my case, witness much translation of the best things, and much original of the nature of the enclosed, where the verse is purposely written low and incorrect, that the many who are so, may edify thereby.

I am with great sincerity, worthy Sir,

Your obliged, humble servant,

JAMES QUINE.



*From Archbishop Tenison to John Evelyn.**St. Martin's Church Yard, 20th April, 1695.*

SIR,

I had yours, and have spoken to my Lord King about a meeting in order to the better carrying on the design of the Hospital at Greenwich. The parliament will now soon be up, and then I presume we shall meet, and not before. When I have the happiness of seeing you, we may discourse the business about the Chapel you speak of; I will do all I can in the case. I have with this sent you my sermon at the Queen's funeral: though I ordered one long ago, yet I fear it was not sent; you will excuse the plainness of it. There is come forth an answer to it, said to be written by Bishop Kenn; but I am not sure he is the author: I think he has more wit and less malice. I saw this day a medal in which the Queen's face is better hit than I ever saw in picture or on medal. I wish you all the blessings convenient for you, and shall ever be your faithful friend,

THOMAS CANTUAR.

*From Archbishop Tenison to John Evelyn.**Lambeth, 19th July, 1695.*

GOOD SIR,

I am very sorry I could not meet with you on Friday last, or see you this day: my business is such that I cannot help leaving part of it undone. I will consider of the proposition about a maritime college; I like it extremely well, everything of this kind moves so slowly that it discourages, but I will not faint for my part. I shall heartily pray for the better health of your excellent lady, and for the happiness of your family.

I am your assured friend,

THOMAS CANTUAR.

*From John Evelyn to William Wotton.*<sup>1</sup>

*Wotton, 30th March, 1696.*

SIR,

I most heartily beg your pardon for detaining your books so unreasonably long after I had read them, which I did with great satisfaction, especially the Life of Descartes, The truth is I had some hopes of seeing you here again, for methought (or at least I flattered myself with it) you said at parting you would do us that favour before my going to London, whither I am, God willing, setting out to-morrow or next day for some time; not without regret, unless I receive your commands, if I may be any ways serviceable to you, in order to that noble undertaking you lately mentioned to me, I mean your generous offer and inclination to write the Life of our illustrious philosopher, Mr. Boyle, and to honour the memory of a gentleman of that singular worth and virtue. I am sure if you persist in that design England shall never envy France, or need a Gassendus or Baillet to perpetuate and transmit the memory of one not only equalling, but in many things transcending either of those excellent and indeed extraordinary persons, whom their pens have rendered immortal. I wish myself was furnished to afford you any considerable supplies (as you desired) after my so long acquaintance with Mr. Boyle, who had honoured me with his particular esteem, now very near forty years, as I might have done by more duly cultivating frequent opportunities he was pleased to allow me. But so it is, that his life and virtues have been so conspicuous, as you will need no other light to direct you, or subject-matter to work on, than what is so universally known, and by what he has done and published in his books. You may perhaps need some particulars as to his birth, family, education, and other less necessary circumstances for introduction: and such other passages of his life as are not so distinctly known but by his own relations. In this if I can serve you, I shall do it with great readiness, and I hope success; having some pretence by my wife, in whose grandfather's house (which is

<sup>1</sup> This was the Dr. Wotton remarkable for his learning as a boy, and for no extraordinary wisdom as a man. See *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 138, *note*; and *Note* at p. 359.

now mine at Deptford) the father of this gentleman was so conversant, that, contracting an affinity there, he left his (then) eldest son with him whilst himself went into Ireland, who, in his absence dying, lies buried in our parish church, under a remarkable monument.<sup>1</sup> I mention this because, my wife's relation to that family giving me access to divers of his nearest kindred, the Countess Dowager of Clancarty (living now in a house of my son's in Doverstreet) and the Countess of Thanet, both his nieces, will, I question not, be able to inform what they cannot but know of those and other circumstances of their uncle, which may not be unworthy of your notice; especially my Lady Thanet who is a great virtuosa, and uses to speak much of her uncle. You know she lives in one of my Lord of Nottingham's houses at St. James's, and therefore will need no introducer there. I will wait upon my Lord Burlington if there be occasion, provided in the meantime (and after all this officiousness of mine) it be not the proffer of a very useless service; since my Lord Bishop of Salisbury, who made us expect what he is now devolving on you, cannot but be fully instructed in all particulars.

It is now, as I said, almost forty years since first I had the honour of being acquainted with Mr. Boyle; both of us newly returned from abroad, though, I know not how, never meeting there. Whether he travelled more in France than Italy, I cannot say, but he had so universal an esteem in foreign parts, that not any stranger of note or quality, learned or curious, coming into England, but used to visit him with the greatest respect and satisfaction imaginable.

Now, as he had an early inclination to learning (so especially to that part of philosophy he so happily succeeded in), he often honoured Oxford, and those gentlemen there, with his company, who more peculiarly applied themselves to the examination of the so long domineering methods and jargon of the schools. You have the names of this learned junto, most of them since deservedly dignified in that elegant history of the Royal Society, which must ever own its rise from that assembly, as does the preservation of that famous University from the fanatic rage and avarice

<sup>1</sup> A Tent and Map of Ireland in relievo.

of those melancholy times. These, with some others (whereof Mr. Boyle, the Lord Viscount Brouncker, Sir Robert Murray, were the most active), spirited with the same zeal, and under a more propitious influence, were the persons to whom the world stands obliged for the promoting of that generous and real knowledge, which gave the ferment that has ever since obtained, and surmounted all those many discouragements which it at first encountered. But by no man more have the territories of the most useful philosophy been enlarged, than by our *hero*, to whom there are many trophies due. And accordingly his fame was quickly spread, not only among us here in England, but through all the learned world besides. It must be confessed that he had a marvellous sagacity in finding out many useful and noble experiments. Never did stubborn matter come under his inquiry but he extorted a confession of all that lay in her most intimate recesses; and what he discovered he as faithfully registered, and frankly communicated; in this exceeding my Lord Verulam, who (though never to be mentioned without honour and admiration) was used to tell all that came to hand without much examination. His was probability; Mr. Boyle's suspicion of success. Sir, you will here find ample field, and infinitely gratify the curious with a glorious and fresh survey of the progress he has made in these discoveries. Freed from those incumbrances which now and then render the way a little tedious, 'tis abundantly recompensing the pursuit; especially those noble achievements of his, made in the spring and weight of the two most necessary elements of life, air and water, and their effects. The origin of forms, qualities, and principles of matter: histories of cold, light, colours, gems, effluvia, and other his works so firmly established on experiments, polychrests, and of universal use to real philosophy: besides other beneficial inventions peculiarly his; such as the dulcifying sea-water with that ease and plenty, together with many medicinal remedies, cautions, directions, curiosities and arcana, which owe their birth or illustration to his indefatigable researches. He brought the phosphorus and antelUCA to the clearest light that ever any did, after innumerable attempts. It were needless to insist on particulars to one who knows them better than myself. You will not, however, omit

those many other treatises relating to religion, which indeed runs through all his writings upon occasion, and show how unjustly that aspersion has been cast on philosophy, that it disposes men to atheism. Neither did his severer studies yet sour his conversation in the least. He was the furthest from it in the world, and I question whether ever any man has produced more experiments to establish his opinions without dogmatising. He was a *Corpuscularian* without Epicurus; a great and happy analyzer, addicted to no particular sect, but, as became a generous and free philosopher, preferring truth above all; in a word, a person of that singular candour and worth, that to draw a just character of him one must run through all the virtues, as well as through all the sciences.<sup>1</sup> And though he took the greatest care imaginable to conceal the most illustrious of them, his charities and the many good works he continually did, could not be hid. It is well known how large his bounty was upon all occasions. Witness the Irish, Indian, Lithuanian Bibles, to the translations, printing, and publishing of which he laid out considerable sums; and the Catechism and Principles of the Christian Faith, which I think he caused to be put into Turkish, and dispersed amongst those infidels. And here you will take notice of the lecture he has endowed and so seasonably provided for.

As to his relations (so far as I have heard), his father, Richard Boyle, was *faber fortunæ*; a person of wonderful sagacity in affairs, and no less probity, by which he compassed a vast estate and great honours to his posterity, which was very numerous, and so prosperous, as has given to the public both divines and philosophers, soldiers, politicians, and statesmen, and spread its branches among the most illustrious and opulent of our nobility. Mr. Robert Boyle, born I think in Ireland, was the youngest, to whom he left a fair estate; to which was added an honorary pay of a troop of horse, if I mistake not. And now, though amongst all his experiments he never made that of the married life, yet I have been told he courted a beautiful and ingenious daughter of Carew, Earl of Monmouth; to which is owing the birth of his 'Seraphic Love,' and the

<sup>1</sup> See the second edition of Bishop Sanderson's "De Juramenti promissorii obligatione," dedicated to Boyle.

first of his productions. DESCARTES<sup>1</sup> was not so innocent. In the meantime he was the most facetious and agreeable conversation in the world among the ladies, whenever he happened to be so engaged; and yet so very serious, composed, and contemplative at all other times; though far from moroseness, for indeed he was affable and civil rather to excess, yet without formality.

As to his opinion in religious matters and discipline, I could not but discover in him the same free thoughts which he had of philosophy; not in notion only, but strictly as to practice, an excellent Christian; and the great duties of that profession, without noise, dispute, or determining; owning no master but the Divine Author of it; no religion but primitive, no rule but Scripture, no law but right reason. For the rest, always conformable to the present settlement, without any sort of singularity. The mornings, after his private devotions, he usually spent in philosophic studies and in his laboratory, sometimes extending them to night: but he told me he had quite given over reading by candle-light, as injurious to his eyes. This was supplied by his amanuensis, who sometimes read to him, and wrote out such passages as he noted, and that so often in loose papers, packed up without method, as made him sometimes to seek upon occasion, as himself confesses in divers of his works. Glasses, pots, chemical and mathematical instruments, books and bundles of papers, did so fill and crowd his bed-chamber, that there was but just room for a few chairs; so as his whole equipage was very philosophical without formality. There were yet other rooms, and a small library (and so you know had DESCARTES),<sup>2</sup> as learning more from men, real experiments, and in his laboratory (which was ample and well furnished), than from books.

I have said nothing of his style, which those who are better judges think he was not so happy in, as in his experiments. I do not call it affected, but doubtless not answerable to the rest of his great and shining parts; and yet, to do him right, it was much improved in his 'Theodora and later writings.

<sup>1</sup> "Who confesses he had a bastard daughter. See M. Baillet in *Vita Descartes*—J. E."

<sup>2</sup> "One at Egmond desiring to see his library, he brought him to a room where he was dissecting a calf.—J. E."

In his diet (as in habit) he was extremely temperate and plain; nor could I ever discern in him the least passion, transport, or censoriousness, whatever discourse or the times suggested. All was tranquil, easy, serious, discreet and profitable; so as, besides Mr. Hobbes, whose hand was against everybody and admired nothing but his own, Francis Linus excepted (who yet with much civility wrote<sup>1</sup> against him), I do not remember he had the least antagonist.

In the afternoons he was seldom without company, which was sometimes so incommodious, that he now and then repaired to a private lodging in another quarter of the town, and at other times (as the season invited) diverted himself in the country among his noble relations.

He was rather tall and slender of stature, for most part valetudinary, pale and much emaciated; nor unlike his picture in Gresham College; which, with an almost impudent importunity, was, at the request of the Society, hardly extorted, or rather stolen, from this modest gentleman by Sir Edmund King, after he had refused it to his nearest relations.

In his first addresses, being to speak or answer, he did sometimes a little hesitate, rather than stammer, or repeat the same word; imputable to an infirmity, which, since my remembrance, he had exceedingly overcome. This, as it made him somewhat slow and deliberate, so, after the first effort, he proceeded without the least interruption, in his discourse. And I impute this impediment much to the frequent attacks of palsies, contracted, I fear, not a little by his often attendance on chemical operations. It has plainly astonished me to have seen him so often recover, when he has not been able to move, or bring his hand to his mouth: and indeed the contecture of his body, during the best of his health, appeared to me so delicate, that I have frequently compared him to a chrystal, or Venice glass; which, though wrought never so thin and fine, being carefully set up, would outlast the hardier metals of daily use: and he was withal as clear and candid; not a blemish

<sup>1</sup> "Viz. Tract. de Corporum Inseparabilitate, &c. Svo. Lond. 1661. —J. E."

or spot to tarnish his reputation : and he lasted accordingly, though not to a great, yet to a competent age ; threescore years I think ; and to many more he might, I am persuaded, have arrived, had not his beloved sister, the Lady Viscountess Ranalagh, with whom he lived, a person of extraordinary talent and suitable to his religious and philosophical temper, died before him. But it was then that he began evidently to droop apace ; nor did he, I think, survive her above a fortnight. But of this last scene I can say little, being unfortunately absent, and not knowing of the danger till it was past recovery.

His funeral (at which I was present) was decent, and, though without the least pomp, yet accompanied with a great appearance of persons of the best and noblest quality, besides his own relations.

He lies interred (near his sister) in the chancel of St. Martin's church ; the Lord Bishop of Salisbury preaching the funeral sermon with that eloquence natural to him on such, and all other occasions. The sermon, you know, is printed with the panegyric so justly due to his memory. Whether there have been, since, any other monument erected on him, I do not know, nor is it material. His name (like that of Joseph Scaliger) were alone a glorious epitaph.

And now, sir, I am again to implore your pardon for giving you this interruption with things so confusedly huddled up this afternoon, as they crowded into my thoughts. The subject you see is fruitful, and almost inexhaustible. Argument fit for no man's pen but Mr. Wotton's. Oblige then all the world, and with it,

Sir, your, &c.

*From William Wotton to John Evelyn.*

HONOURED SIR,

7th April, 1696.

I was unfortunately out of the way when you did me the honour to send me that admirable and obliging letter concerning Mr. Boyle, and was so fatigued on my return, by my coming home upon a lame horse, that I could not wait upon you a Sunday at Wotton as I intended to do. I cannot sufficiently express my thanks to you for



your excellent Lints; if my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury encourages me, and I can get those materials out of Mr. Warre's hands, which I was speaking of, I will set about it. I suppose you will receive by the penny-post, two Philosophical Transactions, no. 219, in which is my abridgment of Signor Scilla's book of Shells. I had brought more down for that purpose; but not being able to compass my design of waiting upon you at Wooton, I have sent to the bookseller to convey them to you that way. One of them, with my humblest thanks, I would entreat you to present to Sir Cyril Wyche, when you see him. I wish I knew how to express the joy I feel in having my poor projects approved by so great a judge and patron of learning and its well-wishers.

I am, honoured Sir,  
Your most obliged servant,  
W. WOTTON.

*The same to John Evelyn.*

*Albury, 24th May, 1696.*

HONOURED SIR,

Your last obliging letter has put me into greater fears than anything that ever befel me in my whole life. How I shall possibly answer Mr. Evelyn's expectation I cannot conceive, and without the highest vanity I can as little bring myself to think that I shall not fall extremely short of it. Your naming me at my Lord of Canterbury's upon such an occasion, was the highest honour could have been done a young writer. Next to that was the trustees approving your nomination. I say next to that, for they were ashamed to seem backward to comply with what Mr. Evelyn should think fit to propose. I am now, therefore, only to wait for the Bishop of Salisbury's fiat, which, if it is granted, it will be too late for me to recede, though I know very well I shall be *impar operi* in every respect. I will study, however, to preserve Mr. Evelyn's reputation as much as ever I can; and I do hereby faithfully assure him, that care and industry shall not be wanting to carry on a work, in

<sup>1</sup> This letter is indorsed by Evelyn: "Mr. Wotton, &c., of a present made me of a book."

which he nas generously been pleased to have so distinguish-  
ing a share.

As soon as I shall hear of your return to Wotton, where  
your friends in this country ardently expect you, I shall do  
myself the honour to tell you more at large, how very much  
I am, as well as ought to be,

Honoured Sir,

Your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

W. WOTTON.

*John Evelyn to Lord Godolphin (one of the Lords Justices, and  
first Commissioner of the Treasury).*

*Surrey Street, 16th June, 1696.*

MY LORD,

There are now almost four years elapsed, since  
looking over some papers of mine, I found among other  
things divers notes which I had taken relating to Medals;  
when, reflecting upon the usefulness of the historical part  
of that noble study, and considering that there had been  
little, or indeed rather nothing at all, written of it among  
us here in England (whilst other countries abounded in  
many excellent books and authors of great name on this  
subject), I began to divert my solitary thoughts by re-  
ducing and putting my scattered collection into such  
method as grew at last to a formal treatise. Among other  
particulars (after I had more at large dispatched what  
concerned the Greek and Roman, and those of the Lower  
Empire), I endeavoured the gathering up all such Medals  
as I could anywhere find had been struck before and since  
the Conquest (if any such there were), relating to any part  
of good history. Now though money and coins during the  
several reigns of almost all our kings, from the British to  
this present time (as may be seen in what Mr. Walker  
has added to the late edition of Camden), be foreign to my  
subject, and that I could meet with none which deserved  
the name of medal till the two last centuries, yet I could  
not well avoid speaking something of the Mint, where  
medals were coined as well as money. The copy being  
thus prepared for the press, I two years since delivered to  
a bookseller; who, after he had wrought off almost eighty

pages in folio (emulating what had been done and published by Jaques de Bie and Mons. Bizot, in their *Histoire Métallique* of France and Holland), would needs be at the charge of engraving a hundred stamps to adorn a chapter relating to our English Medals. This requiring time (and far better artists than any I perceive he is like to find), and retarding the publication of his book, I thought it might not be either unseasonable or unagreeable to your Lordship, if on this conjuncture of affairs (and when every body is discoursing of these matters) I did present your Lordship with a part of that chapter concerning Money, which (though passing through the same mechanism) I distinguish from Medal at the beginning of my first chapter, proceeding in the seventh to that of the Mint. It is there that I show (after all the expedients offered and pretended, for the recovery and security of this nation from the great danger it is in by the wicked practices of those who of late have so impudently ruined the public credit and faith of all mankind among us by clipping, debasing, and all other unrighteous ways of perverting the species) what is it which can possibly put a stop to the evil and mischief, that it go no farther; if, at least, it have not been so long neglected as to be irremediable.

But, my lord, this is not all. There are several other things of exceeding great importance, which had need be taken care of, and to be set on foot effectually, for the obviating the growing mischiefs, destructive to the flourishing state of this mercantile nation. Amongst the rest:

There is certainly wanting a Council of Trade, that should not be so called only, but really be in truth what it is called; composed of a wise, public-spirited, active, and noble president, a select number of assessors, sober industrious, and dexterous men, and of consummate experience *in rebus agendis*; who should be armed with competent force at sea, to protect the greater commerce and general trade; if not independent of the Admiralty, not without an almost co-ordinate authority, as far as concerns the protection of trade; and to be maintained chiefly by those who, as they adventure most, receive the greatest benefit.

To these should likewise be committed the care of the

manufactures of the kingdom, with stock for employment of the poor : by which might be moderated that unreasonable statute for their relief (as now in force) occasioning more idle persons, who charge the public without all remedy, than otherwise there would be; insufferably burdening the parishes, by being made to earn their bread honestly, who now eat it in idleness and take it out of the mouths of the truly indigent, much inferior in number, and worthy objects of charity.

It is by such a council that the swarms of private traders, who, though not appearing in mighty torrents and streams, yet like a confluence of silent, almost indiscernible, but innumerable rivulets, do evidently drain and exhaust the greater *hydrophylacia* and magazines, nay, the very vital blood of trade, where there is no follower to supply those many issues, without which the constitution of the body politic, like the natural, needs must fail for want of nourishment and recruits—but whom this article affects I have spoken in my discourse of money.

'Tis likewise to this assembly, that all proposals of new inventions (pretended for the public benefit) should first be brought and examined, encouraged, or rejected without reproach as projectures, or turning the unsuccessful proposer to ridicule, by a barbarity without example, nowhere countenanced but in this nation.

Another no less exhauster and waster of the public treasure, is the progress and increase of buildings about this already monstrous city, wherein one year with another are erected about eight hundred houses, as I am credibly informed; which carries away such prodigious sums of our best and weightiest money, by the Norway trade for deal-timber only, but exports nothing hence of moment to balance it, besides sand and gravel to balance their empty ships; whilst, doubtless, those other more necessary commodities (were it well encouraged) might in a short time be brought us in great measure, and much preferable as to their goodness, from our own plantations, which now we fetch from others, for our naval stores.

Truly, my lord, I cannot but wonder, and even stand amazed, that parliaments should have sat from time to time, so many hundred years, and value their constitution

to that degree as the most sovereign remedy for the redress of public grievances, whilst the greatest still remain unreformed and untaken away. Witness the confused, debauched, and riotous manner of electing members qualified to become the representatives of a nation, with legislative power to dispose of the fate of kingdoms; which should and would be composed of worthy persons, of known integrity and ability in their respective countries, who still would serve them generously, and as their ancestors have done, but are not able to fling away a son or daughter's portion to bribe the votes of a multitude, more resembling a pagan bacchanalia, than an assembly of Christians and sober men met upon the most solemn occasion that can concern a people, or stand in competition with some rich scrivener, brewer, banker, or one in some gainful office, whose face or name, perhaps, they never saw or knew before. How, my lord, must this sound abroad! With what dishonour and shame at home!

To this, add the disproportion of the boroughs capable of electing members, by which the major part of the whole kingdom are frequently out-voted, be the cause never so unjust, if it concern a party interest.

Will ever those swarms of *locusts*, lawyers and attornies, who fill so many seats, vote for a public *Register*, by which men may be secured of their titles and possessions, and an infinity of suits and frauds prevented?

Immoderate fees, tedious and ruinous delays, and tossings from court to court, before an easy cause, which might be determined by honest gentlemen and understanding neighbours, can come to any final issue, may be numbered amongst the most vexatious oppressions that call aloud for redress.

The want of bodies (slaves) for public and laborious works, to which many sorts of animals might be usefully condemned, and some reformed instead of sending them to the gallows, deserves to be considered.

These and the like are the great desiderata (as well as the reformation of the coin), which are plainly wanting to the consummate felicity of this nation; and divers of them of absolute necessity to its recovery from the atrophy and consumption it labours under.

The king himself should, my lord, be acquainted with these particulars, and of the great importance of them, by such as from their wisdom and integrity, deserve the nearest access, and would purchase him the hearts of a free and emancipated people, and a blessing on the government; were he pleased incessantly to recommend them to those, who, from time to time, are called together for these ends, and healing of the nation.

And now your Excellency will doubtless smile at this politic excursion, and perhaps of the *biscoctum* of the rest; whilst the years to which I am, by God's great goodness, arrived, your lordship's commands in a former letter to me, some conversation with men and the world, as well as books, in so large a tract and variety of events and wonders as this period has brought forth, might justify one, among such crowds of pretenders to *ragioni di stato*, some of which I daily meet to come abroad with the shell still on their heads, who talk as confidently of these matters as if they were councillors of state and first ministers, with their sapient and expecting looks, and whom none must contradict; and no doubt but (as Job said) "they are the people, and wisdom is to die with them." To such I have no more to say; whilst I appeal to your lordship, whose real and consummate experience, great prudence and dexterity *in rebus agendis* without noise, were enough to silence a thousand such as I am. I therefore implore your pardon again, for what I may have written weakly or rashly. In such a tempest and overgrown a sea, everybody is concerned; and whose head is not ready to turn? I am sure I should myself almost despair of the vessel, if any save your lordship were at the helm. But whilst your hand is on the staff, and your eye upon the star, I compose myself and rest secure.

*Dr. John Williams<sup>1</sup> to John Evelyn.**Canterbury, 19th June, 1696.*

HONOURED SIR,

I esteem it as a particular mark of your friendship that you are pleased to acquaint me with the report, which I perceive by yours, is abroad, concerning my writing the Life of the Honourable Mr. Boyle, a report that there is no ground but what there is some occasion for, through the mistake of what I said concerning the publishing anew those of his works which had heretofore been printed: the short story of which is this. About a month since I received a letter from Dr. Charlet, Master of University College, Oxford, in which he told me that some of the works of Mr. Boyle having grown scarce, it had been advised that it would be of good use and be very acceptable to the learned, if there were a collection of all his works set forth together in folio, and that it was desired I would consider of it, and consult with the trustees or others how it might be best accomplished. Toward the promoting of this I waited on my Lord of Canterbury, and in the next place had so on you, but that I thought you were out of town. In the mean time I lighted on Sir H. Ashurst in the street, and afterward on waiting on him at his house I told him of it, and withal, that it would be convenient that some inquiry should be made of what might be found among his papers, fit for the press; he promised me to advise with the Earl of Burlington about it. While I was there, came in Mr. Warr, and he very readily offered his services about the papers: this was the week before I came out of town, and farther we went not. So that all that could be said of a preface was presumption, and no more thought of it I believe than what in cause might be done by the Oxford gentlemen. As for my own part, I was so far from thinking of writing a Life (which I knew to be in the Bishop's hands) that I thought not so much as of a preface. The design is worthy of a better pen; I have always thought it a way of writing not without great difficulties, for he that will write a Life, if possible, should have had an intimate acquaint-

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Bishop of Chichester.

ance with the person, and should know that of his air, genius, and ways, that can no more be wrote than he himself can be drawn by description only, and must be, if not intimate enough, yet led into all the particulars which you speak of. Now I had not the honour of anything like this, never having been in the company of that great man but once that I know of, many years since, and which I afterwards blamed myself for having been encouraged by him to make an acquaintance then. I am well pleased that at last it is likely to be done, and to be undertaken by one so well qualified for it as Mr. Wotton, to whom, it being necessary to peruse his papers, he may at the same time promote the Oxford design by a farther collection. When I return to town, which will be, God willing, about fourteen days hence, I shall wait on you with my acknowledgments for your obliging letter to, Sir,

Your faithful and humble servant,  
JOHN WILLIAMS.<sup>1</sup>

*John Evelyn to Mr. Place.<sup>2</sup>*

*Surrey Street, 17th Aug., 1696.*

MR. PLACE,

I have seriously considered your letter concerning your resolution of sparing no cost whereby you may benefit the public, as well as recompense your own charge and industry, which truly is a generous inclination not so frequently met with amongst most booksellers, by inquiring how you might possibly supply what is wanting to our country (now beginning to be somewhat polished in their manner of building, and indeed in the accomplishment of the English language also) by the publication of whatever may be thought conducive to either. In order to this, you have sometime since acquainted me with your intention of reprinting the "Parallel;" desiring that I would revise it, and consider what improvements may decently be added in relation to the general design. As for the "Parallel," I

<sup>1</sup> This letter is addressed "For Mr. Evelyn, at William Draper's, Esq in Surrey Street, near Norfolk Buildings, in the Strand, London."

<sup>2</sup> A bookseller.



take it to be so very useful and perfect in its kind, and as far as it pretends to (namely, all that was material in those ten masters upon the orders), that I cannot think of anything it further needs to render it more intelligible. As for what I have annexed to it concerning statues, my good friend Mr. Gibbons would be consulted, and for the latter so much as I conceive is necessary I will take care to send you with your interfoliated copy. In the meantime, touching that universal work or cycle, which you would have comprehend and embrace the entire art of building, together with all its accessories for magnificence and use, without obliging you to the pains in gleaning when a whole harvest is before you, or the trouble of calling many to your assistance (which would be tedious), I cannot think of a better, more instructive, and judicious an expedient, than by your procuring a good and faithful translation of that excellent piece which has lately been published by Monsieur D'Aviler; were he made to speak English in the proper terms of that art, by some person conversant in the French, and if need be, adding to him some assistant, such as you would have recommended to me, if my leisure and present circumstances could have complied with my inclinations of promoting so beneficial a design.

I should here enumerate the particulars he runs through, in my opinion sufficiently copious, and in as polished and yet as easy and familiar a style as the subject is capable of: in nothing exceeding the capacity of our ordinary workmen, or unworthy the study and application of the noblest persons who employ them, and to whom a more than ordinary and superficial knowledge in architecture is no small accomplishment. I say I should add the contents of his chapters, and the excellent notes he has subjoined, to a better version of Vignole, Mic. Angelo, and the rest of our most celebrated modern architects and their works; together with all that is extant of antique, and yet in being, applied to use, and worthy knowing; if I thought you had not already heard of the book, since it has now been four or five years extant, and since reprinted in Holland, as all the best and most vendible books are, to the great prejudice of the authors, by their not only printing them without any errata, by which the reader might reform them, or, (as if

they had none at all) correcting the faults themselves : which indeed that of the Paris edition (fair as it seems, and is in the elegance of the character) exceedingly will need, before it be translated, by whomsoever taken in hand.

But as the latter and its other beauties exceed the Dutch edition, so do likewise the plates, which are done with that accurateness and care, as may almost commute for the oversights of the press. I do not say the Holland sculps are ill performed ; but, though they seem to be pretty well copied, they will yet require a strict examination, and then I think they might be made use of, and a competent number of plates (provided not overmuch worn) procured at a far easier rate out of Holland, than by having them perhaps not so well graven here : for 'tis not the talent of every artist, though skilled in heads and figures (of which we have very few), to trace the architect as he ought. But if they could be obtained from Paris, as haply with permission they might, it were much to be preferred. I forget to tell you, that there is a most accurate, learned, and critical dictionary by the same author, explaining (in a second part) not only the terms of architecture, but of all those other arts that wait upon, and are subservient to her, which is very curious.

And now, if what I have said in recommending this work for the full accomplishment of your laudable design (and which, in truth, I think were abundantly sufficient) induce you to proceed in it ; and that you would, with it, present the public with a much more elegant letter than I believe England has ever seen among all our printers ; perhaps it were worth your while to render it one of the first productions of that noble press which my worthy and most learned friend, Dr. Bentley, (his Majesty's library keeper at St. James's) is, with great charge and industry, erecting now at Cambridge.

There is another piece of mechanics, and some other very rare and useful arts agreeable to this of architecture, and incomparably curious, which, if translated and joined to the rest, would (without contradiction) render it a most desirable and perfect work. If, when you pass this way, you will visit a lame man (who is obliged to stay within at present), I shall endeavour to satisfy you in anything I may

have omitted here, but the teasing you and myself with a tedious scribble (upon your late importunity before my leaving this town) which you may wish I had omitted.

*John Evelyn to William Wotton.*

*Wotton, 28th October, 1696.*

WORTHY SIR,

I should exceedingly mistake the person, and my own discernment, could I believe Mr. Wotton stood in the least need of my assistance; but such an expression of yours to one who so well knows his own imperfections as I do mine, ought to be taken for a reproach: since I am sure it cannot proceed from your judgment. But forgiving this fault, I most heartily thank you for your animadversion on *Sylva*: which, though I frequently find it so written for  $\xi\upsilon\lambda\epsilon\iota\alpha$  and  $\upsilon\lambda\eta$ , wood, timber, wild and forest trees, yet, indeed I think it more properly belongs to a promiscuous casting of several things together, and as I think my Lord Bacon has used it in his *Natural History*, without much regard to method. *Deleatur* therefore, wherever you meet it.

Concerning the gardening and husbandry of the ancients, which is the inquiry (especially of the first), that it had certainly nothing approaching the elegance of the present age, Rapinus (whom I send you) will abundantly satisfy you. The discourse you will find at the end of Hortorum, lib. 4<sup>o</sup>. capp. 6, 7. What they call their gardens were only spacious plots of ground planted with plants and other shady trees in walks, and built about with porticos, xysti,<sup>1</sup> and noble ranges of pillars, adorned with statues, fountains, piscariæ, aviaries, &c. But for the flowery parterre, beds of tulips, carnations, auricula, tuberoses, jonquills, ranunculas, and other of our rare coronaries, we hear nothing of; nor that they had such store and variety of exotics, orangeries, myrtle, and other curious greens; nor do I believe they had their orchards in such perfection, nor by far our furniture for the kitchen. Pliny indeed enumerates a world of vulgar plants and olitories, but they fall infinitely short of our physic gardens, books, and herbals, every day augmented by

<sup>1</sup> A Roman xystus was an open colonnade or portico, or a walk planted with trees.

our sedulous botanists, and brought to us from all the quarters of the world. And as for their husbandry and more rural skill, of which the same author has written so many books in his Natural History, especially lib. 17, 18, &c., you will soon be judge what it was. They took great care indeed of their vines and olives, stercoreations, ingraftings, and were diligent in observing seasons, the course of the stars, &c., and doubtless were very industrious; but when you shall have read over Cato, Varro, Columella, Palladio, with the Greek Geoponics, I do not think you will have cause to prefer them before the modern agriculture, so exceedingly of late improved, for which you may consult and compare our old Tusser, Markham, the *Maison Rustic*, Hartlib, Walter Blith, the *Philosophical Transactions*, and other books, which you know better than myself.

I have turned down the page, where poor Pulissy<sup>1</sup> begins

<sup>1</sup> By "Pulissy" Evelyn no doubt intended the famous old French potter Bernard Palissy, whose writings are now less known, both in his own and other countries, than they ought to be. They do not deserve the neglect into which they have fallen. Their ardent love of nature, their close and exact observation of it, the curious information they afford, not alone on subjects such as interested Evelyn, and others kindred with them, but also on the social and religious history of his own stirring time, and, above all, the delightful simplicity which invariably characterises them, make me wish that they were more accessible to all classes of readers. It will perhaps not be out of place here to introduce some notes which appear to have been made by Evelyn about this date, in connection with the subjects referred to in the above letter. They are printed from the MSS. at Wotton.

*"Sayer-Court.*

The hithermost Grove I planted, about . . . . .	1656
The other beyond it . . . . .	1660
The lower Grove. . . . .	1662
The holly edge, even with the Mount hedge below . . . . .	1670

"I planted every hedge and tree not only in the garden, groves, &c., but about all the fields and house since 1653, except those large, old, and hollow elms in the stable court and next the sewer; for it was, before, all one pasture field to the very garden of the house, which was but small; from which time also I repaired the ruined house, and built the whole of the kitchen, the chapel, buttery, my study, above and below cellars and all the outhouses and walls, still-house, orangerie, and made the gardens, &c. to my great cost; and better had I done to have pulled all down at first, but it was done at several times."

"Mr. Evelyn was acquainted with the use and value of potatoes, which he calls Irish, tasting like an old bean or roasted chestnut, not

his persisting search. If you can suffer his prolix style, you will now and then light on things not to be despised. With him I send you a short treatise concerning *Metals*, of Sir Hugh Platts, which perhaps you have not seen. I am sorry I have no more of those subjects here, having left the rest in my library at Deptford, and know not how to get them hither till I get thither.

Sir, I am in no haste for the return of these, if they may be serviceable to you; but in no little pain for the trouble your civility to mine puts one, who knows so much better how to employ his time, than to mind the impertinence of,  
Sir, your, &c.

*John Evelyn to Dr. Richard Bentley.*

*Wotton, 20th January, 1696-7.*

WORTHY DOCTOR,

You have under your hands something of Mr. Wotton, whilst he has been so kind as to offer me his help

very pleasant till use have accustomed, yet of good nourishment and excellent use for relief of poor, yea and of one's own household where there are many servants in a dear year."

"Prince Rupert invented a Turfing-plough, but without any description of its use.

"Dredge is barley and oats mixed.

Hops cost £20 an acre before any considerable profit.

	£	s.	d.
Digging . . . . .	2	10	0
5000 roots . . . . .	2	10	0
1st year, dressing . . . . .	2	10	0
2d year, ditto . . . . .	2	10	0
Poles . . . . .	10	0	0

"Forty loads of dung on an acre, the produce not above £6 an acre.

"An acre of Hemp may be worth £8, and after this the land will be proper for barley, wheat, and pease successively. Orchards improve land from 10s. an acre, which is commonly the value of the best sort of tillage, and even of best pasture not above £2 to £4. An acre planted with cherries has been set at £10, 100 miles from London. About Sandwich and Deal they hedge and fence their corn fields with flax and hemp, but flax chiefly, which they affirm keep out cattle, being bitter; they sow it about 20 feet deep into the field—sow whole fields of canary-seed—great grounds of hyssop and thyme in tufts, for seeds only—the soil light and sandy, but the hyssop in richer ground."

in looking over the typographical and other faults escaped in the last impression of the *Sylva*, which I am most earnestly called upon to reprint. The copy which I frankly gave about thirty years since to Allestry, is now in the hands of Chiswell and your namesake Mr. Bentley (booksellers,) who have sold off three impressions, and are now impatient for the fourth: and it having been no unprofitable copy to them, I had promised some considerable improvements to it, upon condition of letting Ben Tooke (for whom I have a particular kindness) into a share. This, though with reluctancy, they at last consented to. I will endeavour to render it with advantage; and have ambition enough to wish, that since it is a folio, and of so popular and useful a subject as has procured it some reputation, it might have the honour to bear the character of Dr. Bentley's new Imprimerie, which, I presume, the proprietors will be as proud of as myself. To the reproach of Place, who made so many difficulties about my book of architecture as you well know, I have however made very considerable additions to that treatise, as far as concerns my part; and mean to dedicate it to Sir Christopher Wren, his Majesty's Surveyor and Intendant of his Buildings, as I did the other part to Sir J. Denham his predecessor, but infinitely inferior to his successor. I confess I am foolishly fond of these and other rustications, which had been my sweet diversions during the days of destruction and devastation both of woods and buildings, whilst the rebellion lasted so long in this nation; and the kind receptions my books have found makes me the more willing to give them my last hand: sorry in the meantime for all my other aberrations, in pretending to meddle with things beyond my talent *et extra oleo*: but enough of this.

*Abraham Hill, F.R.S., to John Evelyn.*

*London, 26th January, 1696-7.*

SIR,

I have heretofore been under many obligations to you, and am now to acknowledge the addition you have made by the present of your excellent book; in a particular

manner I must regard that mark of your affection, in giving my name a place among those who so far transcend my merit. I can no better way make any pretence to that honour than by my application to the study of your book ; and then my knowledge in medals, and my gratitude for your instructions, will advance together. I am with all respect, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

ABRAHAM HILL.

*Abraham Hill, F.R.S., to John Evelyn.*

*London, 26th February, 1696-7.*

SIR,

I received as a particular obligation on myself, the favour of yours of the 7th current, and communicated the same to the friends therein named, who will not omit to make you their acknowledgments ; Sir Robert Southwell, doing it by the enclosed which he recommends to my conveyance, gives me the opportunity of renewing my thanks to you ; and I find myself more and more obliged thereto by every step I make in the perusal of your book, by the help whereof I doubt not but the study of medals will be as happily cultivated, as other parts of useful and elegant knowledge have been by your conduct and instructions. I am with all respect, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ABRAHAM HILL.

*Dr. J. Woodward to John Evelyn.*

*London, 25th September, 1697.*

SIR,

Upon the application of Mr. Glanvil and myself to you some time since, in behalf of Mr. Harris for the Boylean Lecture, you was pleased to tell me that you had deposited your note in the hands of my Lord of Canterbury, to be disposed of as he should think fit ; but you commanded me to give your duty to his Grace, and tell him that you were so well satisfied of Mr. Harris's worth and abilities, that you should be glad, if his Grace thought

good, that your vote should be conferred on him. I was discoursing with his Grace this day upon the subject (as formerly I had done), and I find his Grace very well disposed to Mr. Harris; but he says that indeed you did deposit your vote with him for the last turn, but he does not remember that you did so for this; so that if you please to write to him, either directly, or enclose it to me at Gresham College, I will take care to deliver it to him, and shall take it as a great favour from you. Mr. Harris is a gentleman very extraordinarily qualified for the performance, has fit materials for the lecture in readiness, and I have great assurance will well answer the founder's intention, to his own credit and your satisfaction. I beg your pardon for the trouble I here give you, and am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. WOODWARD.

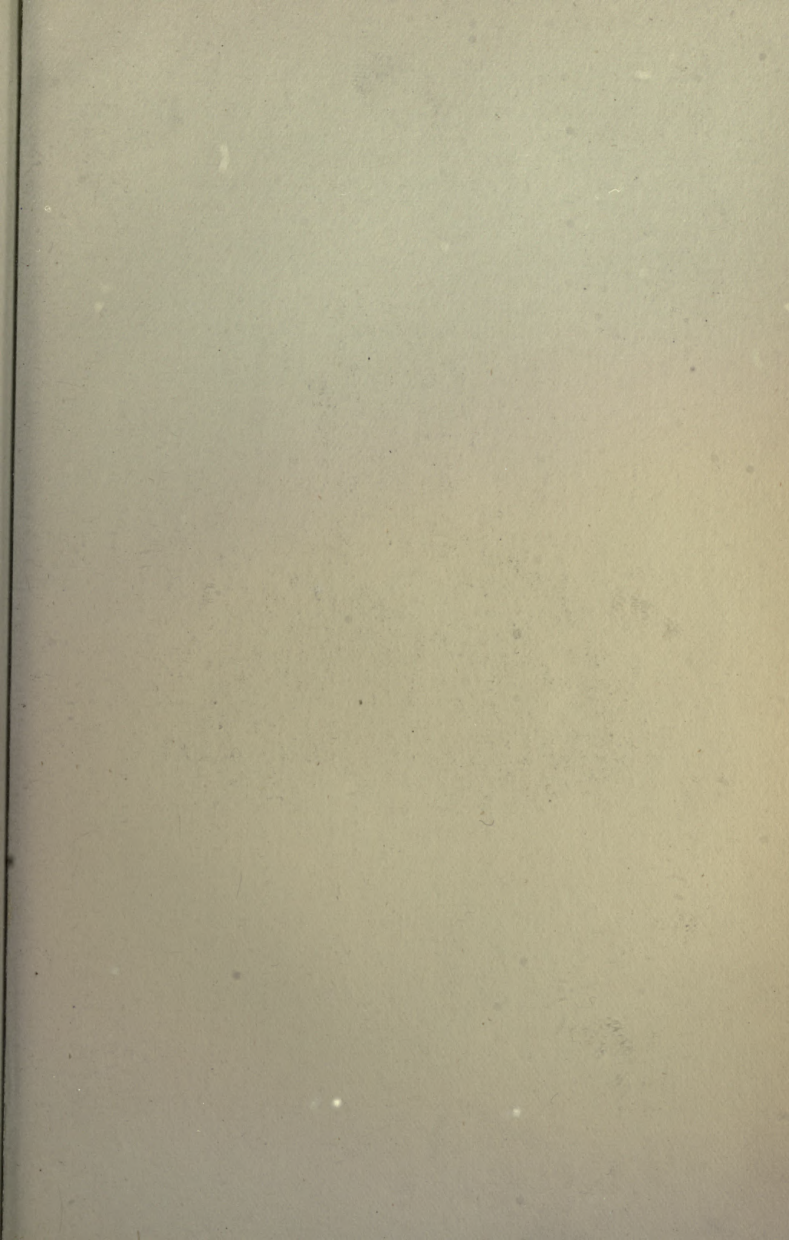
*Dr. J. Woodward to John Evelyn.*

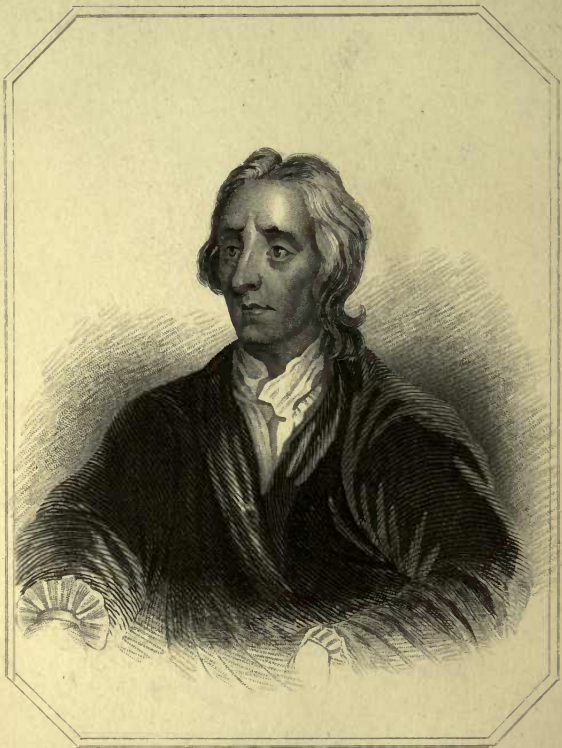
*Gresham College, 5th October, 1697.*

WORTHY SIR,

I return you my very hearty thanks for your obliging letter, and the enclosed to my Lord Archbishop. 'Tis a great favour both to myself and to Mr. Harris, whom I have made acquainted with it, and who will, I am sure, very thankfully acknowledge it, so soon as he comes to town, which will be now very suddenly. We have little new to entertain you with at Gresham College; the society hath been adjourned for some time, and there are fewer members in town than I ever observed before. The peace that is so happily going forward, will, I hope, give a new life and spirit to things, and again revive philosophy, which has so long lain under neglect and discouragement. This summer I have received a very handsome addition to my former collection of fossils, both from several parts of England, and foreign countries; particularly I have received some variety of shells, bones, and teeth of fishes, that were dug forth of the earth on the continent of America. I had had several relations from thence before, and some things too, but never so many or fair as in this cargo. These things, and the







Kneller Pinx.

JOHN LOCKE.

· OB. 1704.

accounts I have received of them, show America was under water as well as Asia, Africa, and Europe, at the Deluge. Have you seen Mr. Locke's late reply to the Bishop of Worcester? This gentleman manages controversy very genteely, and my Lord does so too. They must be allowed to be both great men, and 'tis not ordinary to see so very entertaining and handsome an engagement. It is said his Lordship is drawing up an answer to the reply. Mr. Congreve is, I hear, engaged in a poem on occasion of the peace, and all who are acquainted with the performance of this gentleman expect something very extraordinary.

I am, Sir,  
Your most obliged humble servant,  
J. WOODWARD.

*John Evelyn to Dr. Bentley.*

*Wotton, 25.<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1697.*

WORTHY DOCTOR,

Though I made haste out of town, and had so little time to spend after we parted, I was yet resolved not to neglect the province which I undertook, as far as I had any interest in Sir Edward Seymour, whom I found at his house, and had full scope of discourse with. I told him I came not to petition the revival of an old title, or the unsettlement of an estate, so often of late interrupting our late parliaments, but to fix and settle a public benefit<sup>1</sup> that would be of great and universal good and glory to the whole nation. This (with your paper) he very kindly and obligingly received, and that he would contribute all the assistance that lay in his power, whenever it should come to the House. To send you notice of this, I thought might be much more acceptable to you than to acquaint you that we are full of company, and already entered into a most dissolute course of eating and indulging, according to the mode of ancient English hospitality; by which means I shall now and then have opportunity of recommending the noble

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn subjoins in a note: "The new library to be built in St. James's Park."

design you are intent upon, and therefore wish I had some more of the printed proposals to disperse. Sir Cyril Wyche, who accompanied me hither, is altogether transported with it, and thinks the project so discreetly contrived, that it cannot miscarry. Here is Dr. Fuller with his spouse. The Dr. gave us a sermon this morning, in an elegant and trim discourse on the thirty-ninth Psalm, which I find had been prepared for the court, and fitter for that audience than our poor country churches. After this you will not expect much intelligence from hence, though I shall every day long to hear of the progress you make in this glorious enterprise, to which I augur all success and prosperity, and am,

Worthy Doctor, &c.

*William Wotton to John Evelyn.*

*Milton, near Newport Pagnell,  
Bucks, Jan. 2, 1697-8.*

HONOURED SIR,

When I was in town last month I did myself the honour to call at your lodgings, but was not so happy as to find you at home. I intended to acquaint you what progress I had made in a design which owes its birth wholly to your encouragement. After a positive promise from the executors that I should have the use of Mr. Boyle's papers, my Lord Burlington at last insisted upon my giving a bond that I demanded no gratification. I had voluntarily given a note to the same purpose, which Dr. Bentley sufficiently blamed me for; but I gave no bond, and so left the town (though I had come up on purpose about this business), doubtful what further I should do. But, since I came home, my Lord Burlington is come over so far that he has delivered up my note, and has ordered all the papers to be delivered to my order, with a promise to me of all manner of assistance and encouragement. So that now I intend to dedicate all my spare hours to this business; and then, Sir, as you have hitherto prevented my desires, so again I fear I must be importunate in troubling you with new doubts and queries which, in the progress of the work, will infallibly arise. I am glad to find that we may so soon expect your long-

desired work about medals, from which I propose no small entertainment to myself, as soon as it appears.

I am, honoured Sir,

Your most obliged and most humble servant,

W. WOTTON.

Shall I not wish you and your excellent lady many happy new years? Nobody, I am sure, does it more cordially.

*Dr. Thomas Gale<sup>1</sup> to John Evelyn.*

*January 19th, 1697-8.*

SIR,

Your bookseller lately brought me your *Numismata*; I give you many thanks for it, and own myself very much enlightened by it, for I meet in it with a mighty stock of *arcana historia*, of which you, by your acquaintance with great persons, only was master. Be pleased, dear sir, to accept of this acknowledgment and my profession of all affection possible, and service to yourself and excellent lady.

I am, Sir,

Your very much obliged friend,

THOMAS GALE.

The Czar desireth to see some good honest country English gentleman: I hope you will come to town.<sup>2</sup>

*William Wotton to John Evelyn.*

*Milton, Bucks, Jan. 20, 1697-8.*

HONOURED SIR,

Duty and gratitude requiring me to give you a second interruption in a short time, I think I ought to make no apology. Not long since I did myself the honour to acquaint you with the success of my affair about Mr. Boyle's life. I knew you would be pleased to hear that I had weathered that difficulty, since you had been my first

<sup>1</sup> Dean of York.

<sup>2</sup> See *Diary* (Introduction) vol. i., p. xxiv., and vol. ii., p. 362.

. . . to that work. I had just got a box of papers, and was going to digest matters for the forge, when I was agreeably stopped by your admirable *Numismata*, which the last return of the carrier brought me. I needed no spur to read it; the author, the subject, added wings to my diligence. Dr. Bentley had raised my thirst by the essay he had given me before in conversation. Yet these three incitements, and I know not three more powerful, all gave place to a fourth, which was the book itself. I was so truly charmed, so pleasingly taught through the whole work, that the grief of being so soon at an end, wrought as violently at last as the joy I felt as I went along. The printer, indeed, raised my indignation; I was angry with him, and troubled to see my pen so often disfigure so elegant a book. However, I took care to have no remotas for the future, when upon a second and third reading (which yet will scarce suffice) I hope everything shall be riveted in my head, which a first reading in so vast a copia could not carry along with it. My head is so very full of what I have learned and am to learn by your instructions, that I had almost forgotten to thank you for your honourable mention of my poor performances in so standing a work. This was more than I ought to have promised myself. The field I chose was vast and uncultivated; nobler and learned . . . will hereafter arise who will till it to more advantage, and reap a richer harvest. I proposed but to outdo Glanvill, and to set Monsieur Perrault and Sir William Temple right, which now, Sir, I ought for your sake to believe I have performed. I am pleased likewise with your quoting of me, even when in all probability you knew nothing of the matter. My first essay at loading the world with my scribbles, was in the *Philos. Trans.* (a place since fatal to me for a reason you are not ignorant of), and it was *in re metallica*. My most honoured friend the late Sir Philip Skippon, who had a noble cabinet of medals, which he thoroughly understood, sent me an account of some Saxon coins found in Suffolk, which I printed with some remarks of my own in the *Transactions*, No. 187, with the initial letters of both our names. The new editors of Camden took no notice of these coins, though I gave them warning, and though there are some

there which are not in their collection. You have been pleased to refer to them, for which, Sir, I am bound to express my thanks. But this is not all. I have been censured heavily for blaming Sir W. T.'s "Delphos," and substituting "Delphi" in its place. Your authority will now (if I am publicly a . . .) decide the controversy. I am opposed with an authority of a medal in F. Hardouin's Num'i Urbium, with this inscription, ΔΕΛΦΟΥ, the genitive, say they, of Delphos, the nominative of the name of the city. I use to reply that it was the genitive of *Delphus*, Apollo's son, mentioned by several of the ancients; which explication you confirm, p. 189, where you inform these cavillers that *Εἰκὼν* or *Νομισμα* is understood. 'Tis time to release you; only pray, Sir, do me the favour at your leisure to inform me, whether there is ever another coin published with the Bipennis Tenedia upon it, besides that which John Graves printed in his Roman Denarius. I could say abundance more, but my paper tells me what I have farther to say, that

I am, your most obliged servant,

W. WOTTON.<sup>1</sup>

*John Evelyn to Dr. Godolphin (Provost of Eton).*

*Wotton, 8th February, 1697-8.*

HAD you been in town when my copies (on Medals) were distributed among my friends, the small present which I presumed to send you, had been brought by your most humble servant with an apology for my boldness, in obtruding upon the Provost of Eton (who is himself so great a judge of that and all other learned subjects) my mean performance. It were quite to tire you out, should I relate on what occasion I came to be engaged on a topic on which I could advance so little of my own to extenuate my presumption: yet give me leave to take hold of this opportunity to discharge a debt owing to yourself, and those of your learned relations who condescend to read my book. 'Tis now near fifty years past since Gabr. Naudæus published

<sup>1</sup> This letter is superscribed, "For the Honoured John Evelyn, Senr. Esq at Wotton, near Dorking, in Surrey."

directions concerning libraries and their furniture, which I had translated, minding to reprint it, as what I conceived might not be unseasonable whilst auctions were become so frequent among us, and gentlemen everywhere storing themselves with books at those learned marts; and because it was so very thin a volume, I thought of annexing a sheet or two of Medals, as an appendant not improper. But being persuaded to say something of our modern Medals relating to our country (as France and Holland had of theirs), I found it swell to so incompetent a bulk, as would by no means suit with that treatise. Whilst I was about this (and indeed often and long before) I had been importuned to make a second edition of my Chalcography (now grown very scarce), and to bring it from 1662, where I left off, to this time, there having since that been so great an improvement of Sculpture. This being a task I had no inclination for (having of a long time given over collections of that sort), I thought yet of gratifying them in some manner with an ex-chapter in my Discourse of Medals, where I speak of the effigies of famous persons, and the use which may be derived of such a collection, and that which follows it. 'Tis now a good while ago since first I put it into the hands of a bookseller, with strict injunction not to work off a sheet till it had been revised by abler judgments than my own; and so remained whilst the Medals could be collected that were to be graven, which though hardly amounting to a hundred, were with difficulty enough procured in two years time. This slow proceeding, together with my long and frequent excursions at this distance from town, made me absolutely resolved to abandon and think of it no further, but give it up to the bookseller to dispose of it for waste paper, when he would needs persuade me that he had such an accomplished supervisor of the press he employed, as would do me all the right I could expect from an able and learned man; and that now he had been at such charges for the sculptures, I should extremely injure him to withdraw my copy, and what I had to annex, as certainly I should [have done] but for that consideration only. So as I had now no remedy left me but by embarking the errata to my greater reproach; and it was very slender comfort to me the being told that even the most incomparably learned



Spanheim, whose glorious work of Medals was not long since reprinted, escaped not the press without remarkable and cruel scars.

But now I mentioned the noble Spanheim (to whose judgment all defer) I may haply be censured for what I have said concerning *Etiminus*, after what he has objected against that medal (De Præst. Numis. Rep. 647); but if I was, and still am, unwilling to degrade our renowned city of her so metropolitan dignity, whilst I had any to stand by me, I cannot be so deeply concerned, and indeed ashamed, should any think me so ignorant as not long since to know that *obryzum* signifies gold of the most exalted purity and test, or, as the ancients expressed, *ad obrussum exactum*, which yet, I know not how, escaped me when I was gathering out the errata. [As for CONOB, though I ever read it *Constantinople*, the extreme rudeness of a reverse and meta. I had showed me of that coin, so perfectly resembling that of *Cuno*, might favour my conjecture.]<sup>1</sup>

There is in margin, p. 207, a mistake of *Richborow* for *Regulbium*, which also escaped me.

But, Sir, there are so many more and greater faults as put me out of countenance, for which, and this tedious scribble, I heartily beg your pardon, who am, &c.

*John Evelyn to Mr. Henshaw.*

*Wotton, 1st March, 1697-8.*

THE bearer hereof, Dr. Hoy, a very learned, curious, and ingenious person, and our neighbour in Surrey, acquainted (as who is not?) with the name and great worth of Mr. Henshaw, hearing that I had the honour to be known to you, desires me to introduce him; I need say no more how worthy he is to be let into your esteem, than to acquaint you how deservedly we value him here in this country, not

<sup>1</sup> In the letter immediately subjoined to Mr. Henshaw, the latter part of which is almost a transcript of this letter to Dr. Godolphin, the sentence printed above within brackets is thus expressed: "I found the period omitted, p. 22, which should have been read, mixed and obrize sort also, which has on it a horse rudely designed with the letters CON-OB. *Constantinopoli obrizatum*: which some will have to signify *Constantinople* only; others, some Prince of ours."

only for his profession and success, but for those other excellent talents which were ever encouraged by your free and generous communications. And in this I serve myself also, by taking the occasion to present the most humble service of a now old acquaintance, begun long since abroad, and cultivated ever since by the continuance of your friendship through many revolutions. I frequently call to mind the many bright and happy moments we have passed together at Rome and other places, in viewing and contemplating the entertainments of travellers who go not abroad to count steeples, but to improve themselves. I wish I could say of myself so as you did; but whenever I think of the agreeable toil we took among the ruins and antiquities, to admire the superb buildings, visit the cabinets and curiosities of the virtuosi, the sweet walks by the banks of the Tiber, the Via Flaminia, the gardens and villas of that glorious city, I call back the time, and, methinks growing young again, the opera we saw at Venice comes into my fancy, and I am ready to sing, *Gioconda Giretri—memoria sola tū—con ramento mi'l fu—spesso spesso vien a rapir mi, e qual che si sia ancor ringiovenir mi*. You remember, Sir, the rest, and we are both near the conclusion, *hai che non torni, non torni piu—mo—ri—bondo*.

Forgive me, Sir, this transport; and, when this gentleman takes his leave of you, permit me to beg your pardon also for the presumption I am guilty of, in obtruding a Discourse of Medals on one who is so great a master and so knowing, and from whose example I sometimes diverted to that study. 'Tis now near fifty years, &c.<sup>1</sup>

*Archbishop Tenison to John Evelyn.*

November 17, 1698.

GOOD SIR,

Mr. Fleetwood, after some deliberation, has thought fit to decline the preaching at Mr. Boyle's lecture, thinking that the fatigue of it may not well consist with his health. One of the next to him in the city, the esteemed of all, is

<sup>1</sup> The rest of this letter, which is nearly the same as the preceding letter to Dr. Godolphin, need not be given.

Mr. Bradford, minister of Bow church. Him Sir Henry Ashurst knows, and will elect, if you and I will join with him. I have told him I will upon my certain knowledge of the person, who is an excellent scholar and a very upright discreet man: I therefore desire your concurrence. I am of opinion that we should oppose Sir J. Rothem's taking anything for the diploma, it being a thing of no good report: the preacher can be furnished with a copy without his help: if he gives his clerk for writing it a crown or so, perhaps that may be dispensed with. Upon further consideration I am confirmed in my opinion that we have strained Mr. Boyle's words by admitting any who are not city ministers, or such as are within the bills of mortality. I hope I may enjoy your good company sometime this month, either at Lambeth or at the Cockpit.

I am your affectionate friend,

THOMAS CANTUAR.

*Archbishop Tenison to John Evelyn.*

November 28, 1698.

GOOD SIR,

The time for choosing a preacher at Mr. Boyle's lecture is so nigh, that if we pass over a few days without determining about the person, the preacher will have no time to prepare for the first sermon. I did lately recommend to you Mr. Bradford of Bow, a very excellent man and one well known to Sir H. Ashurst. I have heard nothing in answer and fear the messenger may have made some mistake. Pray, Sir, let me this day either hear from you by letter, or see me at dinner at Lambeth. I am at the Cockpit and shall be so till one o'clock, and can carry you over in my barge.

I am, Sir, your assured friend,

THOMAS CANTUAR.

*John Evelyn to Archdeacon Nicolson (afterwards  
Bishop of Carlisle).*

10th November 1699.

After thanking him for the tenderness and civility with which he had mentioned his book on Medals, Evelyn proceeds :

You recommend the study of our own municipal laws and home antiquities, most becoming an Englishman, and lover of his country, which you have skilfully derived from the fountain, and tracked through all those windings and meanders which rendered the study deserted as dull and impolite, unless by those who, attracted by more sordid considerations, submitted to a fatigue which filled indeed their purses for the noise they made at Westminster Hall, whilst their heads were empty, even of that to which they seemed to devote themselves. Did our Inns of Court students come a little better grounded in ethics, and with some entrance into the civil law, such an history as you are meditating would lead them on with delight, and enable them to discover and penetrate into the grounds of natural justice and human prudence, and furnish them with matter to adorn their pleadings, before they wholly gave themselves up to learn to wrangle, and the arts of illaqueation, and not make such haste to precedents, customs, and common-places. By reading good history, they would come to understand how governments have been settled by conquest, transplantations, colonies, or garrisons, through all vicissitudes and revolutions, from east to west, from the first monarchy to the last; how laws have been established, and for what reason changed and altered; whence our holding by knight's service; and whether feudal laws have been derived from Saxon or Norman. 'Tis pity young gentlemen should meet with so little of this in the course of their academic studies, at least if it continue as in my time, when they were brought up to dispute on dry questions which nauseate generous spirits, and to discourse of things before they are furnished with mediums, and so return home rather with the learning of a Benedictine Monk (full of school cant) than of such useful knowledge as would enable them to a dexterity in solving cases, how intricate soever,

by analytics, and so much of algebra as teaches to draw consequences and detect parallogisms and fallacies, which were the true use of logic, and which you give hopes our universities are now designing. To this I would add the improvement of the more ornate and graceful manner of speaking upon occasion. The fruit of such an education would not only grace and furnish the bar with excellent lawyers, but the nation with able persons fit for any honourable employment, to serve and speak in Parliaments and in councils; give us good magistrates and justices for reference at home in the country; able ambassadors and orators abroad; in a word, qualified patriots and pillars of state, in which this age does not, I fear, abound. In the meantime what preference may be given to our constitutions I dare not determine; but as I believe ethics and the civil law were the natural mother of all good laws, so I have been told that the best lawyers of England were heretofore wont to mix their studies together with them, but which are at present so rarely cultivated, that those who pass forsooth for great sages and oracles therein are not only shamefully defective, but even in the feudal and our own.

You are speaking, Sir, of records, but who are they among this multitude even of the coif, who either study or vouchsafe to defile their fingers with any dust, save what is yellow? or know anything of records save what, upon occasion, they lap out of Sir Edward Coke's basin, and some few others? The thirst of gain takes up their whole man: like our English painters, who, greedy of getting present money for their work, seldom arrive at any farther excellency in the art than face-painting, and have no skill in perspective, symmetry, the principles of design, or dare undertake to paint history.

Upon all these considerations, then, I cannot but presage the great advantage your excellent book, and such an history, may produce, when our young gentlemen shall ripen their studies by those excellent methods. At least there will not likely appear such swarms and regions of obstreperous lawyers as yearly emerge out of our London seminaries, *omnium doctorum indoctissimum genus* (for the most part) as Erasmus truly styles them.

Concerning the Paper Office, I wish those instruments

and state arcana had been as faithfully and constantly transmitted to that useful magazine as they ought; but though Sir Joseph Williamson took pains to reduce things into some order, so miserably had they been neglected and rifled during the Rebellion, that, at the Restoration of Charles II., such were the defects, that they were as far to seek for precedents, authentic and original treaties, negotiations, and other transactions formerly made with foreign states and princes, despatches and instructions to ambassadors, as if there had never before been any correspondence abroad. How that office stands at present I know not; but this I do know, that the abundance of those despatches and papers you mention, and which ought to centre there, have been carried away both by the secretaries of state themselves (when either dismissed or dying, and by ambassadors and other ministers when recalled) into the country, and left to their heirs as honourable marks of their ancestors' employments. Of this sort I had formerly divers considerable bundles concerning transactions of state during the ministry of the great Earl of Leicester, all the reign of Queen Elizabeth, containing divers original letters from the Queen herself, from Mary Queen of Scots, Charles IX. and Henry IV. of France, Maximilian the second Emperor, Duke of Norfolk, James Stewart, Regent of Scotland, Marquis of Montrose, Sir William Throckmorton, Randolfe, Sir Francis Walsingham (whom you mention), Secretary Cecil, Mr. Barnaby, Sir J. Hawkins, Drake, Fenton, Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, Edwin, Bishop of London, the Bishop of Winchester, Bishop Hooper, &c. From abroad—Tremelius and other Protestant Divines; Parquiou, Spinola, Ubaldino, and other commanders, with divers Italian princes. And of ladies—the Lady Mary Grey, Cecilia, Princess of Sweden, Ann, Countess of Oldenburgh, the Duchess of Somerset, and a world more. But what most of all, and still afflicts me, those letters and papers of the Queen of Scots, originals and written with her own hand to Queen Elizabeth, and Earl of Leicester, before and during her imprisonment, which I furnished to Dr. Burnet (now Bishop of Salisbury), some of which being printed in his "History of the Reformation," those, and others with them, are pretended to

have been lost at the press, which has been a quarrel between me and his lordship, who lays the fault on Chiswell,<sup>1</sup> but so as between them I have lost the originals, which had now been safe records as you will find in that history. The rest I have named I lent to his countryman, the late Duke of Lauderdale, who honouring me with his presence in the country, and after dinner discoursing of a Maitland (ancestor of his) of whom I had several letters impaqueted with many others, desired I would trust him with them for a few days: it is now more than a few years past, that, being put off from time to time, till the death of his Grace, when his library was selling, my letters and papers could no where be found or recovered; so as by this treachery my collection being broken, I bestowed the remainder on a worthy and curious friend<sup>2</sup> of mine, who is not likely to trust a S—— with any thing he values.

But, Sir, I quite tire you with a rhapsody of impertinencies, beg your pardon, and remain, &c.

Among the errata of the Numismata, but of which I immediately gave an account in the Philosophical Transactions, the following were thus to have been read: p. 22. l. n. 22—*mixed* as well as *obrized*<sup>3</sup> sort, in the margin; for such a metal is mentioned by Aldus (of Valentinian) with CONOB: which he reads,—*Constantinopoli Obrizatium*, belonging, he says, to Count Landus: *vide* Aldus Manut. Notar: Exp'ta, p. 802. Venet, CIΩ. IO. XCI. and p. 51. l. q. r. *Etiminius*: Spanheim indeed is suspicious of this medal, but I was unwilling to degrade our metropolis of the honour. P. 202, in margin, r. *Regulbium* (with innumerable more).

SIR,

I know not whether Sir Jo. Hoskins, Sir R. Southwell, Mr. Waller, and Dr. Harwood (who is concerned in what I have said of *Taille Douce*), and the rest (on whom I have obtruded books), would have the patience of Mr. Hill, to read my letter, when you meet at the learned Coffee-Club, after they are gone from Gresham.

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Burnet's printer or publisher.

<sup>2</sup> Qu. Mr. Pepys?

<sup>3</sup> "*Obryzum* signifies gold of the most exalted purity."—J. E.

*The Reverend Joshua Walker to John Evelyn.*

*Great Billing, near Northampton, 7th Feb. 1700-1.*

HONOURED SIR,

I give you many thanks for your kind letter. Your acceptance of those few papers I sent you has encouraged me to send more. I desired a neighbour of mine who has had great experience in setting willows, to give me an account of his way of setting them, and also of his way of planting and fencing quickset-hedges. I have here sent you his papers; here is also a table, a great part of which I heretofore collected for my own use; if I had had more books of planting, I might have added more to it.

I think it would be a considerable benefit to the inhabitants of champaign countries in England, where timber, fuel, fruit, and shelter are much wanting, if a statute were made, giving leave that any one who has land worth five pounds, and in common fields, may, if he please, inclose part of it not exceeding one rood; and he that has four cows' gates upon any common, may likewise inclose not exceeding one rood, or what quantity the parliament shall think fit; and so proportionably for more, provided he plant those enclosed parts all over with wood, and likewise giving leave to enclose some proportions for the planting of fruit-trees, as you suggest in your *Pomona*, p. 358. Probably more trees would be planted without any damage to any one, if commoners had leave by statute to plant trees upon the waste for their own use as well as Lords of Manors, a due proportion being allotted to each of them. I think you would do a very good work if you would be pleased to use your interest to procure such a statute. Many Members of Parliament would sooner hearken to you than to any other person in matters of this nature, being sensible how much good you have done to this nation. That it would please Almighty God to bless you with long life and happiness, and reward you for the great pains you have taken for the benefit of your country, is the prayer of, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

JOSHUA WALKER.



*Archdeacon Nicholson to John Evelyn.*

March 25th, 1701.

HONOURED SIR,

It has long been my custom to clear accounts (as far as I am able) with all my creditors on the first day of every new year. Where I am non-solvent I make an honest acknowledgement, and that is my case with you. Give me leave therefore to make this return of my humble thanks for the kind letter I had from you last week; and to let you know that (since you are pleased to invite me to it) I am very ready to run farther on the score with you. Your MS. life of S. Cuthbert is, I perceive, the legend written by R. Hegge, who was fellow of Corpus Christi where that treatise was deposited. There is indeed a very faulty copy of it printed, and I have often endeavoured to procure a transcript from the author's original, but in vain. You generously offer this, and my brother will wait on you for it, and convey it to me. If I live to publish my history of the Saxon Northumberland, I shall pay a grateful respect to my benefactor.

I am troubled to hear of Mr. Pepys's indisposition. I heartily wish his recovery and the continuance of his restored health. When I was servant to Mr. Secretary Williamson (above twenty years ago), I often waited upon him at his house at Westminster; but I was then, as I still am, too inconsiderable to be remembered by him. Besides an account of the author (if known) of his MS. life of Mary Queen of Scots, I very much desire to know whether there be any very valuable matters, relating to the history of Scotland, amongst Sir R. Maitland's collections of Scotch Poems. I observe that in the same volume with Balfour's *Pratiques* (or reports as we call them), he has a manuscript of the old Sea-Law of Scotland. I would beg to be informed whether this last treatise be not the same with the *Leges Portuum*: which, though quoted by Sir John Skene under that Latin title, is written in the Scotch language, and is only a list of the customs of goods imported and exported. If I may (through your kind intercession) have the favour of tran-

scribing anything for my purpose out of his library, I have a young kinsman, (a clerk to Mr. Musgrave at the tower), who will wait on him to that purpose.

Suffer me now, Sir, to own another obligation to you (wherein I am a sharer with the public) for your *Acetaria*, which, with submission, I think you have miscalled an appendix to your *Calendarium*. You give it the precedence, and very justly, in your royal plan; the several chapters whereof I shall much long to see published, for though an ingenious countryman of mine, Mr. Baker, seems dissatisfied with Mr. Wotton's making agriculture and gardening parts of liberal knowledge, I am as much an admirer of all the branches of natural as civil history, and the former has as many of my spare hours in the summer, as the latter has in the winter. There is one passage (page 65) wherein I think myself nearly concerned to request your farther information. The French *Acetosella*, with the round leaf, grows (you say) plentifully in the north of England. You distinguish this from the Roman *Oxalis*, wherewith Dr. Morison had made our *Acetosa Eboracensis* (as he calls it) to be nearly of a kind. But Mr. Ray has rightly observed that ours is not Casp. Banhinus's *Rotundifolia Hortensis* (which is the same with the Roman *Oxalis*), but his *Scutata repens*. Besides this I know of no kind of sorrel that is so peculiar to the northern parts of this kingdom as your expression seems to intimate, nor can this, which is no trefoil, be reckoned among any of the *Acetosella*. You will pardon this impertinence in, Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

WILL. NICOLSON.

*Archdeacon Nicolson to John Evelyn.*

*Salkeld, 9th May, 1701.*

HONOURED SIR,

About ten days ago I received your two MSS., for which I now return my most humble thanks. The legend of St. Cuthbert comes very opportunely, and (as I expected) differs considerably in the account it gives of the Council at Twyford, wherein he was chosen Bishop, from what the print had said of it. This being one of the matters wherein I am

scoundreled by the late reply of Dr. Wake, here's a seasonable assistance given me in the defence I shall be obliged to make of my *insipid* notes on Northumberland; and 'twill likewise afford me an opportunity of making a just acknowledgment for the benefaction. I hardly expected that the third part of my historical library would have been treated by any man with so much contempt, after it had been so fortunate as to be approved by yourself and some others of the most competent judges of the kingdom. It is a duty I owe to your kind characters of it, as well as a piece of justice to my own innocence and integrity, to wipe off as much of this gentleman's dust as I can; and when I have done that, I hope it will sufficiently appear that he has much more to answer for than I have. Begging your pardon for this impertinence,

I am, dear Sir,  
Your most obliged humble servant,  
WILLIAM NICOLSON.

*William Wotton to John Evelyn*

Jan. 22, 1701-2.

HONOURED SIR,

The kind notice you have been pleased to take of my poor performances gives me a satisfaction which few things in the world could have equalled. Few authors, I believe, are so entirely disengaged from the world, as to be proof against applause even from common readers; but the approbation of great masters is the highest reward any writer ought to look for. I am sure my time has not been misspent, since Mr. Evelyn has passed so favourable a judgment upon what I have been doing. It encourages me also to go on with Mr. Boyle's *Life*, for which I have been so long indebted to the public. I have now all the materials I am to expect, and intend with all convenient speed to digest them into such an order as may make them at hand when I shall use them.

His works have been epitomated by Mr. Bolton after a sort, I am at a loss whether I shall interweave a kind of a system of his philosophy into the *Life* as I at first designed, or only relate matters of fact. In that matter I shall be

guided by my friends : especially your judgment I shall long for, if you will do me the honour to give it me ; and then I am sure to make no mistake. The work, I am sure, will please me ; if I fall not short of my subject I shall be glad.

I am extremely sorry that the greediness of some people hath driven you to cut any part of those charming groves that made Wotton so delicious a seat. What, are those woods behind the house towards Leith-Hill cut down ! If they are, the greatest ornament of the finest county in England is gone. But I hope better ; and do not know, if God spares my life, but I may wait upon you this summer at Wotton, and then I shall inform myself.

That God Almighty may long preserve you to your family, and continue to make young Mr. Evelyn what he promises, and you desire, is the hearty prayer of,

Honoured Sir,

Your most obliged and most faithful servant,

W. WOTTON.

I beg leave to present my humblest service to your lady. I have the same intelligence concerning Mr. Hare that you have.

*Rev. Richard Richardson (of Lamport, Northamptonshire) to  
John Evelyn.*

*Brixworth, June 2, 1702.*

HONOURED SIR,

I shall not make a preface of excuse to you, a member of our noble and communicative profession of planters and florists, or rather the head or father as I call you, in my "De Cultu Hort. Carm."

"Evelinumque patrem Hortio."

in which I pretend Le Sieur Quintinye, Monsieur Barpoæ, follow your steps especially our countryman Mr. Rea. I must confess it was but a pretence ; for I was mainly intent upon the digressive part after the example of Columella and our master Virgil, whom I suppose nobody consults in the science, but rather Cato, Varro, Columella in prose, &c. Sir, I am importuned by some friends, florists, in my second edition intended, to make good the title, and indeed, I have

made some additions, but yet I have run out most upon the digressive. I have no other way to give them satisfaction but by prefixing, with your good leave, your *Calend. Hort.* which I have put into Latin: that is, the body of the work. I have omitted the preface chiefly because I durst not venture upon Cowley's Pindaric; and the *Green-House* at the end, because it is but an essay, and little useful to the southern virtuosi; the cuts also would be chargeable. I have also omitted the references to your other books, because they are English. For what concerns *Bees*, being a matter somewhat heterogeneous, I send the reader to Butler's history, by me long since translated into Latin. Sir, if you desire the whole, or any part, I will send it to you, and beg if you have any, some further improvements. If you please to honour me with an answer, you may direct it to me, Rector of Lamport, Northampton.

I am, Sir,  
Your most humble and obedient servant,  
RICHARD RICHARDSON.

*William Wotton to John Evelyn.*

Jan. 23, 1702-3.

HONOURED SIR,

When I see two letters of yours before me, and both unanswered, it fills me with confusion. I ought not to be so insensible of the honour you do me by your correspondence, an honour which I shall never be able sufficiently to acknowledge; though I confess it is with the extremest pleasure that I think I shall ere long tell the world, that I have had the happiness to be known to so great an ornament of our age and nation as Mr. Evelyn.

Your last papers have cleared some doubts which I was in concerning Mr. Boyle's family, and some still remain. I want to know whether Sir Geoffrey Fenton was not Secretary of State; I think he was. Sir William Petty's will I have got a copy of. I have many other things to ask you, of which you will in a short time have a list. You encourage me, Sir, to come to you; I will labour that you sha'n't repent.

I received last post two letters out of Surrey, one from Dr. Duncombe, of Shere, the other from Mr. Randyll, of Chilworth, in behalf of one Mr. Bannister, Vicar of Wondersh, a small vicarage just by Albury. It seems one Steer, of Newdegate, has left an exhibition for a poor scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. Now Mr. Bannister has with great difficulty bred up a son whom he designs for the University, and hopes he shall procure this exhibition. But that will be a slender support. I am solicited therefore to desire Dr. Bentley to look favourably upon him if he shall deserve it. There are very many ways by which a master of such a house may assist a promising lad, whose fortune is narrow. I intend to send a letter to the master by the lad when he goes up, and I take the boldness to say all this to you, because I have reason to think it will be esteemed by Mr. Randyll and Dr. Duncombe (whose family are patrons of that vicarage) as an exceeding great obligation, if you will vouchsafe to interpose with our friend in this lad's behalf. Many a boy who struggles at his first entry into the world, proves afterwards a very considerable man. Dr. Duncombe says the child is qualified to go to Cambridge. My wife desires to have her most humble service presented to Mrs. Evelyn. I am,

Honoured Sir,

Your most obedient and faithful servant,

W. WOTTON.<sup>1</sup>

*William Wotton to John Evelyn.*

*Milton, Aug. 13, 1703.*

HONOURED SIR,

It is now so long time since I first mentioned to you my design of giving some account to the world of the life and writings of Mr. Boyle, that I question not but you have long since looked upon it as a vain brag of an impertinent fellow, who, when he had once appeared in public, thought he might be always trespassing upon their patience. The discouragements I met with since I undertook it were so many, that I have often wished that I had let it alone, or

<sup>1</sup> This letter is superscribed: "For John Evelyn, Esq., at his house in Dover Street, near St. James's Street, Westminster."

never thought of it. And I was ordered to pursue another scent by the Bishop of Salisbury, which it pleased God to make unsuccessful. However, my design has long been resumed, and every day I do something to it. Next spring I hope to wait upon you in Dover Street, and show you what I have done. I am sensible I am a slow and a lazy writer, and since the public can well spare me and what I shall ever do, it is no great harm if I am dilatory. But since you, Sir, were the first *εργοδιωκτης* to me in this affair, and were pleased so far to flatter me, as to make me hope the world would (upon Mr. Boyle's account) pardon what I should say, I must take the freedom to be yet farther troublesome to you. By your letter of March 29, 1696, I am encouraged to trouble you, and for that letter I again must thank you, since, notwithstanding the notices which Mr. Boyle's own papers and the Bishop of Sarum's hints have given me, I found your informations so useful, that without them my work would be very lame. I beg therefore of you farther,

1. An account of Mr. Hartlib: what countryman? what his employment? in short, a short eulogy of him, and his writings and designs, with an account of the time of his death.

2. The like of the beginnings of Sir William Petty. Those two were very great with Mr. Boyle before the Restoration.

3. Do you know anything of one Clodius<sup>1</sup> a chemist? Was he (or who was) Mr. Boyle's first master in that art?

4. What was the affinity between your lady's family and Mr. Boyle? What son of that family was it that lies buried in Deptford church? and particularly all you can gather of the old Earl of Cork's original. Was Sir Geoffrey Fenton Secretary of State in Ireland; if not, what was his employment? Did not he translate Guicciardini into English?

5. In what year began your acquaintance with Mr. Boyle? I find letters of yours to him in 1657. Have you any letters of his; and would you spare me the use of them? they should be returned to you with thousands of thanks.

I think, Sir, you will look upon these as queries enough

<sup>1</sup> Claudius.

for one time. It is in your power to make my work perfect and the obligations I shall have thereby, though they can't well add to those you have conferred already, yet they will give me a new title to subscribe myself,

Honoured Sir,

Your most obedient and most obliged servant,

W. WOTTON.

My wife and I desire our services to be most humbly offered to Madame Evelyn.

Pray was Sir Maurice Fenton<sup>1</sup> (whose widow Sir W. Petty married) a descendant of Sir Geoffrey's? or what else do you know of him?

In one of your letters to Mr. Boyle you mention a Chymico-Mathematico-Mechanical School designed by Dr. Wilkins: what farther do you know about it?

*John Evelyn to William Wotton.<sup>2</sup>*

*Wotton, 12th September, 1703.*

WORTHY SIR,

I had long ere this given you an account of yours of the 13th past (which yet came not to me till the 20th) if a copy of the inscription you mention, and which I had long since among my papers, could have been found, upon diligent search; but lost I believe it (with other loose notes) upon my remove hither, *cum pannis*. To supply which, it is now above ten days past that I sent to Dr. Stanhope (Vicar of Deptford) to send me a fresh transcript: but hearing nothing from him hitherto, I believe my letter might not have come to his hands; and now a servant of mine (who looks after my little concerns in that place) tells me the Doctor is at Tunbridge, drinking the waters; and perhaps my letter may lie dormant at his house, expecting his return upon this accident and interruption, unwilling you should remain any longer in suspense, or think me negligent or

<sup>1</sup> A question partly founded on a mistake of names, Evelyn noting in the margin, "Felton it should be."

<sup>2</sup> This letter is endorsed by Evelyn himself: "Copy to Mr. WOTTON, in answer to one of his in order to the History of the Life of Mr. BOYLE, &c., which I first put him upon."



indifferent in promoting so desirable a work, I send you this in the meantime.

To the first of your queries, Mr. Hartlib was, I think, a Lithuanian, who coming for refuge hither to avoid the persecution in his country, with much industry recommended himself to many charitable persons, and among the rest to Mr. Boyle, by communicating to them many secrets in chemistry, and improvements of agriculture, and other useful novelties by his general correspondence abroad; of which he has published several treatises. Besides this, he was not unlearned; zealous and religious; with so much latitude as easily recommended him to the godly party then governing, among whom (as well as Mr. Boyle and many others, who used to pity and cherish strangers) he found no small subsistence during his exile. I had very many letters from him, and often relieved him. Claudius, whom you next inquire after, was his son-in-law, a professed adeptus, who by the same *methodus mendicandi* and pretence of extraordinary arcana, insinuated himself into acquaintance of his father-in-law: but when or where either of them died (though I think poor Hartlib's was of the stone), or what became of them I cannot tell: no more than I can who initiated Mr. Boyle among the Spagyrist, before I had the honour to know him; though I conjecture it was whilst he resided at Oxford after his return from travel, where there was then a famous assemblage of virtuosi: Drs. Bathurst of Trinity, Dickinson of Merton, Wren, now Sir Christopher, Scarburgh,<sup>1</sup> Seth Ward (afterwards Bishop of Sarum), and especially Dr. Wilkins (since Bishop of Chester), the head of Wadham College, where these and other ingenious persons used to meet to promote the study of the new philosophy, which has since obtained. It was in that college where I think there was an elaboratory, and other instruments, mathematical, mechanical, &c., which perhaps might be that you speak of as a school; and so lasted till the revolution following, when, everybody seeking preferment, this society was dispersed. This, Sir, is the best account I can at present render you, having since lost so many of my worthy friends, who might possibly have informed me better.

<sup>1</sup> This is the same "Dr. Scarborough" and "Sir Charles" mentioned in *Diary*, vol. i. p. 296, and vol. ii. p. 50.

As to the date of my first acquaintance with this honourable gentleman, it sprung from a courteous visit he made me at my house in Deptford, which as I constantly repaid, so it grew reciprocal and familiar; divers letters passing between us at first in civilities and the style peculiar to him upon the least sense of obligation; but these compliments lasted no longer than till we became perfectly acquainted, and had discovered our inclination of cultivating the same studies and designs, especially in the search of natural and useful things: myself then intent on collections of notes in order to an History of Trades and other mechanical furniture, which he earnestly encouraged me to proceed with: so that our intercourse of letter was now only upon that account, and were rather so many receipts and processes, than letters. What I gathered of this nature (and especially for the improvement of planting and gardening), my *Sylva* and what else I published on that subject being but part of that work (a plan whereof is mentioned in my late *Acetaria*), would astonish you, did you see the bundles and packets amongst other things in my *chartaphylacia* here, promiscuously ranged among multitudes of papers, letters, and other matters, divinity, political papers, poetry, &c., some as old as the reign of Henry VIII. (my wife's ancestors having been treasurers of the Navy to the reign of Queen Elizabeth), and exceedingly increased by my late father-in-law Sir Richard Browne's grandfather, who had the first employment under the great Earl of Leicester, Governor of the Low Countries in the same Queen's reign; and by Sir Richard Browne's despatches during his 19 years' residence in the Court of France, whither he was sent by Charles the First and continued by his successor. But to return from this digression. This design and apparatus on several other subjects and extravagances growing beyond my forces, was left imperfect upon the restoration of the banished King, when everybody expected a new world, and had other things in view than what the melancholy days of his eclipse suggested to pass away anxious thoughts, by those innocent employments I have mentioned. So as this Revolution, and my father-in-law's attendance at Court (being eldest Clerk of the Council) obliging me to be almost perpetually in London,

the intercourse of formal letters (frequent visits, and constant meetings at Gresham College succeeding) was very seldom necessary;<sup>1</sup> some I have yet by me, but such as can be of no importance to your noble work, one of which excepted, in answer to my returning him my thanks for sending me his "Seraphic Love," which is long and full of civility, and so may pass for compliment with the rest, long since mingled among my other packets.

I can never give you so accurate an account of Sir William Petty (which is another of your inquiries) as you will find in his own will, that famous and extraordinary piece (which I am sure cannot have escaped you), wherein he has omitted nothing concerning his own simple birth, life, and wonderful progress he made to arrive at so prodigious a fortune as he has left his relations. Or if I could say more of it, I would not deprive you of the pleasure you must needs receive in reading it often.

The only particular I find he has taken no notice of, is the misadventure of his double-bottomed keel, which yet perishing in the tempestuous Bay of Biscay (where fifteen other vessels were lost in the same storm) ought not at all reproach perhaps the best and most useful mechanist in the world: for such was this *faber fortunæ*, Sir William Petty. I need not acquaint you with his recovering a certain criminal young wench; who had been hanged at Oxon, and, being begged for a dissection, he recovered to life; and (who) was afterwards married, had children, and survived it fifteen years. These, among many other things very extraordinary, made him deservedly famous, and for several engines and inventions; not forgetting the expeditious method by which—getting to be the surveyor of the whole kingdom of Ireland—he taught ignorant soldiers to assist in the admeasurement, reserving to himself the acres assigned him for his reward: and the dispatch which gained him the favour of impatient soldiers, whose pay and arrears being to be supplied out of the pretended forfeited estates gave him

<sup>1</sup> In another copy of this letter (Sloane MSS. 4229), Evelyn substitutes at this passage: "the establishment of the Royal Society, taking in all these subjects, made our personal meeting—unless at Gresham College, where we assiduously met and conversed—at one another's houses less necessary."

opportunity to purchase their lots and debentures for a little ready money, which he got confirmed after the Restoration.<sup>1</sup> This was the foundation of the vast estate he since enjoyed. I need not tell you of his computations in what was published under the name of Mr. Grant, concerning the Bills of Mortality; and that with all this he was politely learned, a wit, and a poet (see his Paraphrase on Psalm civ. &c.); and was the most charming and instructing conversation in the world. But all these excellent talents of his, rather hindered than advanced his applications at Court; where the wretched favourites (some of whom for their virtue one "would not have set with the dogs of the flock," and some who yet sat at the helm), afraid of his abilities, stopped his progress there: nor indeed did he affect it, being to my observation and long acquaintance, a man of sincerity and infinitely industrious. Nothing was too hard for him. I mentioned his poetry, but said nothing of his preaching, which, though rarely and when he was in perfect humour to divert his friends, he would hold forth in tone and action; passing from the Court pulpit to the Presbyterian, and then the Independent, Anabaptist, Quaker, Fanatic, Friar, and Jesuit, as entertained the company to admiration; putting on the person of those sectaries with such variety and imitation, that, it coming to be told the King, they prevailed with him to show his faculty one day at Court, where, declaiming upon the vices of it, and miscarriages of the great ones, so verily as he needed not to name them, particularly the misgovernment of Ireland, as (though it diverted the King, who bare raillery the best in the world) so touched the Duke of Ormond there present, and made him so unruly, as Sir William perceiving it, dexterously altered his style into a calmness and composure exceedingly admirable. One thing more, which possibly you may not have heard of, was his answering a challenge of Sir Allen Brodrick (in great favour with my Lord Chancellor); and it being the right of the appellant's antagonist to choose the place and name the weapon, he named the lists and field of battle to be in a dust cellar, and the weapon hatchets, himself being purblind.

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn adds, in the duplicate of this letter to which I have referred: "though probably not without acknowledgments to the great men in power, who were as greedy of money as others."

and not so skilful at the rapier; and so it concluded in a feast. But after all this, this poor, rich, and wonderful man, and an excellent physician also, was suddenly taken away by a gangrene in his leg, it seems too long neglected, a few days after we had dined together in cheerful company. The coat armour which he chose and always depicted on his coach, &c., was a mariner's compass, the needle pointing to the polar star, the crest a beehive, the *lemma*, if I remember well, being "*operosa et sedula*," than which nothing could be more apposite. And now I am extremely sensible of my detaining you so long, in giving you rather the history of Sir William Petty instead of satisfying your inquiry concerning his lady, and who married the widow of Sir Maurice *Felton* (not Fenton), a Norfolk family,<sup>1</sup> daughter of that arch rebel Sir Hardress Waller, a great commander in Ireland, by whom he had three or four children, to whom he left vast fortunes. This wife is yet living, a very stately dame, in one of the stateliest palaces of that city.

But now, asking you pardon again for this (perhaps impertinent) aberration, I return to Mr. Boyle, who had, besides all we have enumerated that were his acquaintance and admirers, the Lord Viscount Brouncker, first President of the Royal Society; that worthy person and honest Scot, Colonel W. Murray; the famous Sir Kenelme Digby; Dr. Godard; and of later date, Dr. Burnet, now Bishop of Sarum; and generally all strangers and learned persons, pretending to chemistry, and other uncommon arts: nor did any Ambassador from abroad think he had seen England till he had visited Mr. Boyle.

As to the affinity and relation of my wife's family to Mr. Boyle's, take the following account she received from that most religious and excellent lady, his niece, the late Countess of Clancarty; who, coming down one day to visit my father-in-law Sir Richard Browne, who lay incommoded with the gout, and sitting by his bed side, upon some casual discourse of her family, and how they always esteemed him as of kindred, related this pretty passage of a kinsman of Sir Richard's mother's first husband, whose name was Geoffrey Fenton, who neglecting

<sup>1</sup> In the copy of this letter in the Sloane MSS. Evelyn adds: "of which was Felton, who assassinated the famous Duke of Buckingham."

his study, being designed for a lawyer, so exceedingly displeased his uncle, that he sent him into Ireland as an abandoned young man, to seek his fortune there. The young student, considering his condition, soon recovered his uncle's favour by so diligently applying himself to that study, as in short time he became one of the most eminent of that profession. Now the first Earl of Cork being then but Mr. Boyle (a Kentish man; and, perhaps I may have told you, a schoolmaster at Maidstone, but this particular being nothing of the Countess's narrative and a secret betwixt you and I only, and perhaps uncertain), coming to advise with Sir Geoffrey Fenton, now knighted, and finding him engaged with another client, and seeing a pretty child in the nurse's arms, entertained himself with them, till Sir Geoffrey came to him, making his excuse for making him wait so long. Mr. Boyle pleasantly told him, he had been courting a young lady for his wife. And so it fortun'd, that sixteen years after it, Mr. Boyle made his address in good earnest to her, and married the young lady, from whom has sprung all this numerous family of earls and lords branching now into the noblest families of England. How many sons and daughters he left, I do not remember; only that Roger Boyle was the eldest son, whom his father sent young into England, to be educated under the care of his relation, my grandmother, at Deptford, where was then a famous school. Thus, Sir, have you the original of the relation you inquire after, and of the kindness which always continued between them. This Roger Boyle is the young gentleman, who, dying in Sir Richard Browne's house at Saye's-Court in Deptford, was interred in that parish church.

I will now endeavour to commute for your patience with a pleasant passage, current with the Boyles. When King Charles the Second newly come to his Crown, and using frequently to sail down the river in his yachts for diversion, and accompanied by all the great men and courtiers waiting upon him, it was often observed, that when the vessel passed by a certain place opposite to the church at Deptford, my Lord Burlington constantly pulled off his hat, with some kind of reverence. This being remarked by some

of the Lords standing by him, they desired he would tell them what he meant by it: to which he replied, "Do you see that steeple there? Have I not reason to pay a respect to the place where my elder brother lies buried, by which I enjoy the Earldom of Cork?" Worthy Sir, I remain

Your most humble and obliged servant,

J. EVELYN.

P. S. Where I speak of this family, perhaps it may not be amiss to see what Sir William Dugdale says of it in his Baronage; though what the Heralds write is often sorry and mercenary enough. I am able to bring my own Pedigree from one Evelyn, nephew to Androgius, who brought Julius Cæsar into Britain the second time: will you not smile at this? Whilst Onslow, Hatton, and Evelyn came, I suppose, much at the same time out of Shropshire into Surrey and adjacent counties (from places still retaining their names), some time during the Barons' Wars.

Methinks you speak of your not being at London till next spring: a long day for *Octogenarius* to hope for that happiness, who have of late seen so few moments I can call so all this past year.<sup>1</sup> I have been much impaired in my health, by a defluxion which fell into one of my legs, caused by a light scraze on my shin-bone, falling on a stump as I was walking in Brompton Park to take the fresh air; and might have been healed with a little Hungary water in a day or two (for my flesh never rankles), but, this neglected, a chirurgeon, my godson, whom almost forty years since I bound apprentice to that profession, persuading me to apply a miraculous plaster of his, it drew down a sharp humour, which kept me within, three months; and that being at last diverted and perfectly cured, it has since tormented me with the hemorrhoides, if I may so call tumours that do not bleed (or rather blind piles), which make me exceedingly uneasy. I have yet adventured to pay my duty to my Lord Guernsey, who did me the honour to visit me at Dover Street whilst I was not able to stir, and has lately called often since he came out of Kent.

<sup>1</sup> A passage worth preserving is here interposed, in the duplicate copy already referred to: "A great part of the year past, my health has much declined, nor do I murmur, considering that I have hardly had occasion to keep my bed in sixty years."

My young grandson improves laudably in his study of both laws, history, chronology, and practical mathematics: 'tis pity he has not a correspondent that might provoke him to write Latin epistles, in which I am told by some able to judge, and that have seen some of them, he is master of a handsome style: he does not forget his Greek, having read Herodotus, Thucydides, and the rest of that class. I do not much encourage his poetry, in which he has yet a pretty vein; my desire being to make him an honest useful man, of which I have great hopes, being so grave, steady, and most virtuously inclined. He is now gone to see Chichester and Portsmouth, having already travelled most of the inland counties; and went the last summer before this, as far as the Land's End in Cornwall. Thus you see I make you part of my concerns, hardly abstaining from the boasts of men of my dotage.<sup>1</sup>

I have paid the visit we lately received from Mr. Hare and his lady, very glad to find them both in so good state of health. He longs to see Mr. Wotton, as well as your humble servant,  
J. E.

The Master of Trinity was often at St. James's without being so kind as to visit the *Clinic*.

*William Wotton to John Evelyn.*

HONOURED SIR,

October 30, 1703.

I am heartily ashamed that I deferred so long to answer yours wherein you sent me so large and so obliging an answer to all my queries. I could say my family has been indisposed (my wife having been lately brought to bed of a daughter), and that has broke my thoughts. But even that excuse satisfies me not, and so I shall pass it. I only beg I may not forfeit your favour, and entreat you to accept of my sincere promises of future amendment. Your hand in this last, which I received last night, seems stronger and healthier than in your former. God grant your health, which now I hope is perfectly recovered, may long continue to the joy of your family and your friends, and to the satisfaction of all the learned world, to which

<sup>1</sup> "Doute-age."



whilst you live you cannot but be doing good. Another edition of your Sylva I should be glad to see. It is a noble work, and the reception it has met with amongst the competent judges, demonstrate it to have been so esteemed. Another edition of your Parallel of Architecture I could rejoice to see done by yourself. I know you have noble materials for another impression by you, which the public greedily longs for.

Before I shut up this paper, I must rejoice with you for the prospect you have in young Mr. Evelyn. May that good Providence which has preserved him to you and your admirable lady thus far, give you every day an increase of satisfaction in him for the future. This is the unfeigned prayer of,

Honoured Sir,

Your most obedient and faithful servant,

W. WOTTON.

I should be glad to know when you think of seeing London, and for how long.<sup>1</sup>

*Archbishop Tenison to John Evelyn.*

*Cockpit, December 5th, 1704.*

SIR,

Mr. Clark, who preached Mr. Boyle's lecture last year, and whose excellent book I suppose you have received, is so very deserving a man, that I cannot but think it reasonable to commend him to you for the preacher for the next year, and the rather because persons of such abilities in theology, philosophy, and mathematics are not to be commonly found.

I am, with true respect,

Sir,

Your assured friend,

CANTERBURY.

\* This letter is superscribed: "For the Honoured John Evelyn, Esq., at Wotton Place, near Dorking, in Surrey."

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